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NOVEMBER

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30 Cents in Canada



MARLENE
DIETRICH

The Man all Hollywood Fears

Chew Tempters!

It's a Hollywood Habit

(If you should doubt it, look at the cast of "Too Much Harmony," a Paramount Production)





What! Bing Crosby not crooning? How unusual! Judging by the smile, guess he just took time out to have a Tempter.

Look at those smiles! Look at those teeth! The luscious ladies in "Too Much Harmony" are wild about Tempters, the new chewing gum sensation that became Hollywood's habit over night. Why so popular? Because they're new and *different.* Absolutely fresh flavor is sealed in and kept fresh by a crisp delicious candy coating. No other flavor can compare with the quick tasteful rush of savor when you bite into a Tempter. And what a flavor assortment . . . peppermint, spearmint, licorice, cinnamon, tutti-frutti. Select your favorite or try them all. Four Tempters in a Sylphrap pack. Three packs for 5c. What a nickel's worth!



Ready! Action! Camera! Shooting scenes from trick angles is all in the day's work to Cameraman Sparkuhl. But it takes steady nerves, and it helps to chew Tempters. Which flavor? Any one! He likes all five.



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A BETTER FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

5 STARS SELECT THEIR FAVORITE TEMPTERS



RED *Cinnamon*

★ For Judith Allen — Cinnamon Tempters — she likes that tangy flavor you can't chew out.



PINK *Tutti-frutti*

★ Try to find Kitty Kelly without a cute little bundle of Tempters — Pink Tutti-frutti for her.



WHITE *Peppermint*

★ What else but real Peppermint would suit happy Jack Oakie?



ORANGE *Licorice*

★ And for Skeets Gallagher — good old Licorice. A he-man flavor for a he-man actor.



GREEN *Spearmint*

★ Oh yes, Toby Wing, here's yours. Delicious Spearmint — the best of all, many say.

What a FOOL *She is!*



Her TABLE MUST BE PERFECT . . . BUT HER TEETH ARE DINGY . . . HER GUMS TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

IF IN this last final look she discovers one fleck of lint on a glass, one fork misplaced, one napkin that isn't snowy-white —the maid will hear about it, never fear!

Yet, foolish lady, the moment she smiles, some observant guest is going to notice how dull and dingy her teeth look.

She neglects her teeth and she takes no care of her gums. Daily she finds that warning "pink" upon her tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" indicates a tender, unhealthy condition of the gums. Neglected, it may lead to such serious gum troubles as Vincent's disease, to gingivitis, and even, though rarely, to pyorrhea. And it may even endanger perfectly sound teeth.

IPANA AND MASSAGE
DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Like this lovely lady, you eat soft foods —foods that fail to stimulate your gums. And inactive gums become tender gums.

To avoid "pink tooth brush," clean your teeth with Ipana. Each time, put a little more Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and gently rub it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana acts directly on the gums, and with the massage helps tone them back to firmness.

Before you have finished using one full-size tube of Ipana, your teeth will be cleaner. They'll be *whiter*. Your gums will improve, and you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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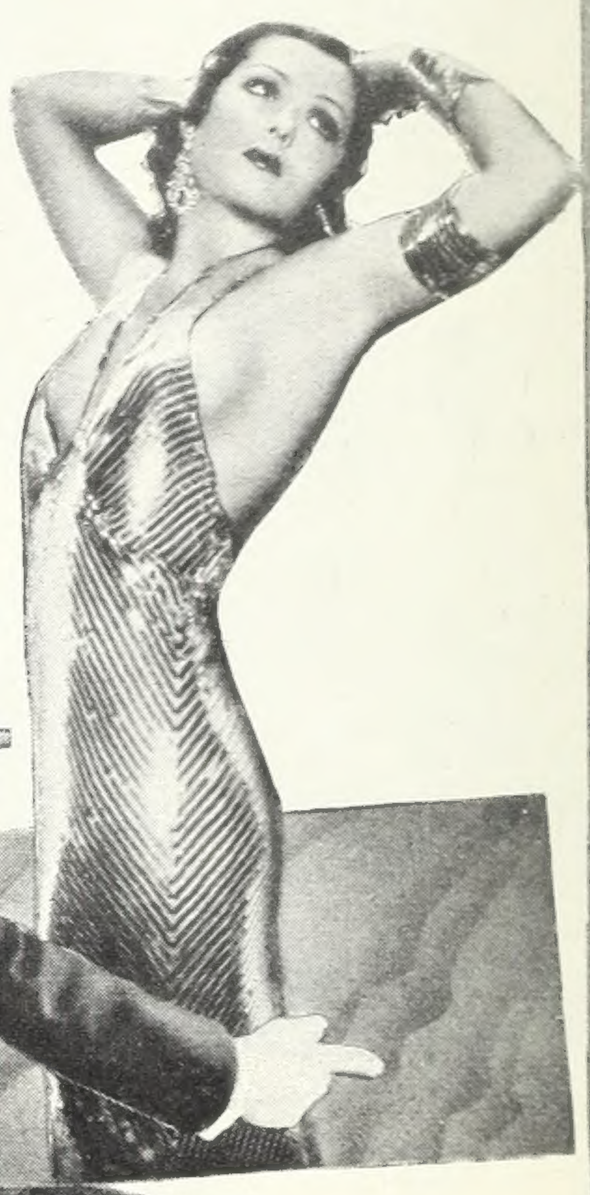
Street

City *State*

WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST



"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better . . . so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time."

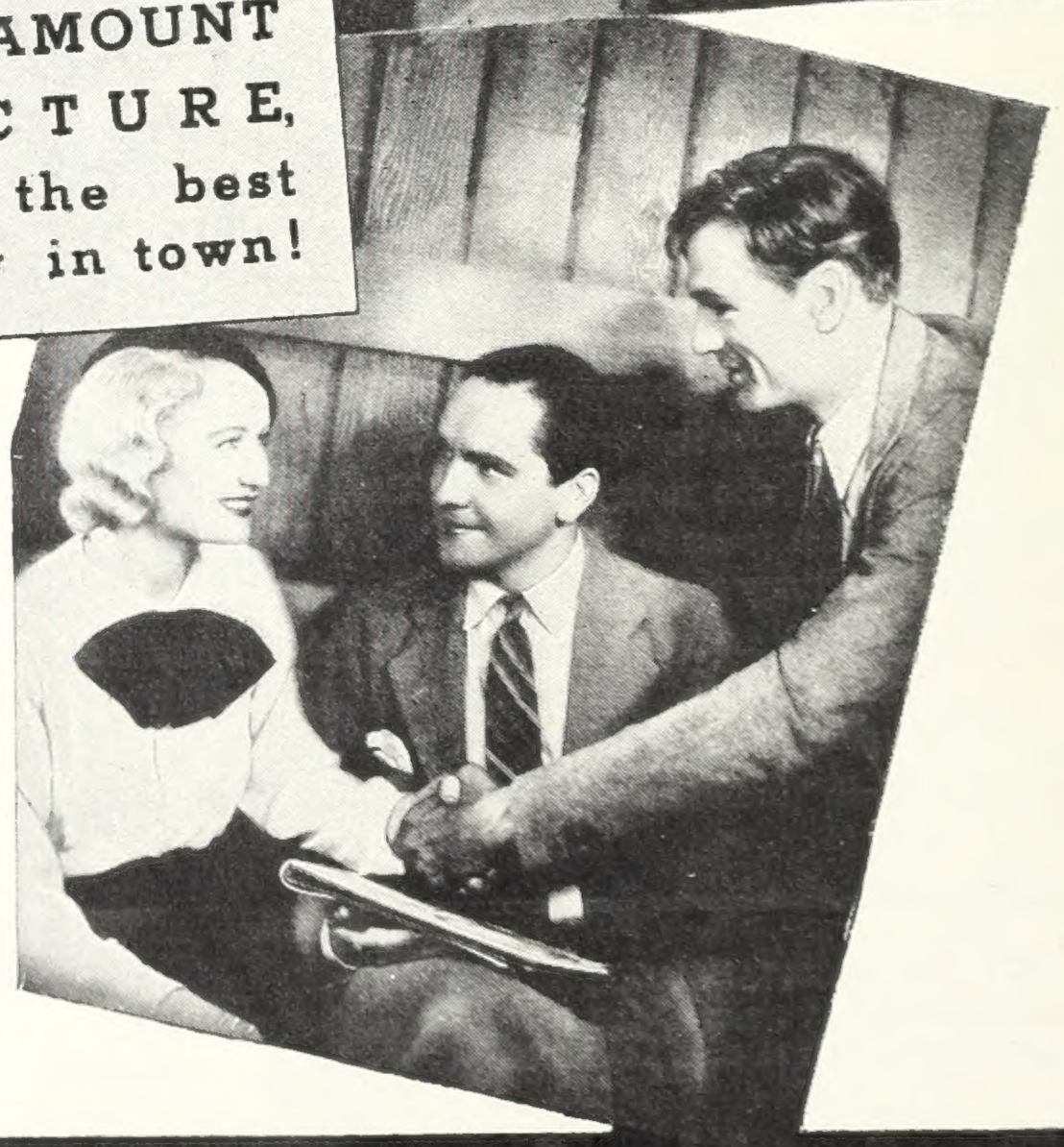




if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.



THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

and that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.

ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 6 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | November, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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The Audience Talks Back



When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month — $25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

You can always take the children to see Joe E. Brown. One of his chief charms lies in the fact that everybody — from baby to grandmother—can enjoy his pictures. Joe himself is very much interested in his three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann and finds time to play with her

THE $25 LETTER

I would say she is about twenty-three. She wears a red knitted tam that is too big for her, and a short tan coat with a moth-eaten fur collar. Her eyes are dull behind thick glasses. Her body is awkward and clumsy. She is always alone.

Yes, she is ugly. When she was a child, boys pulled her braids and girls laughed at their teasing. Now they never notice her.

She enters the theater and eagerly comes to my aisle. I take her to a seat "near the front, please." And she sits down, alone, childishly excited in anticipation of the picture she is going to see.

As I usher people past her I can see her smiling. She is no longer Mary Jones. She is no longer alone. She is not shy, silent, now. She is on the screen. Now she has a chance to love and be loved. To laugh, to sing. A chance to live.

MILTON WHITE, Springfield, Mass.

THE $10 LETTER

Much is said about moving pictures, the acting, the scenes, but little is said about the folks who attend. Shouldn't something be done to teach people how to act when they go to the movies.

Look at what we have to stand:—

There's the toe-stepper.

There's the seat hog. He'd never, *never* budge! There's the popcorn-bag rustler, with his constant crackling, crumpling, munching and swishing. There's the gum-chewer whose mastication strikes the ear as maddeningly as the drip-drip of Inquisition times.

There's the giggler—who must laugh at the death-scenes.

There's the chatterbox.

There's the self-appointed interlocutor.

How about an "Emily Post" department for theater-going behavior?

MRS. VANCE VERCELL, Torrington, Conn.

ANYBODY want an argument? Just a little ten cent argument, or a great big dollar-fifty argument? We have plenty!

Whew! Several debate teams could have been organized among the contributors of this month's letters! Everybody was in an argumentative mood!

Well, not *quite* everybody. There were a few calm, heart-warming letters about "Another Language" and how it kept husband and wife under the same roof. Experiences like that always set us up! Wish we'd hear more of them.

But just now we're sitting tight in our swivel chair and holding on with both hands till that "King Tone" letter casts a bomb among the Gable followers!

And, that's all right. The more fights the merrier. We like to referee!

THE $5 LETTER

When the toddler smashes a quart of milk on the newly-scrubbed front porch, and the four-year-old comes in crying with a bumped nose just at the very moment you are trying to get the snarls out of the oldest one's hair, then I say:

"Thank God for a good Saturday matinee at the neighborhood movie!"

With this prayer of thanks, the baby is tucked in for her afternoon nap, the other two are taken to the show. I believe that thousands of other mothers will agree that good neighborhood movies have prevented many a nervous breakdown!

MRS. KATHRYN HARPER, San Francisco, Calif.

PAPA NEED NOT SPANK

Why doesn't mother and father of the letter titled "Papa Spank" in the September issue choose the pictures for their Junior to see? Then papa wouldn't have to spank.

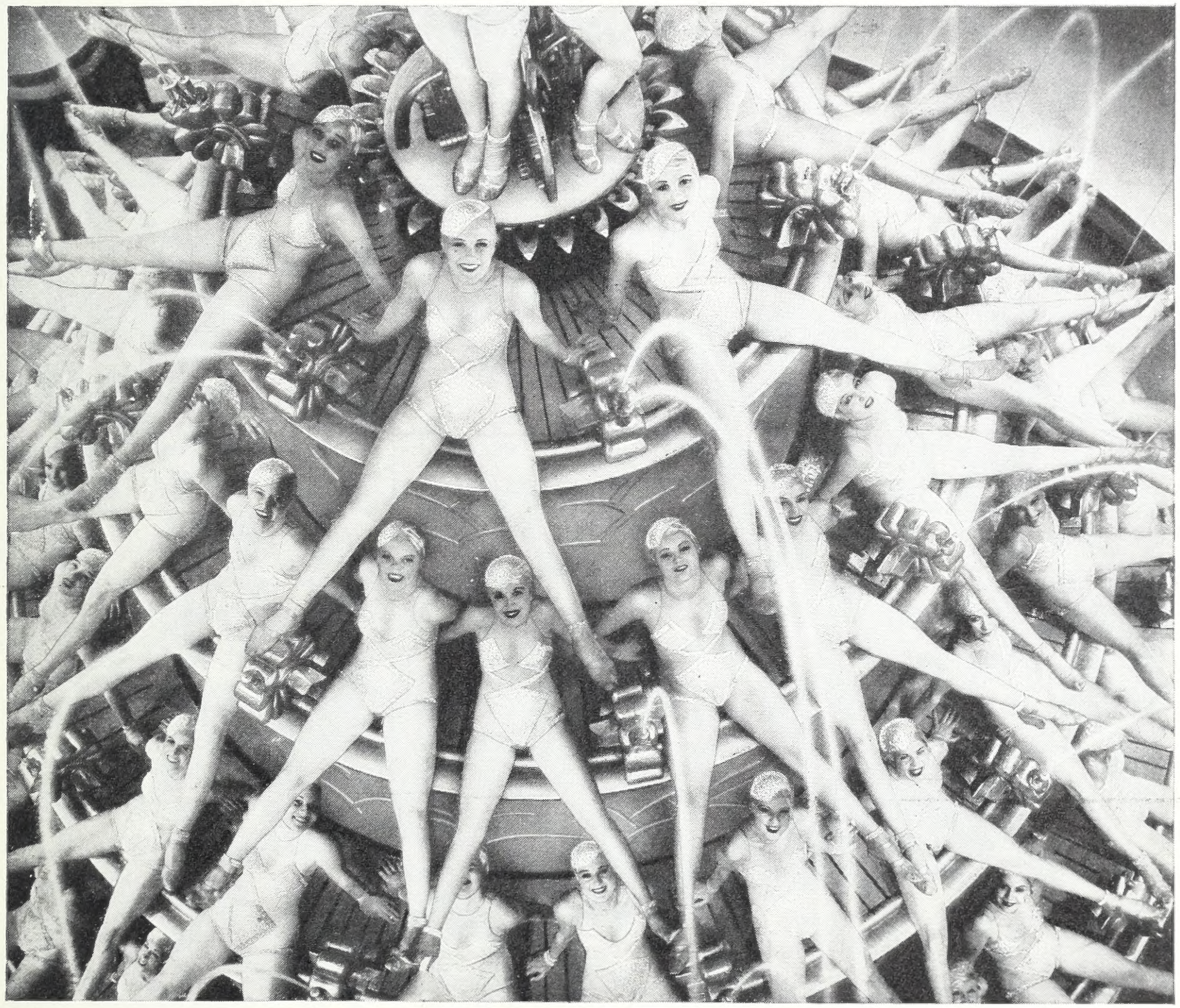
That is one reason why PHOTOPLAY has gone to the trouble to give us previews of current pictures. Before I take any child to the movies I study PHOTOPLAY. Then I choose pictures like "Adorable" or "Penrod and Sam."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



CLIMAXING WARNER BROS.' GLITTERING PARADE OF MUSICALS!

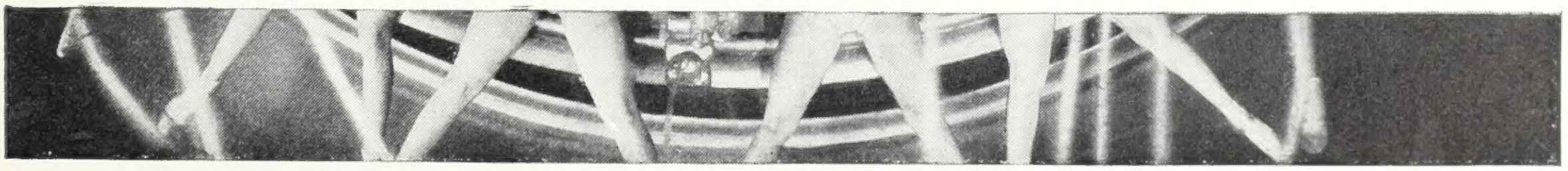
Glorious "42nd Street"—magnificent "Gold Diggers"—actually surpassed by the master makers of musical films! . . . In this new show packed with surprising novelties! . . . Jimmy Cagney singing and dancing for the first time on the screen! Stupendous dance spectacles with hundreds of glorified beauties, staged UNDER WATER! New laughs and song-hits from Gold Diggers' famous stars . . . *All directed and staged by the internationally famous creators of "42nd Street", Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley.* CAN YOU EVEN *THINK* OF MISSING IT?



"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"

JAMES CAGNEY • RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL • JOAN BLONDELL

GUY KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK McHUGH • HUGH HERBERT



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (*Aug.*)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (*June*)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (*July*)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (*Sept.*)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** — M-G-M. — A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (*Oct.*)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (*Sept.*)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (*June*)

BED OF ROSES — RKO-Radio. — Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (*Aug.*)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (*June*)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (*Aug.*)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (*Sept.*)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (*Sept.*)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (*Aug.*)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (*May*)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (*Oct.*)

BLIND ADVENTURE — RKO-Radio. — Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (*Oct.*)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (*July*)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (*May*)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (*Aug.*)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (*Sept.*)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (*June*)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (*Aug.*)

See the Films You *Know* You'll Like!

You'll find every new picture reviewed at length—and a summary of all reviews for six months back—in every issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Whenever a picture reaches your theater—consult PHOTOPLAY and let America's most skilled reviewers help you decide whether you want to see it!

CHRISTOPHER STRONG — RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (*May*)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (*July*)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (*Aug.*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (*May*)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (*Sept.*)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE — World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (*May*)

CORRUPTION — Wm. Berke Prod. — Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (*July*)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (*Aug.*)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (*June*)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (*Sept.*)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (*Sept.*)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER) — Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (*June*)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** — Universal. —Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (*May*)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (*June*)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (*Oct.*)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (*Oct.*)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (*Oct.*)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (*Aug.*)

DIPLOMANIACS — RKO-Radio. — Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (*July*)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (*Sept.*)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (*Sept.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES *in* MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun







3 BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"

MUSIC! BEAUTY! ROMANCE!

with

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS

B. G. DESYLVA Production

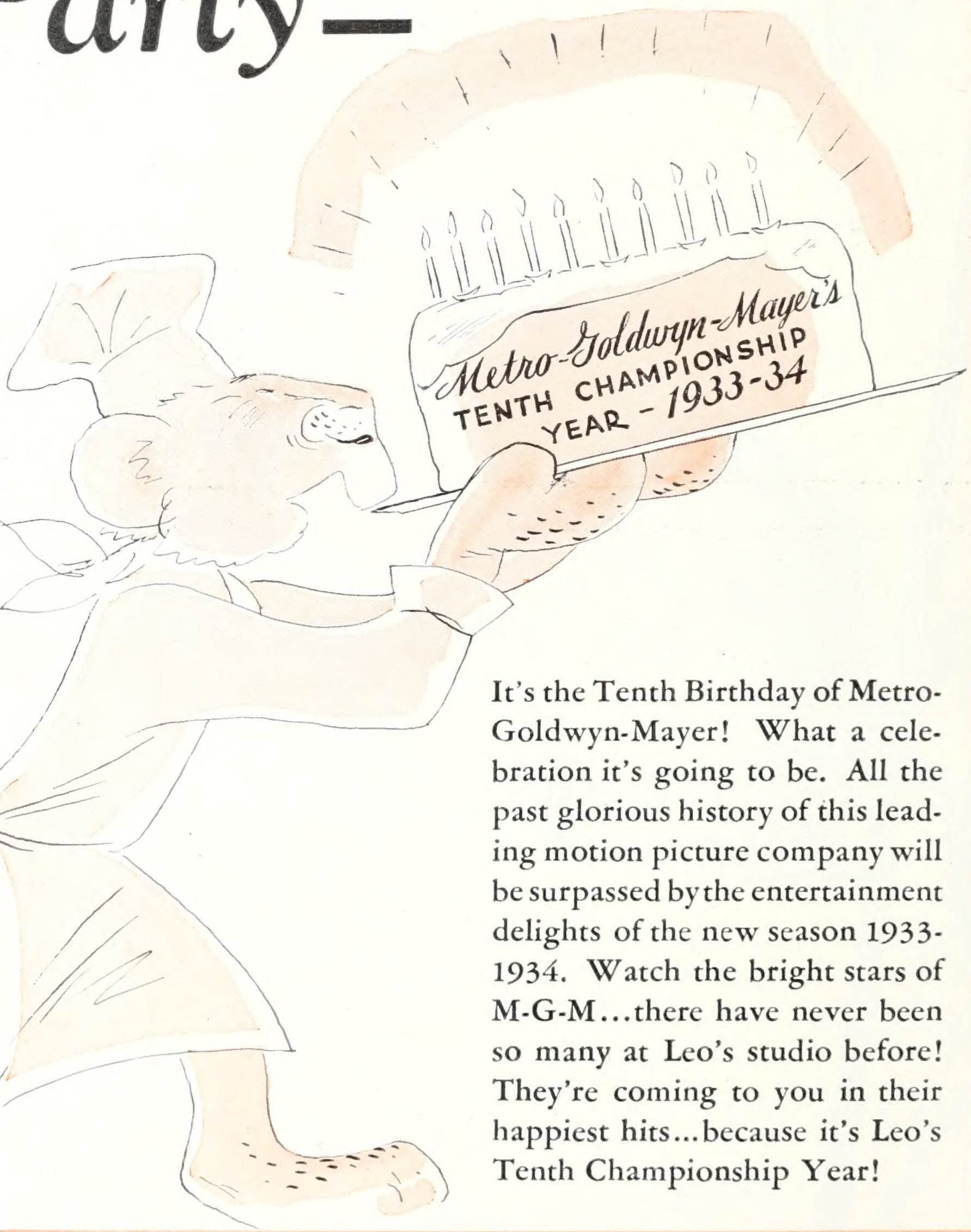
Directed by David Butler

Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva

FOX



YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!

















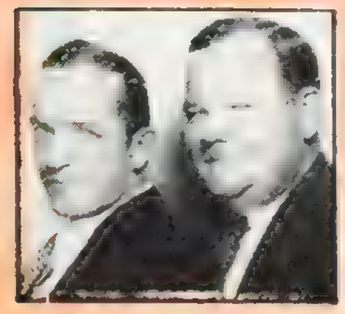












ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
JEANETTE MacDONALD
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young



Watch for

GRETA GARBO'S
triumphant return in "Queen Christina" reunited with JOHN GILBERT.

★ ★ ★

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD **CLARK GABLE**
in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone

★ ★ ★

BROADWAY to HOLLYWOOD
(starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmie Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, and many others).



DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.



Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

METRO Goldwyn MAYER

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



It seems a number of marriages which were getting shaky because of in-law troubles were saved from collapse by the true-to-life marriage drama, "Another Language," co-starring Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery

And now they are making "Little Women" and "Alice in Wonderland."

I like these pictures too, so I haven't lost any of my time when I take a youngster to see one. In fact, it helps me keep my mind young and fresh.

KATE JENKINS, Birmingham, Ala.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER LIKES JOE

There are four generations in our family, and I happen to be the oldest. You see, what I say doesn't usually count, that's why I'm writing to you.

I've been going to the pictures much longer than most of you, and I want to say that I think the finest thing that's happened to pictures is Joe E. Brown! Let me tell you why. I can take the whole family, even the baby, to see his pictures, because they're good and clean!

I think I've guessed the secret of his success.

He wouldn't make a picture that wasn't fit for his own youngster to see.

MRS. SARAH PETERSON, San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT CHILDREN WANT

The gang in our neighborhood thinks that too much mushy stuff is being put on the screen and wish you would oblige by giving us more pirate and cowboy stories with good action and a few gangsters mixed in.

PAT SPAULDING, San Francisco, Calif.

AY TANK SHE'S NO ANGEL

Oh, the hipless undulations of our Greta neat and slim
Intrigue me and allure me, for I want to keep in trim.

But now there is another with the most alluring way
And she's making curves and billows quite all the rage today

So I've bought myself a corset, with a wasp-waist just too cute,
And bulgy hips and bosom that will fit my new fall suit.

But still I'm in a quandary, for I can't make up my mind
Whether to be voluptuous or the sleek and slinking kind.

So Ay tank Ay go home and practice on my very newest line:
"Hello, there, dark and handsome. Whyn't ya come up some time?"

JEAN M. LIEBELER, Minneapolis, Minn.

A HUSBAND'S REFORM

Recently I saw "Another Language." It was one of the best pictures I have seen this year.

And, being a misunderstood daughter-in-law myself, I especially appreciated it.

I am actually forced to believe that a Mr. Walter Winchell peeked through our key-hole, then told what he saw to a playwright. For "Another Language" was our story!

But it isn't us any longer! That is all past now.

My husband learned a good lesson from that picture!

I want to sincerely thank everyone connected with "Another Language" for saving our marriage from going on the rocks.

MRS. B. S., Stamford, Conn.

A FIANCE'S REFORM!

One night last week I saw "Another Language."

It happens that my fiance's family is just as unreasonable as the *Hallam* family.

On my next date I persuaded my fiance to see "Another Language" and with such a splendid example before him, I'm sure he won't hesitate to speak "my language" regardless of family disapproval.

H. B., Chicago, Ill.

HE FINDS "USHERING" PLEASANT

Up until today I have seen "Tugboat Annie" thirty-five times. And I still think it is wonderful. No, I'm not Baron Munchausen. I'm an usher. It is one picture I never grew tired of watching.

AL ROSE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

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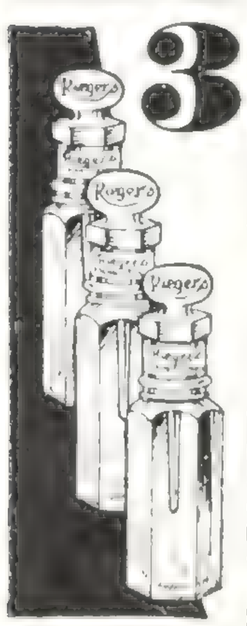
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PAUL RIEGER
171 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod. Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (*Aug.*)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (*June*)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (*July*)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (*May*)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (*June*)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (*July*)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (*May*)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (*Sept.*)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (*Oct.*)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (*June*)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (*Aug.*)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (*Oct.*)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (*Aug.*)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (*May*)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (*June*)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—a good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (*Aug.*)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (*May*)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (*July*)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (*June*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (*Aug.*)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (*Sept.*)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (*Oct.*)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (*Sept.*)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (*June*)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (*July*)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (*Oct.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (*Sept.*)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (*Oct.*)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (*Aug.*)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (*June*)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (*July*)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (*Oct.*)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (*Aug.*)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (*Sept.*)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (*June*)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (*May*)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (*July*)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (*July*)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (*Sept.*)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (*July*)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (*May*)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE — Paramount. — A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (*July*)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (*Sept.*)

JENNIE GERHARDT — Paramount. — Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (*Aug.*)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (*May*)

★ **KING KONG** — RKO-Radio. — A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (*May*)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (*July*)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's début as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (*May*)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (*May*)

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★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (*Sept.*)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (*May*)

LAST TRAIL, THE — Fox. — A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (*Oct.*)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising cain in a banana republic. (*Aug.*)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (*Oct.*)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (*May*)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (*July*)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (*June*)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (*Sept.*)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (*June*)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (*June*)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (*July*)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (*June*)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (*June*)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (*Sept.*)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (*July*)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (*Sept.*)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (*Oct.*)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (*May*)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (*Sept.*)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists. — Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (*May*)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (*Aug.*)

MELODY CRUISE – RKO-Radio. — Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (*Oct.*)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (*March*)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (*May*)

MORGENROT (DAWN).—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (*Aug.*)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (*Oct.*)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wifie Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (*May*)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (*June*)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (*Aug.*)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (*Aug.*)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (*July*)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (*June*)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (*May*)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (*Oct.*)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (*May*)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (*May*)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (*Aug.*)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (*May*)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (*July*)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (*May*)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (*May*)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (*June*)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (*June*)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (*June*)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (*July*)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (*June*)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (*Sept.*)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (*Sept.*)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (*July*)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (*Aug.*)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE** — RKO-Radio. — Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (*Oct.*)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (*June*)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (*Sept.*)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA** — M-G-M. — John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (*July*)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (*May*)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (*July*)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (*Oct.*)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (*Sept.*)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (*Aug.*)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (*June*)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (*Aug.*)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (*July*)

SING SINNER SING — Majestic Pictures. — Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (*Oct.*)

SKYWAY — Monogram. — A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (*Oct.*)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

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USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

Play safe!



VIRGINIA CHERRILL, tall and blonde and statuesque, is one of the quietest ladies in Hollywood—and one of the most beautiful. Reared in the strict routine of an exclusive school, Virginia ran off to Chicago to become a coat model, and rose to sudden movie fame several years ago when Chaplin chose her for his lead in "City Lights." "Ladies Must Love" is the name of her next

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Ernest A. Bachrach

SARI MARITZA always looks secretly amused. Maybe she is still chuckling over the hoax she pulled when she came to Hollywood—an inexperienced English girl who posed as a great Hungarian star—and got away with it. Sari doesn't have to pretend any more. She has proved she is good. Her latest rôle is with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"



Will Walling, Jr.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT didn't intend to be an actress. She wanted to be an artist. Then, quite by chance, she got a small part in a Broadway play—and the theater wouldn't let her go. The movies have Claudette tied down now! She's slated to play the lead in at least half a dozen future features. Her latest picture is "Torch Singer"



UNTIL recently Loretta Young was recognized as one of Hollywood's prettier youngsters. But she's growing up. The schoolgirl simplicity is being replaced by feminine allure and the pretty girl has become a beautiful woman. After considering many of the stars, and screen-testing most of the promising ingénues, the studio gave Loretta the coveted feminine lead in "A Man's Castle"

Hurrell



HEARTS OF FLOWERS... SNATCHES OF SONG...

Moods caught en passant...

THOSE are what *Perfume* is! Not an ounce or ten ounces of jade or gold or translucent amber essence, crystal-clad ...but the soul of a flower—like *La Rose Jacqueminot;* or the warmth of June sun—like *L'Aimant;* or delicate, high-hearted Spring loveliness—like *Paris.*

With Coty, perfume blending is more than chemistry—it's superb Art. Each Coty fragrance is faithful to its inspiration long after it is released from its crystal flacon and patted on to your satiny skin . . . or your silky lingerie.

The clever woman knows that Coty fragrances bring refreshment and radiance to their users—contributing that *lilt* to the heart, that *lift* to the spirit, which communicates itself to her associates.

A *man* may *think* that he is indifferent to such things, but a *woman* knows better! She realizes that Coty has created Perfumes among the most lovely and famous in all the world—and rightly she prefers their enchantment to *heighten* her own glamour.

Most Coty odeurs are obtainable in small smart purse-size flacons, from $1.10. Glorious cut-crystal containers, in cases of rich leather, to $55. *Hint now,* in time for this Christmas!



Coty

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

WHEN THERE'S *NO SMOKING* . . . LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS

Three feet from Aunt Matilda

. . . is a thousand miles from a Smoke





Don't let an Aunt Matilda . . . or any other "No Smoking" sign . . . fill your life with jumps and jitters. Instead, pop a Life Saver into your mouth when puffing would start people huffing. Life Savers are cool and tangy. They ease the nerves. Appease smoke hunger. Please the taste. More than that . . . when smoking is in order, Life Savers between smokes put a new thrill in the next one . . . keep the taste buds at their best clear up to the last smoke of the day.

Life Savers Mints are made in many delightful flavors . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. There's Cryst-O-mint, too . . . and the newest taste thrill of all, Spear-O-mint Life Savers . . . Life Savers Fruit Drops are made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

NRA

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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

AFTER all the talk about Great Britain's seizing Hollywood's film crown—by capturing Hollywood stars and imitating Hollywood production methods—this comment by Jack Buchanan, of the New York and London musical comedy stage and American and British films, has some significance.

Buchanan, who has just finished a film in England, in which he triples as producer, director and star, says in an interview with PHOTOPLAY's London correspondent: "Speaking from an actor's viewpoint, I say Hollywood is the one place in the world where perfection in picture-making is most nearly attained." And he attributes this to "Hollywood directors as a whole."

"IT'S all very well to say it's the star who draws 'em in," he goes on. "In Hollywood it's the director who makes the star. If anybody doubts it, let him reflect on what has happened to the American stars who have come over here to work in British pictures.

"Almost without a single exception, these American stars have been shockingly bad, their performances in the chief rôle enough in itself to account for the failure of the picture. Yet those same stars—in Hollywood—with capable direction—make 'comebacks' that regain them their lost popularity in England."

JUST one man's opinion, but it is strikingly like that expressed by other motion picture actors.

Buchanan believes that the greatest weakness of English films—indifferent direction—will eventually be remedied. But meanwhile Hollywood continues its world domination.

THE best army will lose a battle with an incompetent general. Eleven star football players are helpless without a good coach. Comparisons like that apparently clinch Jack Buchanan's argument.

But what becomes of the tradition that occasionally an actor makes a director?

JEAN HARLOW is an amazing young woman. Introduced to the screen world four years ago as the epitome of sex; exploited because of her crowning platinum glory; dragged through a terrible personal tragedy; regarded lightly by the critics as an actress, and by the public largely with curiosity, she emerges from this labyrinth as an actress of distinction.

Only twenty-two years old, she finds herself entirely at home in the company of as distinguished a cast as either Hollywood movies or the American speaking stage has ever assembled. If you want to see a most promising star in ascendancy, you must not miss Harlow as *Kitty Packard* in "Dinner At Eight."

Ability is not enough to succeed in this world. It must be attended by character and fortitude. I believe that Harlow has these attributes and that a great career lies before her. May her recent marriage to photographer Harold G. Rosson remove from her life the last trace of tragedy.

GET ready, Paris! Mae West is on her way. As soon as Mae finishes her personal appearance tour, she starts for gay Paree where they've simply gone Mae West mad. Not since Gaby Deslys has any one person taken such a hold on the Parisian fancy.

Her costumes from "She Done Him Wrong" have taken the fashionable capital by storm, where Mae West parties are the rage of the hour. Her influence will be felt in every little frock and gown that comes out of the fashionable dress shops.

"I always did want a duke or something," Mae winks, "so I thought I'd kinda look the place over. I've never been abroad before."

CHICAGO is out of the red. "A Century of Progress" did it. In one hundred days the Fair brought over fourteen million visitors. Not a single picture theater is "dark." Mortgages have been lifted, fear of bankruptcy vanquished, and showmen are tossing their surplus money into the banks. Double queues in line for admission twist themselves around the block.

What every city, town and hamlet in the United States apparently needs is a Fair the year round.

TALK about your choosy stars—about your trick contracts! Not even Garbo, Colman or Ann Harding can compete with Primo Carnera, the "Vast Venetian" heavyweight champion who is making his screen début along with Max Baer in "The Prize-fighter and the Lady."

Cagy Carnera, who found himself in a peculiar spot when called upon to fight before the cameras a man whom he would probably have to battle in earnest a little later, with his ring crown at stake, didn't want any asparagus cast at his dignity and punching prestige.

HERE'S what he insisted on—and got:

No knockout by Baer (they even had to change the script for this); no wisecracks or fun-poking with Primo as the target, about his size, tonnage or nationality; equal billing with Max Baer; no public for background scenes; no admittance of the press; no "ribbing" or practical jokes on the set; no tricks on the part of the impetuous Max, who, it was feared, might take a serious punch and injure Primo's prestige as a publicity move.

Temperament is not, after all, the sole prerogative of weak womanhood.

A STUDIO called Lucille Gleason to play "a fat woman in a bathtub."

In spite of her wounded pride, Lucille rallied and reported. But the director looked her over regretfully.

"Sorry, but you aren't fat enough," he apologized.

"Thanks!" literally shouted Lucille.

But when she returned to her husband Jimmy with what she thought was glorious news, he gave her the famous Gleason scowl.

"See what you get for dieting," admonished Jimmy; "you lose your big chance."

MARY PICKFORD is perennially young—young in appearance, young in spirit and ideas. The other day she said to me: "I am intensely interested in the future. My ambitions are all ahead."

And then she added quaintly, "The noise the clock makes means no time to me." A very shrewd philosopher Mary shows herself to be by that remark.

When well past sixty, Sarah Bernhardt was at the height of her career. And Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at seventy, added luster, this past month, to the New York stage play, "A Party."

The incomparable May Robson has been before the public now this half century. And look at the performance she gave us as the old apple woman in "Lady for a Day"!

It's a good motto for everybody: "The noise the clock makes means no time to me." That's the spirit of youth, and youth is always immortal.

HERE'S another reminder that every phase of our manner of living—from love to cottages—is shaped by motion pictures.

A set—a background—was honored in the mail received at the studio after the showing of the picture, "When Ladies Meet."

There were plenty of letters to the actors, of course. But that delightful converted farmhouse where the wife and girl friend get stranded in the storm—where everybody, in fact, gets together—that was one of the stars of the piece.

LETTERS from all over, Canada included, have flooded the office of Cedric Gibbons, who designed the cottage and its furnishings. They ask for plans, photographs, descriptions, drawings.

One influential gentleman in the East even wired his Western representative to get in touch with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and obtain photographs because he wanted some of the furnishings copied!

THAT charmingly rotund personality, Charles Laughton, has amazed all Hollywood. He announces he is going to leave pictures for a while to play on the English stage.

Laughton, who up to a few years ago was a hotel clerk in London, was hailed by the critics and the public as a great actor in his first screen appearance. "Why then," ask puzzled Hollywoodians, "should he retire from his present honors and income to make a new start later on? Other men who have never known the feel of a stage plank have been big film successes."

On the other hand, Laughton doubtless believes that stage experience is more likely to give an actor a sure and finished technique.

There is a distinguished roster of such men, and women too, in Hollywood. Lionel and John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Marie Dressler, Mae West, Joan Bennett, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton are a few of the names one can recall offhand, who have a stage background.

Contrariwise, there have been scores of capable stage players that have flopped in pictures. Perhaps it is entirely a matter of the individual.

There is another angle to this Laughton decision. He has recently completed the film, "The Private Life of King Henry the VIII," and Charles wants to try out a Shakespearean rôle on the stage. In that he is following excellent precedent. Laughton is really a great comedian, and comedians seem to have an irresistible longing to play *Hamlet*.

SILENT pictures were noisier by far than sound movies, according to Anna Q. Nilsson. Asked about the principal difference she noticed between the picture, "The World Changes," in which she is now working and the old silents, she replied, "The quiet."

When a silent picture was in the process of making, carpenters might be hammering together a set right over the actors' heads, and the first one to complain was a sissy. It was considered the height of temperament to protest against the noise.

It's different nowadays when a dropped pin sounds like an explosion.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



"ATTA BOY! That's a jump!" That's what Harvey Stephens says to his dog—but we might say it of this newcomer from the Broadway stage. One appearance in "The Cheat" led to his contract and a good rôle in Janet Gaynor's "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." Next one—"The Worst Woman in Paris"

The Man *all* Hollywood FEARS

He has made more stars unhappy than can all the studio executives

By Kirtley Baskette

HE has Hollywood—all of Hollywood—scared half to death!

He causes more bad dreams than Boris Karloff, more headaches than Will Hays. In a caste ridden town he topples sacred cows right and left. Moguls and minions alike are his targets. He says "No" to yes-men and "Yes" to no-men. He goes out of his way to plunge the greatest stars, directors, executives, celebrities, and the Lord only knows who else, into quivering confusion.

He is the scourge of filmland.

Yet he looks quite as harmless as a June-bug. A short, roly-poly little man with a shining bald head, wind wing ears, and an absurd mustache perched over a tremendous rubber-elastic Hapsburg lip.

If you met him on the street, you would probably politely turn your head to snicker, as you do when you see him on the screen. And if you met him at a party, as you probably would in Hollywood, you would count him the last person possible in the room to hand you an inferiority complex—but that's his specialty.

Vince Barnett is Hollywood's champion "ribber," a professional purveyor of insults (rates on request). He has been getting in Hollywood's hair for five years now, ever since he first tested producer Jack Warner's nonchalance by telling him he should learn the fundamentals of making pictures.

During that time, he has made life miserable for everyone you have ever heard of, and miraculously escaped death or serious injury. For three years, he devoted all of his energies to dishing out insults at parties, banquets and special occasions, at so much the insult, and made quite a good thing out of it until "Scarface" came along and made him one of your favorite comedians, and one of the busiest actors on the screen.

His list of victims is bound by the cover of Hollywood's blue book.

Mary Pickford was one of the first. At a beach party, Vince, who is as Irish as Paddy's pig, was introduced as a German exhibitor. It was right after a German orchestra had played "The Star Spangled Banner," after a private showing of one of Mary's pictures.

In broken English, Vince congratulated her on her publicity sense. Mary didn't understand.

"Didn't you pay der orchestra?" asked Vince.

Then he proceeded to insult all her guests. He told Elsie Janis she had gone to war as a publicity stunt. Mary thought he needed conversion to altruism. She asked him outside to talk it over.

"I nefer leave a party mit a married voman," huffed Vince, indignantly—and then Douglas Fairbanks mercifully exposed the joke.

Raoul Walsh, the director, brought him to a party where four hundred of filmdom's èlite were assembled. Vince made the rounds as "head waiter," accused everyone of stealing the silver, snatched plates from under their noses, and generally made a mess of the party. He bawled out Charlie Chaplin for trying to attract attention, and when Winston Churchill, a distinguished guest, placed his arm on a chair in which a young lady sat, Vince batted it off reproachfully.

"We have rooms upstairs for that," he admonished. Tom Mix blushed crimson with the same accusation when his arm was lifted unceremoniously from Lupe Velez' chair. Only Tom, more impetuous, set about choking the insulter, and forced Walsh to give the joke away to save Vince's good health.

INCREDIBLY enough, Barnett "ribbed" Mix successfully four different times. He had already accomplished the feat thrice in various poses, when he mentioned the fact one day to Carl Laemmle, Jr. The producer scoffed, there was a bet, and just then Tom arrived. He had been to the sheriff's office and he remarked that there were more men in the Los Angeles jail than in a certain small South American republic.

"You're a liar," said Vince calmly.

"What!" thundered Tom, turning pale.

"You're a liar," repeated Vince. "It's not true."

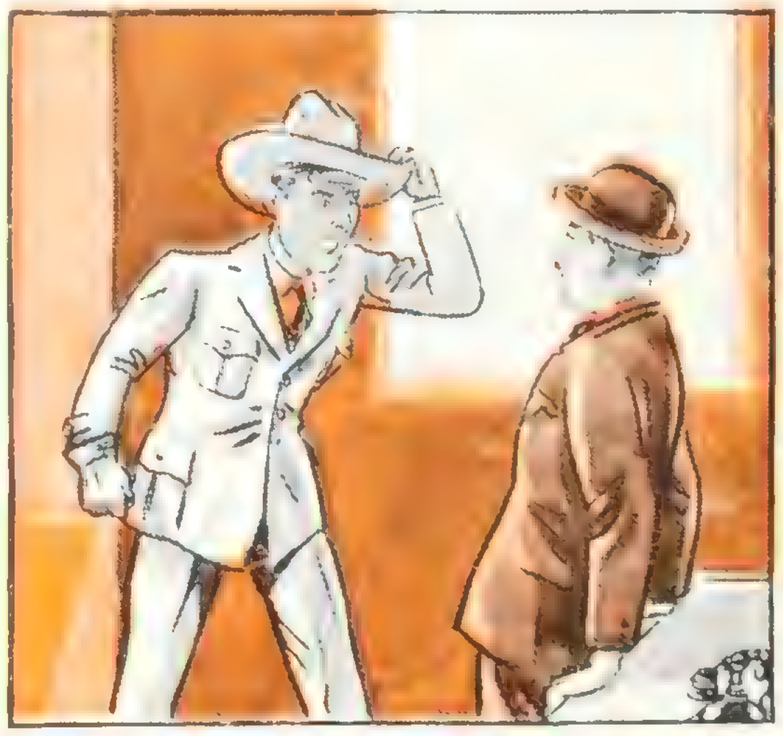
"In my country," gritted Mix, doubling his fists, "we don't take that."

"Then why don't you go back to your country?" countered Vince, "whatever it is."

Mix choked, "I'm an American, you—"



"I nefer leave a party mit a married voman," huffed Vince. Thus Mary Pickford was indignantly admonished



"In my country we don't take that," gritted Tom Mix, showing his fists to the man who had called him a liar



Jones' drive rolled to edge of the green. The "Terror" sniffed, "Sarazen would have gotten on!"

"I don't believe it. Prove it!"

This to Tom Mix, who had served in three wars, was too much. As he saw red, the joke was tactfully disclosed and Barnett collected!

Maurice Chevalier took his "ribbing" at a cocktail party which Marion Davies gave with Vince in the rôle of butler.

Serving the cocktails, butler Barnett hovered around the polite Parisian with his hors d'oeuvres and tinkling glasses, purposely missing him. When Maurice, still mannerly but longing for a drink, would reach for a glass, Vince would draw away the tray until the nervous Gaul was fit to be tied. And he never got a cocktail, although Barnett openly upbraided him for being greedy when all the glasses were empty.

Clark Gable is the only star who actually lost control of himself and went into action upon the irritating ribber. Usually posing as a foreign executive, or important exhibitor, Vince was frequently saved from bodily harm, because even stars hesitated to commit mayhem on one who bought their pictures. Gable didn't let that stop him.

IT was at one of Joan Crawford's parties. Vince was talking to Doug, Jr. and Heather Thatcher. Clark, alone at the other end of the mantel, passed by. Vince grabbed him.

"What do you mean," he demanded angrily, "walking away when I'm talking to you?"

Gable was nonplussed, but protested.

"You weren't talking to me, my man."

"Your man," sneered Vince. "I'm not your man—and just because you're the Great Gable—"

"Don't call me 'the Great Gable'—"

And so it flamed until Clark set his jaw and turned to the rest of the guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize in advance for this," he said, and then swung one from the floor.

Luckily Vince ducked.

Norma Shearer called out the servant reserves and had them give Vince the bum's rush when he badgered her at one of her parties. She ventured an opinion on a business matter to the pseudo-Eastern executive Barnett, who promptly told her to mind her own business.

"House wives," he insulted, "shouldn't discuss business. If you paid attention to your house it wouldn't look so lousy."

Norma rang the bell and the door slammed from the inside.

And Mae West won't ask Vince Barnett to "come up sometime" after the one he pulled on her on a trip to New York when she was playing in "Diamond Lil."

Posing as a member of the vice [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Here's the "Terror" himself. The man Hollywood fears as Italy fears Mussolini. Cartoon by Dobias



"Retire or else take voice lessons from Texas Guinan," so Richard Barthelmess was advised

"No smoking!" And with that the cigar was snatched from Dempsey's mouth at Dempsey's own party

Wera Engels was pale with anger when thus scolded: "You let yourself go in Paris. You got very fat"

"These Are My Plans," *says* Doug, Sr.

to Kathlyn Hayden



The two Fairbanks on the golf links before saying goodbye to Hollywood. Now London "bachelors," they plan new cinemative triumphs

GOODBYE, Hollywood!"

Thus says Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in the first interview he has given on the subject since leaving the United States. And he means it—doubly.

Pickfair will see him no more. And in addition to withdrawing personally from the film capital, he intends to give Hollywood keen competition in the picture markets of the world.

And note this: In this campaign he considers his own withdrawal less important than his set purpose of inspiring his son. He wants to continue the Fairbanks' acting tradition. He hopes to bring Ronald Colman and Maurice Chevalier into the plan.

"The only reason," he says, "why English films haven't equaled American films has been their lack of sufficient money. We have plenty of money, and we mean to produce on a Hollywood scale. Also, like Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and others, we can recoup our production cost from a market much greater than Great Britain alone."

You will recall that he, together with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, formed United Artists. Doug harks back to that now, with, if anything, greater enthusiasm than when he launched into that venture.

"Never," he says, "since I persuaded my fellow stars to establish United Artists have I been so enthusiastic. By doing that we gave machine methods a beating. Now I am certain I can give the picture lovers of the world a greater novelty—because of gorgeous unfamiliar backgrounds, British and European—than they have seen since the earliest days of Westerns. This is possible only by using London as the taking-off place."

THAT is Douglas Fairbanks' own statement of what he intends to do—what he believes he can do. That he should have had some such project in mind when he upped and gave Hollywood the go-bye, after a period of evermore extensive globe-trotting, is not exactly a surprise to those who have kept track of his feelings during the past several years. It was plain to them that ever-increasing boredom sooner or later would drive Doug into such a move.

"I got a tremendous thrill as a youngster," he says, "when I became a stage star with Tom Wise in 'The Gentleman from Mississippi,' and with William H. Crane, and on my own.

"Then I saw 'The Birth of a Nation,' and decided that films were my meat. Seeing earnings mount from a few hundred dollars a week to many hundreds daily has helped me keep enthusiastic. But eventually the whole thing palled.

"Forming United Artists, and also the establishment of Pickfair, intrigued me for several years. But aside from the momentary thrill I got when talkies came in, ennui got me again, so I took to traveling the world, in an aimless endeavor to find a new interest in life.

"I was on my way to China when I chanced to see the London première of 'The Private Life of King Henry VIII,' starring Charles Laughton. The direction given that film hit me like a sledgehammer. I said to myself, 'Give me that director, and we'll clean up.'

"So I met Alexander Korda—and then abruptly ended my travels eastward.

"Another thing hit me too at this time. My son's future is of tremendous interest to me. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



Jack Gilbert steps in between his sovereign (Garbo) and the menacing swashbuckler. A scene from "Queen Christina"

Reunion *in the* Palace

The queen's favor brings a dethroned monarch back into his own. after exile

By Ruth Rankin

"I AM happier today than I have been at any other time in my life.

"It is a fresh start—the beginning of a new career. The slate is wiped clean of the past. What has happened has gone by.

"For the first time in five years, I have a part I feel I can play. It is a great opportunity. And I owe to Miss Greta Garbo a far greater debt of gratitude than I can ever hope to repay.

"I have been miserable for a long time. It was terrifying to discover that overnight I had plunged from the height of popularity to almost oblivion. Now, quite as suddenly as that happened, comes this amazing reversal. It is an astonishing experience.

"It is a profound delight to play again on the screen with Miss Garbo. She is a great artist and a great woman. It is no secret that it was she who was responsible for my playing this part. She believed I was the victim of a terrible wrong. She simply wanted to set it right, if she could. My only hope and concern now is that I might justify the faith placed in me."—*Jack Gilbert.*

"THIS is colossal!" said Jack.

And that broke the ice.

The scene was the office of an M-G-M executive. Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert had met there—for the first time in several years.

For Garbo, defying all opposition, bringing every ounce of her vastly influential pressure to bear—had at last succeeded in breaking M-G-M officials down to the point of signing Jack Gilbert to be her leading man.

They met—Jack self-conscious, nervous, bewildered at his sudden unprecedented state of good fortune . . . Garbo—who knows how Garbo felt or what she was thinking?

And then the old devil-may-care Jack came to the rescue. "This is *colossal!*" he beamed. And Garbo permitted herself the ghost of a smile to hear his favorite expression of old, "colossal," the first word of English Jack taught the shy, awkward Swedish girl to speak, eight years ago, when he gave her her first break in his picture, "Flesh and the Devil."

From the time Jack married Ina Claire until they met to sign that momentous contract—Garbo and Gilbert had never spoken to or seen each other.

All these years between, they have been under contract to the same studio—working on the same lot. Garbo going up the ladder to unprecedented fame—Gilbert's star receding until it was almost invisible.

There are those who say that when Garbo and Gilbert set the whole movie world agog with the power of their love scenes, "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs," it was a case of their own love being enacted for the world to see. Certain it was that at this period, for the first and only time in her life, Garbo went out in public. She was sociable, even gregarious. Her long legs went flying about playing tennis at Jack's house. (Interesting to note [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115

Why American Men *Make*

Foreign stars' comparisons of their native men with our own

MEN are the best judges of men, and women of women. Unless you are talking about motion picture actresses. For the latter are shrewd appraisers of members of the opposite sex. And when these actresses are foreign born, if they make a comparison between their native men and our own, what they say is well worth listening to. They know. Here is a symposium of a dozen representatives of born-abroad screen actresses.

We will start off with the little girl from across the border, Lupe Velez.

Possibly Lupe may be a little prejudiced in favor of our boys because of that stalwart young American, Johnny Weissmuller. But still little Lupe has seen lots of American men at close range, and she has good eye-sight!

Lupe says, "The American woman doesn't have to do *anything* and still the husband is satisfied! The American man is simply marvelous to his wife. And boy, is it gorgeous to see how proud he is of her. He even says proudly to a charming dinner partner, 'Don't you think my wife is brilliant?' Now most foreign men want women to be beautiful but dumb. Believe me, darling, Americans are *good men!*"

Or take the opinion of Benita Hume, an English girl who went "home" planning to marry one of her own countrymen. Benita says, "The most amazing thing about the American man is that he actually will get up in the morning and make his own coffee rather than disturb his wife! Now an Englishman simply wouldn't do such a thing. And if he found himself in that position, his loud storms of protest would arouse the entire household.

"Of course," she adds critically, "the American is less meticulous about his clothes than the Englishman. But he makes up for that detail with his tremendous thoughtfulness. He is less egotistical than the European, too. He seems young and fresh in comparison with the blasé, self-satisfied man from the other shore."

But the picture of Mr. United States getting up and fixing his own breakfast coffee doesn't surprise Diana Wynyard. It's exactly what she would expect of him—and she isn't at all sure she likes it.

Diana complains, "The American man still puts woman on a pedestal! He doesn't treat her as a partner. In England there is a closer camaraderie between the sexes. The desire of the American man apparently is to protect and shelter women rather than to meet them on an equal ground. For this reason he prefers gaiety and charm in a woman rather than intelligence."

Elissa Landi is inclined to agree with Miss Wynyard. Elissa says, "Your American husband is



Benita Hume



Marlene Dietrich



Mona Maris



Elissa Landi



Maureen O'Sullivan

The GREATEST LOVERS

By Elza Shallert



Lupe Velez



Greta Nissen



Diana Wynyard



Sari Maritza



Lilian Harvey

inclined to *give* too much to his wife and not *share* enough with her. This is particularly true in times of anxiety and tribulations. He is too much concerned with sparing his wife any family worry.

"The Englishman in times of stress will frankly put the entire matter up to his wife. He will probably say, 'Old girl, we've got to share this misfortune together.' And women of fine caliber want to share it. What's the use of being a wife if you can't enjoy success and misfortune alike with your husband?

"Then there is one quality I believe American men lack, which Englishmen have in abundant degree," continues Miss Landi. "It is *élan*—a sort of reckless enthusiasm, the ability to regard business and sports as high adventure."

Well, *élan* must be nice. But on the other hand, "high adventurers" aren't always good bread-winners, and many a European woman has envied the business ability of American men.

Mona Maris, the petite little South American beauty, whom you may recall as one of Leslie Howard's "affairs" in "Secrets," is particularly impressed by the Yankee's skill in collecting shekels.

Says Mona, "The American man can always be depended upon to make money for himself and his family. He is a model husband for all men. And he well should be. There aren't many men who are as generous to their families. Neither does he rob a woman of her independence nor annoy her by showering her with too much attention. I used to think that only the polished European was worth while. I now find the American even more attractive in his attention to women because he has the sense not to overdo it. And his gifts are beautifully, generously chosen."

Sari Maritza agrees in part. "The American man is great for business, yes!" says Sari. "But he is lacking in the smaller graces. He is the most active person alive, he is forever doing something or going some place. His motto is 'Action.' That's all right if you're equal to it. But we Europeans are slower."

Greta Nissen, too, once believed that "Europeans are slower." She said to me, several years ago, "I will never marry an American man. The European woman's training and temperament are at too wide a variance with the American's."

But Greta *did* marry an American—Weldon Heyburn. According to Greta he is "one hundred per cent American in his speed, restlessness and impetuosity." Greta says, "I adore the loyalty and friendship of the American man. He is the best 'pal' a woman can have."

Before her marriage to a "one hundred per cent American," when her opinion was more analytical because it was impersonal, Greta said, "The American man is unparalleled in his enormous sentimentality. He listens to a throbbing, seductive, yet often foolish song on the radio, and jumps in his car and proposes marriage to a girl. He is too [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



The face Schmeling saw when he lost his chance at the heavyweight crown. Now *you'll* see it — in pictures!

He's A Baer!

Contender for the fistic crown takes a crack at films. Max is surefire!

By Kirtley Baskette

YES, he's at it, this Max Baer chap. Having knocked Schmeling for a loop and for fistic oblivion, Max is training for a finish fight with a game in which only two men of his background ever lasted more than a round or two. The game of trying to make an athletics star into a screen star.

With just one chance for avoiding what usually is a certain knockout. He promises to have what put over these two exceptions to the rule. How important that is becomes plain when you look at the men, good men, tried and true, who tackled the same game and took the count.

There was Jim Jeffries of the gorilla arms, still dizzy from the socking he took from Jack Johnson at Reno. Nobody thought Jim would be good for more than an appearance or two—and he wasn't. Nor was Corbett, for all that "Gentleman Jim" knew about entertaining from successful appearances in vaudeville.

Jack Dempsey even had his nose rebuilt for his whirl at it — no go. "Gorgeous Georges" Carpentier had a better chance, one might think, from the way women plugged for him—in the ring. But in the ring only. His box-office performance sent him back to Paris after one appearance.

Gene Tunney—seemingly another possibility, was really a wash-out. Bill Tilden likewise. Babe Ruth—a sad strike-out in the studios. Red Grange scored one screen touchdown in "One Minute to Play," and was thrown for a huge loss in his next. Charlie Paddock, Jim Thorpe, Gertrude Ederle—but why go on? We'll understand Max Baer's chances better if we look at the two who made the grade.

Number One—Fred Thomson, former Princeton track star, winner of the American and Inter-Allied Games all-around athletic title. Until his death, in 1928, Fred went high, wide and handsome in adventurous stuff. "The Eagle's Talons," "Thundering Hoofs," "Silver Comes Thru," "Jesse James" are some of the titles. And what did he have that the others lacked?

He was romantic, dashing. He had spirituality, too—son of a minister, Fred had preached in his time. He had what it takes, apart from his athletics—and could have got there had he never breasted a tape on a college track. His athletic prowess simply earned him his chance to display his cinematic wares.

Number Two—Johnny Weissmuller, of "Tarzan" fame, and before that, of an aquatic fame that literally cluttered the swimming annals with broken records. But was it the sight of his lithe body flashing through the water that turned the trick for him? Well, he did swim in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but is that what sent the women home "oh-ing" and "ah-ing," or that brought on an outbreak of "Tarzanitis," evidenced by broken arms and legs, among the youngsters of the land?

The questions answer themselves. Johnny, like Fred, had what it takes—and would have made good if the only water that ever touched his hide had been the water in his bathtub.

Which brings us to what Max Baer may or may not have that will help him become the third lad to break the rule that "athletes flop in the movies."

One thing he has in plenty: Sex-appeal, with a big S.

The shrill shouts that applauded him throughout the Schmeling fight, and the feminine mobs that besieged him after he had won, indicated that. Sacks and sacks of amorous mail have deluged him ever since. Mash notes, marriage proposals, heart-beats from all over the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

"The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked"

By Hilary Lynn



EVER since I heard a certain gushing lady scribe—noted for her untiring efforts to dig up the neatly-buried "private lives" of the stars—put a certain question to Bert Wheeler, a burning desire has grown within me to come to the rescue of these long-suffering luminaries.

Fun is fun, and comedians can stand a lot of punishment. The more they stand, the more they earn. But enough is enough. What would you do if a beaming lady fixed you with her ferret-like eyes, as she did Bert, and queried: "How do you sleep in bed?"

Would you have invited her, as did the irrepressible Bert, to "come up and see me sometime"? Or would you have blushed—and indicated the direction of the front door?

Clark Gable while vacationing recently in a small town had, of course, the representatives of all the local news sheets hot on his trail. There was one question, maybe a minor cause of his recent illness, which Clark says gave him stitches. The interviewer was a gangling, dyspeptic youth, out to glean some information for himself, as well as for his paper.

"What would be your advice, Mr. Gable," he asked, nervously, "on the most effective way to make women fall in love with you?"

Still, that was tact personified compared with the question posed by a fluttering writer at the end of an interview in Diana Wynyard's dressing-room.

"Now, Miss Wynyard, just between you and me, tell me whom you consider to be the most ardent lover—an American or an Englishman?"

We'll give you three chances to outstrip this one. As Warner Baxter says, "Perhaps it wasn't the silliest question ever asked me, but it certainly was the most embarrassing. A very shy young lady, who seemed to be having difficulty in interviewing me—maybe I'm just hard to talk to—demanded the terrible following: 'Have you ever known what it feels like,' she said, 'to have a baby?' "

From the profundity of these staggering queries, let's slide to the ridiculous.

Says Janet Gaynor: "A very important newspaper interviewer asked me: 'How many times a day do you look at your watch or the clock?' And then I asked him, 'Do you think the cuckoos and cuckoo-clocks should abide by the NRA?' "

"That's nothing, Janet," said Lilian Harvey, who happened to be on the Fox set while I was talking with Janet. "A bright young thing once asked me if I cut lettuce with a knife or with a fork?"

"And," chimed in Heather Angel—she made the third of the three graces to be watching the shooting of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"—"one lady interviewer asked me, with a portentous note in her voice, if I had ever *slapped* a man's face!"

We think, though, that the most illuminating example of stoicism since the Golden Age in Greece was the behavior of Joel McCrea when a sweet morsel of scatter-brained girlhood was doing a "wardrobe story" on that azure-eyed bachelor for the motion picture column of her school paper.

Joel stood up nobly under a persistent barrage of inquiries concerning his wearing apparel for sundry occasions.

"AND now, Mr. McCrea," said the girl, concluding the interview, "what do you wear when you take sun-baths?"

"A camel's-hair overcoat," wearily replied our hero.

Another ingenious lady reporter once caused John Boles to choke on his coffee at a little tête-à-tête luncheon. With an angelic expression, she asked him whether he believed his voice was influenced by the shade of clothes he wore.

Which question seemed to be up the same alley with one that another inquiring reporter propounded to Victor Jory:

"She asked me," said Victor, "what shade of underwear I preferred—and whether I had that shade on at the time. Well, believe it or not, *I didn't have any on.*"

List to this one on Mae West. It may not exactly be a question, but it's a wow!

An interviewer, sent from a New England paper, was waiting breathlessly for Queen Mae in her dressing-room at the studio. Miss West apologized for the delay, ordered tea, and then asked the girl reporter what the subject of the interview was to be. But the woman just sat there, looking at Mae with *such* a mournful expression on her face, her mouth half open. Finally she spoke: "You've ruined my story. You speak *grammatically*. Everyone says you talk off-stage exactly as you do on the screen. I haven't anything to ask you. You've ruined my story with culture!" And the poor girl staggered out, sobbing.

A timid young lady asked Chevalier, "Do you have to practice your French accent much, Mr. Chevalier? Do you think it sounds convincing to the people in France?"

Gary Cooper received a list of written questions—"to be answered truthfully"—from an out-of-town writer. Among others was this shining gem:

"Will the person you marry be a blonde, a redhead, or a brunette?"

To which Gary replied, with a flourish of his grandfather's goose quill, "The person I marry will be a girl!"

Then there is that famous-in-the-annals-of-Hollywood retort courteous by none other than our little Ginger Rogers. An ambitious young cub, eager to try his wings, was to extract information from that fire-crested ingénue. His hopes were punctured by his first question:

"Are you Will Rogers' wife?" he burbled.

"No! Nor Buddy Rogers' mother!" Ginger squelched.

But, take off your hats to El Brendel and Boris Karloff for possessing the sweetest, most forgiving natures this side of Paradise!

To El Brendel came this suave flattery in question form: "What do you put on your face to make you look so much like a monkey?"

And to Boris Karloff: "You really enjoy playing mean parts, don't you, Mr. Karloff? Doesn't that prove you're a mean man at heart?" Scratch. Scratch.

If there's a kinder, milder-mannered human being now walking terra firma, I've yet to meet him!

DID Gracie Allen say this—or didn't she? Spencer Tracy insists it was a gentle little journalist, but I have my suspicions.

"Mr. Tracy, do you believe that playing polo has a tendency to improve your mental state?"

That's almost as paralyzing as the innocent little query put to Max Baer during his first day of work on "The Prizefighter and the Lady":

"Does it hurt when the other man hits you in a fight?"

"No, lady," responded the redoubtable Max, "if we give more than love taps, we're penalized!" and she said, "Thank you!"

Bette Davis nearly had apoplexy when someone asked her: "Have you ever paid money to see an embalmed whale?" Then, when she'd finally managed to stave off an attack, the same interviewer, full of those quaint ideas, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



MEET Hollywood's youngest film stars—youngest in age and in length of screen careers! They are the pick of this year's baby contest winners, and Jack Hays has signed them to do his Baby Burlesk satires. The cups? Oh, just some of the honors they've won on their way to Hollywood

Al Knows Better Now!



Al Jolson was a big star until he got romantic aspirations. But he knows his limitations now

"He's the greatest entertainer of all," says Ruby. And Al vows he won't make a liar out of Ruby

CAN Al Jolson, once king of entertainers, come back? For months that has been one of the most insistent speculations in Hollywood. Even Al's sudden burst into the spotlight by way of a right swing to Walter Winchell's neck, a bevy of wild statements and a dash by air to New York, have not in the least changed the odds in the betting as to Al's ability to cause the movie-going public to forget his last few pictures and recognize him as the master entertainer of old.

As to the exact "Why" of Jolson's steady toboggan since making such outstanding hits as "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool," public opinions are few and private opinions many. That Jolson has fallen far from his pinnacle of five years ago is evidenced in many ways other than his recent extremely "conservative" contract with Warners.

Jolson's famous "banana bag" contract with Joseph Schenck, originally written on a brown paper bag at Palm Springs and calling for two million dollars in two years at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a week for forty weeks each year, as compared to his reported thousand a week deal with Warners, is, many claim, merely in keeping with other features of his downward plunge.

Yet, according to many others, all this doesn't mean a thing. Jolson is still Jolson, and once back on the old lot, he [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

No more heroics—the Jolson "comeback" will be with the stuff that the crowd always loved

By William F. French

"I'd Rather Know Joan

says

Franchot Tone

to Jack Jamison

Here, for the first time, the man whom everyone is wondering about expresses, in words, his admiration for Joan Crawford



EVERYBODY knows that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are dining and dancing together at all the smart places.

What everybody *wants* to know is: What lies behind it? Here is the answer, from Franchot Tone himself.

"What lies behind it is quite simple," he says. "It's that I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know. And I have any number of reasons.

"In the first place, Joan is more intelligent than most people. Joan has what the French call *intelligence de coeur*, or intelligence of the heart.

"It is a human and sympathetic intelligence, the power of learning by putting herself in the other person's place.

"But it is more than that, too. It is the power of giving meaning to every new experience by relating it to a past experience. When Joan comes in contact with something new, she instantly coördinates it with the rest of her knowledge. Therefore, Joan is intelligent in a deep and understanding way.

"She is receptive to every new idea. There are some people who make a pose of being receptive and brag about being 'open minded.' Not so with Joan. She never accepts anything just because it is new, or because she wants to prove she is broad-minded. But she examines everything with an open mind, then chooses that which she considers worthwhile. And she has an instinctive mental judgment which helps her pick the wheat from the chaff.

"For example, Joan honestly believes that she knows nothing about acting, and is just beginning to learn. And yet, when we talk about the stage, when I tell her things that happened to me when I was on the New York stage, little tricks of technique that I saw actors use there—she can pick the good ones from the bad ones instantly. She knows at once what would be right for pictures and what would be wrong.

"Then there is Joan Crawford's beauty. I hardly need mention that. But a fascinating thing about her beauty—and a thing you don't realize until you know her personally—is that she is beautiful in two distinct and different ways.

"On the screen her beauty is formal. It gives you the impression of a classic statue. It might be sculptured, that head of hers

"But you don't really appreciate her beauty until you see her without her make-up. Sometimes when you're traveling in a foreign country you suddenly come across a woman who literally makes you catch your breath. If you're in Bavaria

Than Anybody Else—"



This is how you'll see Franchot and Joan in "Dancing Lady." But what interests us all is the real-life situation he relates

you find yourself saying, 'Here is the perfect type of Beautiful beauty.' Well, seeing Joan as she really is, so fresh-looking, with that clean-scrubbed look of hers, you say: 'Here is the perfect type of American beauty.' And her freckles are a part of it.

"I think the first time I became aware of her great beauty was once when I had been asked to her house for lunch. She was in the back yard taking a sun bath. She came in, her hair rumpled, and oil all over her face and arms. And she was beautiful! Beauty like hers is a real thing. You can't mistake it!

"And then, of course, there's her sense of humor. You can always tell if a person really has a sense of humor by his willingness to let himself seem ridiculous. Joan loves to be caught looking 'silly,' so that people will laugh.

"Sometimes at the end of a scene, while the cameras are still turning, she makes a face or lets her mouth hang open. Then when she goes into the projection room to see the rushes, she too laughs at the foolish picture of herself. It isn't loud, insincere laughter—the kind of laughter so many people use to cover a situation which embarrasses them. Nor is it the kind of laughter that seems to say, 'See what a good sport I am.' It's more a snicker, like a youngster's, but very real. She honestly loves to kid herself.

"SHE loves to kid other people, too, but never cruelly—always gently. Once when we were making a picture together, I was supposed to do a swimming scene. Joan went to the director and asked anxiously, 'The tank isn't deep, is it?'

"'Sure! Ten feet or so,' the director replied. 'Why?'

"'Mr. Tone can't swim.'

"'Can't he swim at *all?*'

"'Well,' she said, 'he can do the breast-stroke a little.'

"She had them nearly crazy, explaining that I'd look silly if I couldn't do a crawl stroke, wondering if they could get a shallow tank so I could just wade, arranging for me to stay up all night and learn strokes. Then after they were all wild, she broke down and told them that I really could swim, after all.

"But there is something even more important than a sense of humor—especially in a woman. And that is good taste. Joan's taste is exquisite. Like her intelligence, it is instinctive. While William Haines gets the credit for decorating her beautiful home, Joan, as a matter of fact, did a great deal of the actual choosing.

"And her taste is as creative as it is discriminating. I've even heard her make suggestions to Adrian when he was planning clothes for her. They must have been good suggestions, because Adrian followed them."

Incidentally, Joan's wardrobe is stunning because she has good taste and not because she spends large sums of money on clothes. Undoubtedly one of the best-dressed girls in pictures, she spends far less for clothes than many another feminine star. Recently, when complimented on a lovely new outfit, Joan winked and said, "Last year's suit. New scarf and new hat, that's all."

But while men consider it important for a woman to choose her clothes well, Franchot says, "Most important is her taste in people.

"I have never, and there is not a single exception, found a soul she liked whom I didn't like, too. In choosing her friends, accomplishment—what they've *done*—means nothing to her. She's interested in what they *are*. If what they are helped them to do something, that is another matter. But popular acclaim, fame, popularity—they mean nothing to her. The two qualities Joan looks for in a person are sincerity and self-reliance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Star News *from* London



London, England.

AT luncheon at the Savoy, I had an hour with Wally Beery—over here with his wife and adopted child, Carol Ann, for a holiday. Thank heaven for a Wally in this make-believe business! His bluntness is a rare relief from the insincere tactfulness of most visiting celebrities.

"I think it's the bunk." he replied in answer to my question as to his opinion of travel abroad. "Why anybody wants to give up a comfortable home and congenial friends to go gallivanting around in strange countries is beyond me. Sight-seeing gives me a pain in the neck. Fancy food doesn't suit my stomach. I hate trains; it's bad enough to have to be on time at the studio without living by timetables. And, anyhow, I like my own bed."

Wally, it developed, is making the grand tour because it has long been Mrs. Beery's dearest ambition to "do" England and the Continent.

"After all," he said with a characteristic grin, "a mugg with such rotten taste as I've got can't deny the wife a little culture—when it means so much to her!"

FAIRBANKS, Sr. has definitely gone County. (There is no literal translation for this purely English idiom, and it has nothing in common with that bit of choice Americanese, "going Hollywood.")

In the sixty-day interim between the formation of his new British company, and actual starting of the first production, Fairbanks has been living in the country. This, obviously, is the first step one must take if one wishes to take rank as a country gentleman.

Also it helps a lot if you want to keep inquiring newspaper reporters at a distance. And this, it would seem, Fairbanks does want—almost as much as he wants to be accepted on terms of equality by County folk.

How he vaulted over railings and used back stairs to escape from the newspaper people—when word of the break-up of his marriage reached London — is known on your side, I believe. It would have made a good film, if only cameras had caught it.

AS for Fairbanks, Jr.—that young man is equally determined not to be annoyed by people of the press. For all that he is appearing in "Z"—the new title for the revised version of "The Mark of Zorro" which is to be one of the new Fairbanks films—he seems to share his father's distaste for publicity.

He is in hiding in London—in a service flat in Hyde Park Place. So far as I have been able to ascertain, I am the only journalist in London who knows the exact address. Also, I have his private telephone number in my note book. Doubtless the London executives of United Artists (the organization which is to release the Fairbanks films in the United States) have this information. But you couldn't drag it out of them no matter how you tried. Every newspaper in London has tried—unsuccessfully.

TOM GERAGHTY who for years has been devoted to Fairbanks, is now serving young Douglas in a similar capacity. Geraghty divides his time between the country estate and the flat, his chief job being to balk would-be interviewers. And he is succeeding famously. In fact, he has discouraged Fleet Street (London's newspaper center) to such an extent as to lead the newspapers to decide that they can get along very nicely without so much as a mention of the Fairbanks name in their columns!

AT the studios at Elstree, life is leisurely. At least, that's the way it impresses me after the general thunder of American picture making in Hollywood, from whence I have just returned to the homeland.

Without any governmental Codes and without any attempt to ameliorate the unemployment situation, your Englishman is chronically addicted to the habit of living leisurely.

The five-day week is an old story here. Ten o'clock in the morning is an outrageously early hour to start the day's work. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY's London Correspondent



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE little Irish girl looks quite dazzling in rhinestone tights, and it's a bet that no one will object if she *never* goes back to tiger skins or gingham aprons! Maureen O'Sullivan is the dancing daughter of the stage-struck parent in the forthcoming film, "Stage Mother." Title rôle by Alice Brady, who made a grand comeback in "When Ladies Meet"

Fred Shows JOAN *some new* Dance Steps







WHAT the well-dressed Bavarian bride will wear. And—page Walter Winchell—the handsomely garbed bridegroom is Mr. Astaire. But the ceremony, like the costumes, is part of the movie. And Joan surely makes a charming peasant ingénue

A THREE point two-step—danced to the tuneful clinking of glasses of foaming beer. Joan Crawford, who started her acting career in the ballet of a Broadway chorus, and Fred Astaire, famous hoofer, in a scene from the movie, "Dancing Lady"

FRED gave Joan the run-around. But she asked for it! For years Fred Astaire and his sister thrilled audiences with an intricate dance, known as "the run-around." Fred would never teach it to anybody else. But that Crawford lady has a way about her! So Fred told her his dance secret and Joan was taught the steps of the famous number

GONE are the yellow braids, the embroidered frock. Joan is back in the arms of Franchot Tone. A fox-trot in modern setting. Party scene from "Dancing Lady"

STOP, look and listen! It's part of the quaint routine of the old Bavarian folk-dance that Joan and Fred do to the rollicking music supplied by an inspired brass band



DRESSED in tawdry finery, a woman with a beautiful face and a gallant spirit, *Nana* is one of the most intriguing figures in literature. The search for an actress to play the rôle on the screen ended when the Russian star, Anna Sten, was discovered. Miss Sten has been in Hollywood over a year, preparing for the star part in Zola's "Nana"

The Big Hollywood Robbery

Jean Harlow plays the lead rôle in a daring hold-up

By Curtis Burton



"She's beautiful but she can't act," is what they once said of Jean Harlow. "Dinner At Eight" made the critics go wild. Her scenes with Wallace Beery have won her a new star place with the public

HOLLYWOOD is still gasping over the most notorious theft in the history of the movies. And Jean Harlow is the culprit. I am not referring to her "theft" of photographer Harold G. Rosson, with whom she eloped to Yuma, and married. No, another matter.

Jean stole first honors. From the Barrymores and Lee Tracy, from Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, from Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and half a dozen other notable players, the little platinum blonde stole "Dinner At Eight."

It wasn't that they were weak. Far from it! Each had his big moment and the advantage of excellent, intelligent direction. Each played his part with customary true artistic perfection. This made Jean's success the greater.

Hollywood has never been particularly interested in seeing Jean Harlow succeed. She knew that if she ever got to the top, it would be through her own efforts.

She was untrained, without the advantage of a stage career. She got into the movies in a way that always antagonizes Hollywood: she was given a break with the feminine lead in "Hell's Angels." Then, in picture after picture, she was given repellent, sexy rôles, which offered her no opportunity really to act, and brought jeers from the critics, adverse comments from the public. In the midst of this came the mysterious death of her husband and she had to bear scathing publicity, plus the burden of her great sorrow.

But she held on and fought and slaved and studied.

But that alone didn't get her to the top. Courage and hard work aren't enough to make critics, who had panned her mercilessly, "right [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Cal York

Announcing—



This is no game of peek-a-boo. It's Katharine Hepburn hiding from the camera. And those are genuine men's pants. The cameraman isn't at all discouraged. He keeps on trailing her. Some say one day she'll bump into a fire hydrant and then he'll get a real smash-hit picture of Katie



Twins might be expensive for their parents, but Hollywood saves money on them! Infants must not work more than two hours a day. This holds up production—and it costs the studio plenty! But Pat and Jack Bowen are twins—and they look alike. So Pat works two hours, then Jack relieves him. They are playing now with Sally Eilers in "Walls of Gold"

THE only person on the Metro lot to see Garbo work since her return (except the director and people engaged on the picture) is none other than—Max Baer, prize-fighter!

Max strolled over one day after lunch. The guardian cop who recognized him has a weakness for prizefighters. "Could I take a look around?" asked Max. No one had returned from luncheon yet. So Max roamed in. The company returned. The cop forgot all about him. Max, standing back of a bit of scenery, watched Garbo do a whole scene.

When he arrived two hours late on his own set and they demanded to know how he got that way, Max replied casually:

"I've been up getting some pointers from Garbo."

IT seems to take a divorce to bring a couple together these mixed-up marital days.

Now Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after having secured freedom via the divorce route only recently, are being seen everywhere together, and apparently very much enamoured of each other. They greeted each other with fervid embraces at a "Rube" party given by Kay Francis.

CONNIE BENNETT is going to play one of those woman spies that break down statesmen and make 'em tell all.

The name of the picture is "Without Glory"—and Gilbert Roland has the leading male rôle.

AND since new names for her are in order (De Mille started it when he changed it from Mari Coleman) Judith Allen is known to

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



They're all wet!—even the puppy. Alice White and John Warburton have just enjoyed a swim in the pool that Alice had built in her back yard. Warburton, young English actor, and Alice have been going places together. Ah ha! Miss White is pretty busy at the studio these days. She's been working on "Dangerous to Women," her forthcoming picture



That barber had better watch his scissors! *Tarzan* couldn't wear a short bob. Johnny Weissmuller is getting a jungle hair-cut for his new ape-chasing rôle in "Tarzan and His Mate." Johnny looks mighty grim about this hair-cutting job, and the barber takes it very seriously, too

everyone on the Paramount lot as the "Duchess of Sonnenberg" (after Gus, her husband, you know).

ONE of the M-G-M publicity boys, giving orders over the telephone to the photographer's gallery:

"Franchot Tone is on his way over there . . . remember, we want big heads—make him look masculine, dominant, virile—you know—he-man stuff. Shoot above the gardenia!"

DOROTHEA WIECK who isn't German at all—she was born in Davos, Switzerland, but speaks German like a native—gave her first Hollywood party a while ago. Not a single (or married) Hollywood actor was invited!

CLARA BOW is back.

That is, back to her exact weight.

In her hey-day as the red-headed "It" girl, Clara tipped the well-known beam at 110. Then she inflated slightly until the beam refused to tip at any notch near that.

So it was real cause for rejoicing when Clara "weighed in" after her period of training for "Hoopla" and the lever balanced right on the old mark at 110

JEAN ALBERT JORY, aged two-and-a-half years, thinks that next to Mickey Mouse, her papa, Victor Jory, is the best actor on the screen.

"Becauth," she argues, "I watched Daddy playing houth to the ladyth on the thet, and he'th tho nith. He alwayth rewardth them with a kith!"



Kenneth Alexander

Director Lowell Sherman says he tries to keep his casts happy. Texas Guinan, night club hostess, is helping him, between scenes of "Broadway Thru A Keyhole." On the set Sherman always wears shorts and a sweat shirt. Texas, however, dolls up, as do the little girls in the tall silk hats



It was a barnyard party, and the Countess di Frasso took it literally and came dressed in Rhode Island Red feathers. Charlie Farrell looks very model-farmerish in that cambric shirt and wide-brimmed felt hat. The rural party was given for members of the movie colony by Kay Francis

AND just to make all those old meanies who had been whispering things feel disappointed or something, Hank, the Marquis, Constance Bennett's husband, went to lunch with Gilbert Roland the first day he arrived back in Hollywood from six weeks in Bali.

AND because of Director Mervyn LeRoy's pint-sized build, his friends are calling him "Baby LeRoy"!

THE secret of just why Henry Garat, French actor who made "Adorable" with Janet Gaynor, wasn't any too popular toward the end of his stay, is now being told. Henry, who began by being so anxious and agreeable, became very "hoity-toity" toward the end of the picture.

His attitude toward little Gaynor was anything but pleasant. After the scene was called and Janet was waiting, he'd saunter over to his make-up kit and nonchalantly powder his face, causing Janet, the star, no little embarrassment as she stood there, patiently waiting for him. It's hoped Henry will have recovered from his sudden attack of importance before he returns again to Hollywood. Temperament went out with the talkies, you know.

WALLACE FORD had just finished a picture with Helen Twelvetrees when Columbia put him in another opposite Dorothy Tree.

"Eleven down and one to go," sighed Wally.

JACK PEARL'S very first day's work consisted of sitting on a block of ice with ZaSu Pitts. Poor Pearl kept getting bluer and bluer with the cold—but ZaSu looked quite healthy. He wanted to know how she did it. ZaSu had put on her rubber pants like a good girl—and Pearl didn't even know what his were for, when he saw them in his dressing-room!

SHED a tear for poor, dear Gary Cooper, who is taking an unmerciful ribbing these warm days. Gary got much interested—that is, for Gary—in Judith Allen, De Mille's new "find." She was such a "sweet, helpless little thing, who needed a strong man," Gary broke down to an intimate friend . . . and then, all of a sudden, it was revealed that Judith has been



Acme

Charlie Chaplin was clowning for a few of his friends, and Paulette Goddard complicated the act by tickling his feet. The friends, aboard Joseph Schenck's schooner, are, left to right: Mrs. Harry Green, Harry Green, Grace Poggi, Mr. Schenck, Margaret La Marr, and Charlie and Paulette



My, Reno didn't seem to dim their friendship! Bill Powell gives Carole Lombard a prize squash at Kay's party. We don't know how Carole expects to farm in a fur coat, but anyway Bill is a gentleman farmer—dinner jacket and winged collar with overalls, plus monocle (painted)

married for some time to Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler—and was Gary's face red? Now, friends greet him with "How are the wrestling lessons getting along?" and similar cracks.

WE'RE not so sure about these long separations. Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson were sweethearts for six years before they married, so it looked very much as if they meant it. Then Harmon had to go back East to take a job with an orchestra. Bette couldn't stand the big house they had out here, since she was all alone, so she took an apartment. And now she refuses to talk over the long distance 'phone to Harmon—he seems so near while she is talking to him—so far away as soon as she hangs up. And the latest is that she can't go around places all alone, so Lynn Riggs, who writes plays, is helping out.

WARNER BAXTER ran into the widow of an actor who was a good friend of his. She began telling him of her business troubles, winding up with this classic remark, "You know, Warner, I'm having so much difficulty getting my insurance, sometimes I'm almost sorry my husband died!"

THE Eddie Goulding-Gloria Swanson feud is still on, after all these years. Goulding, if you can remember that far back, directed Gloria in "The Trespasser."

When it was finished, Gloria wasn't speaking. Still isn't.

They were both at the Vendome, the evening it opened formally (well, let it go at that, anyway—in spite of all the informal behavior

Eddie, inspired by the moment and all the kindred souls around, took the floor and tore off an elaborate operatic number to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," (but Eddie—those things date you so. Why not use "Stormy Weather"? Everybody else does So, thinking he might have softened her mood—he approached la Swanson and asked her to sing her "Trepasser" song. But Gloria doesn't relinquish her hold on a feud as easily as that—she turned her back, with promptness and decision—and that-a was that-a!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



"YOU see, Benita, it's this way. When you marry Adolphe Menjou in England—oh no, I don't mean that. He's not your romance. I'll try again. Now, Benita, when Jack Dunfree and Kathryn Carver—oh, goodness, no, that isn't right, either! And don't look at me like that, Benita. I know that Jack is your heart. But with all these divorces and romances around, I can't keep them and the story apart in my mind. Now, dry your eyes, and let's have another look at the script."

If that isn't exactly the way it went for Director Monta Bell while filming "The Worst Woman in Paris," it's a wonder. Although he looks happy here, Mr. Bell had on his hands more triangles than a juggler could manage!

Benita Hume, once married but freed by divorce, was wanting the picture to be finished so she could rush off to England and become Mrs. Jack Dunfree. Adolphe Menjou, her male lead, was going through a parting of the ways with Kathryn Carver. And Director Bell himself was scarcely more than a year married to Betty Lawford, after his divorce. Then, the story itself had two triangles to be kept in mind.

So who could blame him if occasionally he happened to get the real life facts and the story mixed?

They're Clara's Twins

Lillian and Johnny from Flatbush are making life very lively for *La* Bow

By Roger Kirkwood

"AUNT C-L-A-R-A—" Two little words, piped in a childish treble duet just as the sun pokes its way through the matutinal mists of Benedict Canyon, out Beverly Hills way, are making a new woman out of your old friend and playgirl, Clara Bow.

They're making her see the sunrise again. Not the red-rimmed sunrise she used to see through eyes circled from all-night whoopee, not the reproving sunrise which on the way home reflected its disturbing rays on the glittering sequins of her evening gown; but a thoroughly respectable, domestic sunrise which Clara now views after long hours of pre-midnight sleep—welcome sleep.

For the Brooklyn Bonfire, the Hollywood Hooper-Dooper, the flaming, fun-loving Clara who existed on music, laughter and thrills, who slept most of the day and played all of the night, has pushed her former deadline at dawn back to the rustic retiring hour of the chickens. The night-blooming "It" girl, who insisted that "noon is the best time for breakfast," is having her cakes and coffee at six A. M.—and liking it!

All because Lillian and Johnny Bow, Clara's ten-year-old twin cousins, who belong to Uncle Bill Bow back in Flatbush, Brooklyn,





They look quiet enough here, these two visiting cousins—but ask Clara what racket they can make at six in the morning! "Well," philosophizes Clara (right) as her rifle brings down another chicken hawk, "this early rising makes for a keen eye and steady hand. Besides it's no end fun!"

have come, like little Orphan Annie, to her house to stay.

It all started when Clara and Rex came back from Europe and stopped by Brooklyn for the Bow family reunion, which takes place whenever Clara passes through the old home town. From far and near the Bow clan, who are legion, rallied.

Among them was Uncle Bill, bringing the twins along for a look at their famous cousin.

"Gee, I wisht I lived in Hollywood," said Lillian wistfully.

"Gosh, I'd ruther be a cowboy than a fireman when I grow up," declared Johnny.

Clara's heart melted. She looked at Rex. That great big house in Beverly with its swimming pool, playgrounds, fresh air and sunshine. That endless acred ranch in Nevada.

These two kids hemmed in by Brooklyn's crowded, stuffy streets. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Thirty "HUSBANDS" Have



Fay Wray is the biggest bigamist in movieland! The titian-haired beauty knows more about love-making techniques than do most women of twice her age

CAN you imagine a girl of twenty-six who has been married over thirty times?

A girl who has had most of the screen world's fascinating men make love to her and who knows, by heart, the love-making technique of types as different as Eric Von Stroheim and Ronald Colman?

Fay Wray has, and does.

Still in the bloom of youth, Fay probably knows as much about the various ways of being wooed and won as any other woman alive. She has been Hollywood's "best girl" for six years and during that time has been in the arms of almost every current rave.

It's well worth listening to Fay; she knows.

The perfect screen lover, according to Fay, is Ronald Colman.

Of Colman, she says, "Of all the men with whom I have played, Ronald is the most romantic. He is a perfect lover, tenderness itself, considerate of everyone else, a gentleman in every sense of the word at all times.

"He is perhaps the only player in Hollywood whom I have never heard raise his voice above its low, conversational level for anything. And that is remarkable because Mr. Colman is one of our biggest stars, and could get away with being temperamental if he chose. But I have never seen him ruffled for any cause.

"However, the most devastating lover on the screen is Spencer Tracy. No, he isn't as romantic as Ronald, but he makes love in such a breath-taking, irresistible way.

"Spencer is the most direct screen-lover of them all, and he makes love the least like an actor. Why, he's so spontaneously natural about it that you forget he's acting at all!"

Quite in contrast with the intense impetuosity of Mr. Tracy is the disinterested lover, Joel McCrea.

"Joel McCrea evinced nothing more than strictly courteous, professional interest," said Miss Wray. "As soon as we finished shooting a scene and the stage doors swung open, Joel would dash outside and take a sun bath—between scenes! He is far more interested in his tan than in his leading lady. He's the most indifferent lover on the screen."

Fay's screen hero is Gary Cooper. Not because of the way he makes love, though Miss Wray does say his love-making is refreshingly sincere and honest, and all the more charming because of Gary's boyish reticence. Fay admires Gary particularly because he saved her from drowning. They were making "The First Kiss." The scene



Taught Her How *to* LOVE!

Since "The Wedding March," Fay Wray has had one grand parade to the altar

By Reginald Taviner



Clive Brook is an example of the repressed type of lover, aloof, restrained. Fay knows, for she and Clive played together in "Four Feathers"



Emil Jannings is the stern and powerful type of screen lover, according to Miss Wray who played in "The Street of Sin" with Jannings



Fay played with Jack Holt in "Dirigible" and described him as one of the most masculine lovers on the screen

was aboard a tiny skiff in Chesapeake Bay. In stepping from the skiff into another boat, Fay fell into the sea. Gary, without waiting a single second, dived in and pulled her from the water.

However, the most interesting screen lover that Fay has had is Wallace Beery. He may not be as great a lover as some of the others, but Wallace has a highly original manner of playing his scenes.

"To begin with," Fay explained, "he never learns his lines. He looks at his part for a minute or two, gets the sense out of the part—then he plays it as nobody else can. He *ad libs* his lines as he goes. He is difficult to follow for this reason. One never knows what he will say, and it is hard to get your cues. But it is interesting.

"In making 'The Bowery,' Wally was tremendously sorry that his *ad libbed* lines were difficult for me to follow. But it is the only way he can act. Maybe it is this technique which makes him the most *human* actor I've ever known."

I asked Miss Wray if any of the actors with whom she had played were inexperienced lovers.

"Yes, one was inexperienced!" she admitted. "It was George E. Stone. The picture was 'The Big Brain.' George had never played a romantic rôle before. And naturally, he wasn't too expert at love-making. He was a bit nervous. And he didn't know whether he was going too far or not far enough! And that," laughed Fay, "is quite a spot for *any* young man to be in!"

Compared with the nervous love-making of Mr. Stone, is the suave, continental technique of Eric Von Stroheim. Fay played opposite him in her first leading rôle, in "The Wedding March."

Von Stroheim is the possessive lover.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

How Sylvia *Put Grace Into*

A LITTLE publicity woman and I were walking across the lot when we heard a bright, animated laugh coming from the dressing-room balcony.

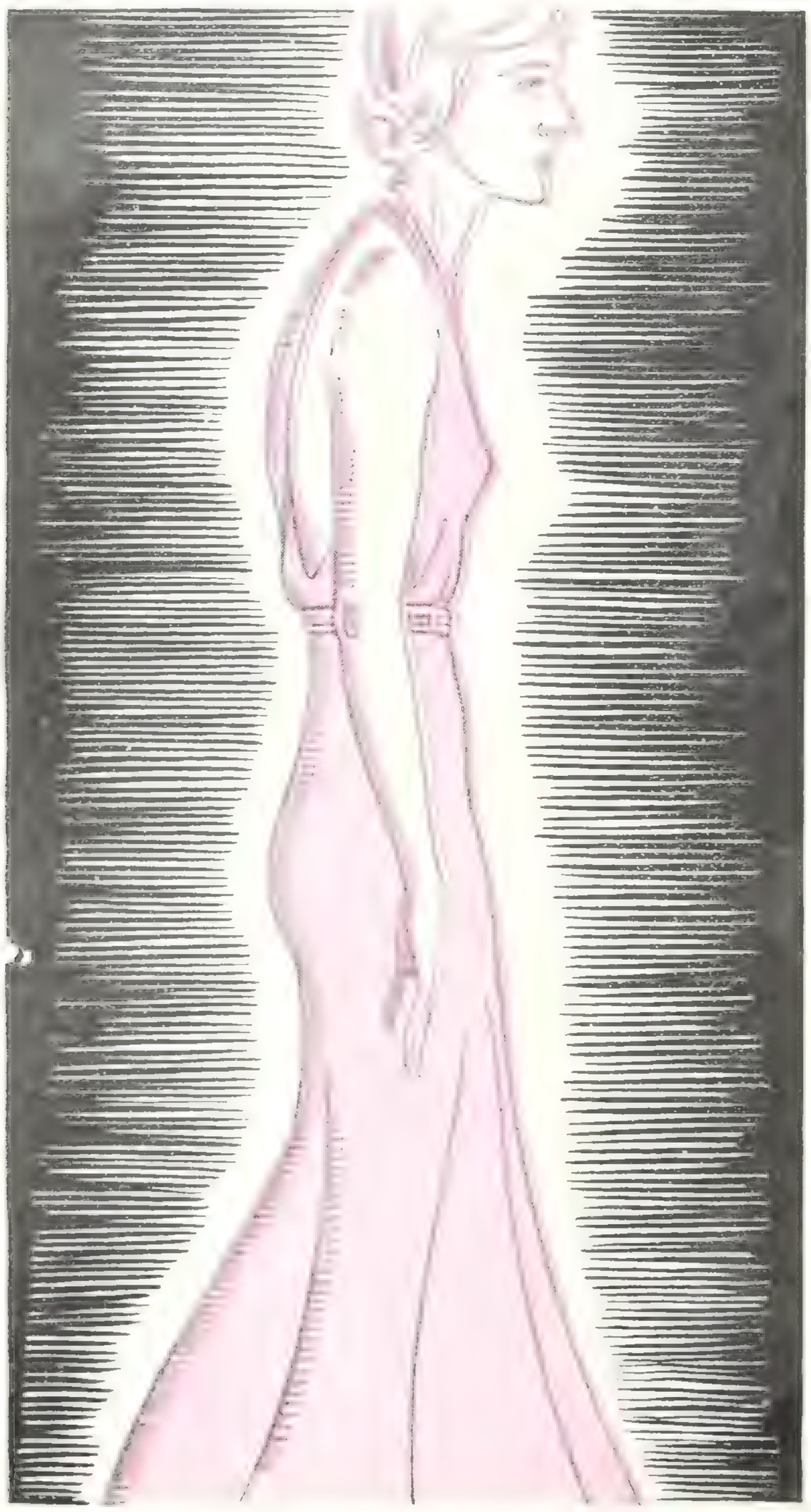
We looked up and the press-agent said to me, "There's our newest star—girl named Ann Harding—from the stage. Isn't she beautiful?"

Yes, there was Ann Harding in conversation with her leading man in "Paris Bound."

Well, you know me. I'm always frank. And when somebody asks me a question I answer.

"No," I said, "I don't think she's beautiful, but I'll bet she photographs well when she has make-up on. The trouble with her is she should wear the proper street make-up. She's too blonde to impress unless there's some color in her face. Why, look at her! She's all one color—light eyebrows, eyelashes and hair—ash blonde hair. Why doesn't she use some make-up?"





The off-screen walk of Ann Harding in pre-Sylvia days. Ann said her looks didn't matter. (In circle, Sylvia)

IN these stories, appearing every month in PHOTOPLAY *Magazine, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse tells how she helped some noted screen star—then tells you how you can do the same thing for yourself, right at home.*

Readers everywhere are finding this one of the most helpful services imaginable. But that isn't all. If you want Sylvia's personal advice, she'll give it free of charge. On page 100 you'll find some of her answers, and how you can obtain this invaluable help absolutely free. Read Sylvia's articles every month!

And it was this very thing that I kept trying to drive home to Ann all the time I treated her.

A couple of days later she and Harry Bannister came to my studio on the lot. They were always together in those days — always laughing and happy.

"I guess I need some treatments," Ann said. "My hips should be taken down."

I looked her over. "Your hips should be taken down—and I'm the girl who can do it—but there's something else you need. You've got a bad walk that must be corrected."

"A bad walk?" she repeated.

"I know you've been on the stage," I said. "And I know you think I've got a nerve to tell you a thing like that. But I've never given anybody soft soap in my life. I'm telling you, you've got a bad walk."

At that time Ann Harding had a careless carriage—sort of coming down flat on the balls of her feet without any spring, and swinging from her hips, going down too far on her knees. She just didn't think about herself, and a great *artiste* like Ann Harding has a responsibility to her public.

The public wants glamour. It's a sin for an actress to appear when she is not at her best. And it's a sin for any woman to neglect herself in any way. That goes for you, too, you girls away from Hollywood. It goes for girls in offices and shops and homes.

You may not have the duty to your public that an Ann Harding has, but you have a duty to yourself.

BUT to get back to Ann. When she was away from the camera she never thought of how she looked. She used to stroll across the lot with no make-up on at all. I remember one occasion at the Embassy Club. I saw Ann Harding and Joan Crawford having lunch together. I waved across the room to Ann and then happened to glance down and see under her chair in that smart club an ordinary shopping bag bulging with bundles. I know no other star in Hollywood who would carry a shopping bag to the Embassy Club. But that's Ann Harding for you!

So her walk typifies her character. And I knew that besides squeezing off the lumps on her hips (and if you girls don't know how to do that for yourselves by this time, you've not been reading my articles as carefully as you should), I had to change that walk.

I knew I had to strengthen her back muscles before I could

Ann Harding's Walk

do anything about it. So here's what I did, and every one of you can do it for yourself. I'll guarantee that if you follow my instructions you won't have that tired feeling in the back after a hard day's work.

Place the eight finger tips at the base of the spine with the thumbs outwards on the hips. Now, with the fingers, perform a rotary movement on the spine as hard as you can. Slowly work upwards with the rotary movement to the waist—keeping the hands in the same position—fingers on spine, thumbs out. Get that? Work only from the base of the spine to the waistline and dig in as hard as you can. It's a great exercise and, oh boy! how it sends the blood tingling. It stimulates and revivifies and if you'll do that in a sitting or standing position for ten minutes every night before you go to bed, you'll sleep like a log and wake up the next morning ready to kick the office building down! My—will you have pep! When you're doing that you can't help but have a springy, peppy walk!



No screen artist has more glorious presence than Ann Harding—but none cared less about appearances off-stage. Read what Sylvia did about it

When I'd been working on Ann's back for a few treatments I started her on a corrective exercise. I told her to walk before the mirror, with stiffened knees—to do an exaggerated "goose step." This gets the muscles used to pulling up and it gives general springiness, which is what makes a walk attractive.

I TOLD her to carry her head high (she has so much lovely hair that it becomes a heavy burden). Also, I told her to spring on the balls of her feet.

There you are, girls. Try that walking exercise, if you've gotten into bad walking habits. Besides, it's a wonderful all 'round exercise, too.

Ann used to be quite tired when she first came to me. And she was one of the few people who was willing to wait while I treated others. Most of them wanted to have me treat them first, and they'd be good and mad if I didn't. But Ann would come in, curl up on the couch, and say, "Take So-and-So first. I'll wait."

This was partly because of Ann's generosity and partly because of her lack of energy. I saw that she needed proper foods, and put her on an energy diet.

Energy building foods are rice, barley, meat (if you can digest it, but not pork), turnip tops, celery (leaves and all), lettuce, green peas, green lima beans, string beans, okra, figs and dates (although they are prone to be fattening in preserved or dried form), etc., etc. The entire list is too long to give here—but these are some of them.

For breakfast I let Ann have a small glass of orange juice followed by a glass of water, one coddled egg, rye or melba toast with butter and honey, coffee or tea.

And then twice a week I made her eat this marvelous luncheon. It will not put on weight and it builds up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Another of Sylvia's noted "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for scores of famous stars

Turn to page 100 for Sylvia's helpful answers to questions



Sylvia's invigorating treatments did this for Ann. She felt so fine she just couldn't help walking attractively!



The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING—Fox*

THIS film will delight all Janet Gaynor admirers. It's a featherweight story about a big-hearted, improvident Irish squire who wants to marry his eldest daughter (Margaret Lindsay) to wealthy Warner Baxter. But it's superb for *la* Gaynor who, as the lovable pet of the family (they named her *Paddy*, as the next best thing to the boy that had been wanted), is determined sister shall marry Harvey Stephens, whom she loves.

You can anticipate pretty well what happens then—but you can't anticipate the whimsicality and charm that Janet brings to her portrayal of *Paddy*. You'll enjoy, too, the heart-tug that Walter Connolly achieves in his rôle as the father, the satisfying performance given by Warner Baxter and the good work of the others in the cast.





☆ *TOO MUCH HARMONY—Paramount*

ANOTHER musical, with a back-stage story—but don't let yourself miss it from any notion that you'll be bored. This one *moves*, with dialogue so good that if you miss one line, there'll be another so quickly that you won't have time for regrets—and with plot, fine music, and dance numbers that are all anyone could ask.

Judith Allen is the girl from the sticks who makes good in big time, while Jack Oakie is the boy who helps her—and who scatters plenty of fun along the way, too. Just see his act with Skeets Gallagher! Harry Green does the producer, while Lil Tashman portrays herself. Then there's Bing Crosby, in fine form, and Kitty Kelly, with a torch voice.

It's not new plot material, but what of it, in a musical? It's what they do that counts—and this one measures up!

☆ *ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—RKO-Radio*

IT'S the familiar story of the country doctor who's too busy caring for his flock to win any material wealth for himself—but as played by Lionel Barrymore, it has enough tug at the heart-strings to suit anybody.

Doctor Barrymore gets away to a bad start through losing his first patient, wife of ne'er-do-well David Landau, in child birth. Dave, heartbroken and wrathful, orders Lionel and the baby out of the house; and for some years Lionel gets only those cases which pay in potatoes and turnips. But with the help of his loyal housekeeper, May Robson, he hangs on—and at last his great work in a smallpox epidemic wins him the love of the entire community.

From then on it's a tug-of-war between chances to go to the city and become the specialist he always has wanted to be, and calls to tend patients he can't bear to leave. Meanwhile his own motherless son, Joel McCrea, is studying to be a doctor; David Landau's orphan child has grown into a lovely young woman (played by Dorothy Jordan), whose unfortunate love affair chains Doctor Barrymore once more to his post; and under these circumstances he grows old, still nothing but a "country plug."

There's little that's exciting, and next to nothing for romance addicts; but for a fine story, finely told, about a grand character, you couldn't ask better than this one. See it; it will renew your faith in human nature.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY — TURN BACK THE CLOCK
PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING
TOO MUCH HARMONY — MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD — NIGHT FLIGHT
PENTHOUSE — I LOVED A WOMAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey"
May Robson in "One Man's Journey"
Lee Tracy in "Turn Back the Clock"
Jack Oakie in "Too Much Harmony"
Frank Morgan in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Alice Brady in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Warner Baxter in "Penthouse"
Helen Hayes in "Night Flight"
John Barrymore in "Night Flight"
Clark Gable in "Night Flight"
Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"
Mary Boland in "The Solitaire Man"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124



☆ *BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M*

THIS is the poignant life story of a vaudeville hoofers team—Frank Morgan and Alice Brady, who are a riot on all circuits in the decade of 1880. Frank, of course, has an eye for the girls; Alice gets tough when necessary, but loves Frank just the same. And above and beyond all that, they both love their son, played as a boy by Jackie Cooper, and as a grown-up, married to Madge Evans, by Russell Hardie.

Drink gets the better of sonny, and advancing age does for Frank and Alice—but meanwhile grandson (Eddie Quillan) gets into the movies. Then comes the sunset of life for the two old troupers—and if you can sit dry-eyed through the last scene, you're a wonder. But that's just the touch of sadness which will make you love the film. It's as tenderly done a life story as you've seen in many a day.



☆ *TURN BACK THE CLOCK—M-G-M*

HAVE you ever wondered what might have happened if you'd married the other girl—or boy—instead of the one you picked?

Well, Lee Tracy, plugging along happily in a little cigar-store, with wife Mae Clarke helping, has occasion to ask himself this when his boyhood friend, Otto Kruger, shows up. Otto had married the other girl (Peggy Shannon), and is rich—also expansive. He offers to take Lee's savings and triple them—a proposition that, to Lee's disgust, Mae Clarke can't see.

So Lee gets himself a bun which is one of the finest bits of acting the screen ever has seen, collides with an automobile—and lo and behold, he gets his wish! Time turns back—he's a boy once more in the old home town, and free to live his life over, which this time means marrying Peggy instead of Mae. And the exquisite part of it is, while he's thrown back in time, he retains his knowledge of what will happen, right down to the time the automobile hit him; so he's well equipped to become disgustingly rich.

What riches do to him is another matter—you'll have to see the film to learn that. But you can take our word for it; what happens is all good, rapid-fire, punchy Lee Tracy stuff, with a fine cast helping out—C. Henry Gordon and George Barbier as well as those already mentioned. List this one in your memorandum book as excellent entertainment.



☆ *MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—Universal*

A MUSICAL, and it keeps as close to "42nd Street" as it can. But you won't mind that a bit, because it's *fun*, put over by an excellent cast from stage and screen.

Leo Carrillo heads the screen contingent, as a big-hearted, simple gambler who's always ready to save the show, but loses it to villain Herbert Rawlinson. Mary Brian is the small-town girl who does *not* make good—a refreshing change!—but she's rather swamped by the hotcha work of Lillian Miles. Roger Pryor as the hero, and Bobby Watson, who does a "sweet cookie" dance director with rich humor and perfect taste, round out the stage's contribution of principals.

The dance numbers and music are all that could be asked. A show well worth anybody's time.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

PENTHOUSE —M-G-M



NIGHT FLIGHT— M-G-M



HERE'S a melodrama that is a melodrama. In spite of inevitable old elements, the plot has suspense and swift action. There is a conflict in Warner Baxter's heart between the society girl, Martha Sleeper, and the gangster's moll, Myrna Loy. An unusual murder rounds out the story. Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes do good work. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, and George E. Stone add fireworks. See it.

HERE is a film without a plot—no opposition but the weather that howls over the Andes and the Pampas, to defeat air-line manager John Barrymore in his determination to fly the mail by night. But you'll thrill to it—the perils of pilots Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, and William Gargan; the agony of suspense endured by wives Helen Hayes and Myrna Loy. Other stars, too. A stellar picture.

I LOVED A WOMAN First National



ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON —Paramount



ANYONE who complains about "Hollywood hooey" should see this, for it has realism and fidelity to life to an extent that you rarely see in films. Edward G. Robinson, of a famous meat-packing family, loves two women, Kay Francis and Genevieve Tobin. Their battles for him, his fight to win through to peace with himself—a fight that brings him, in his old age, to refuge in Greece—make a film you'll remember.

GARY COOPER, a small-town dentist, has it in for Neil Hamilton, who married the girl Gary wanted—Fay Wray. Then one Sunday afternoon who should appear to have a tooth pulled, but Neil, grown rich, crusty and proud! Gary gives him gas—plenty of it—and then something happens to make him realize how lucky he was to have married Frances Fuller instead of Fay. The direction isn't up to story or cast.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE— Fox



BEAUTY FOR SALE— M-G-M



WARNER OLAND gives us another priceless *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, with his amusing Oriental philosophies and deliberation. *Charlie* solves two baffling murders, and assists a love-affair, without raising his voice. He has, however, raised an immense family, which we see for the first time. Heather Angel is very attractive, and the whole cast splendid. The mystery is satisfactorily confusing.

THIS only goes to show what happens to pretty girls who work in a smart beauty shop operated by Hedda Hopper. One, Una Merkel, gets disillusioned—and also gets a trip to Europe. Florine McKinney falls for Hedda's son and that's too bad. Madge Evans gets herself all tangled up with Alice Brady's husband, but Alice fixes things in her own hilariously inimitable manner. She's grand. An amusing picture.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

TORCH SINGER— Paramount



BRIEF MOMENT— Columbia



A COMPLICATED but touching story of an unmarried mother who becomes a sizzling torch singer, and then (of all things!) becomes "Aunt Jennie" on a bed-time radio hour. Claudette Colbert contributes some fine acting, and her throbbing, throaty songs are surprisingly good. You'll shed a tear when she finds her lost child. Ricardo Cortez and David Manners have little to do. Baby LeRoy is charming.

IT has more than its brief moments, this story of a millionaire's playboy son, Gene Raymond, who married a night club singer, Carole Lombard. Carole bravely attempts to make a self-respecting man out of good-time hubby, and succeeds after many heart-breaking disappointments. It steps along with life and vigor. Arthur Hohl, Monroe Owsley, Donald Cook lend splendid aid. You'll like it.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS – First National



SUE ME— Universal



THINGS happen in this one. Pat O'Brien is a hard-boiled detective in the Bureau of Missing Persons, with Lewis Stone as the level-headed boss who feels he must jolt Pat out of slugging methods—learned in gangster-hunting—and get him to use headwork instead. But the way to a man's head is through his heart, and Bette Davis is the girl who follows that rule with Pat. Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins.

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville take a long time to get started, but when they do they are simply paralyzing. Slim is a shyster lawyer this time; he frames ZaSu's sugar daddy and then sues him in court. But alas, the tables turn, and Slim is put on his defense as a perjurer! Slim walks away with this one, due to a much better part, but ZaSu's followers will like her anyway.

DOCTOR BULL— Fox



LADIES MUST LOVE —Universal



WILL ROGERS is a small-town doctor, compelled to fight against the bigotry of the small community. Between times he attends to his light practice. Vera Allen, Louise Dresser, Rochelle Hudson and Andy Devine contribute good performances. Lack of plot and love interest suggest the picture will be only mildly interesting to audiences, save those who think lovable Will Rogers is enough to make any show.

FOUR Park Avenue gold diggers agree to split the sucker profits. But Neil Hamilton spoils everything when June Knight really falls for him. Of course, the merger contract appears, and it looks as though June has lost Neil until—well, you know how life can turn. Pretty thin stuff, but funny in spots. June's warm ditties are the high spots.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]



A Little Blonde From England

LITTLE Ida Lupino, recently arrived from England to play in pictures, flashed her pretty blue eyes and raised her right eyebrow a little when someone remarked that she reminded her of Alice White or a blonde Clara Bow.

At first glance Ida Lupino, daughter of the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino, looks like a soft little baby doll. She has that fluffy blonde hair and a complexion like peaches and cream. A little turned-up nose, reminiscent of Helen Twelvetrees; deep blue eyes with sweeping lashes, and a mouth like a rosebud.

And here's the amazing thing about this seventeen-year-old child actress, she has an astonishing mind.

When you hear her discussing studio executive problems and modern trends of thought in England as compared with ancient philosophies, you are intrigued and a little amazed that inside so exquisite and tiny a person such profound thoughts can generate.

We asked Ida Lupino how, with such fair coloring, she came to have a Latin name, and she explained:

"My great grandfather was an exile from Italy. He was of royal blood. But because he had opinions of his own which didn't coincide with the thought of the day, he was banished from his country. He came to England, and our family tree developed from that original Lupino."

"Who is Connie?" someone queried, as Ida Lupino went into the detail of Connie's confidence in her as an actress.

"Oh, that's mom," she smiled. "We always call each other by our first names." Mrs. Lupino is Ida's manager.

Ida has been signed by Paramount on a long term contract. She is as charming as she is clever, and is slated to go far along the movie road to success.



Came Ottolie And Prunes

OTTOLIE must have fresh prunes! She's fed up with the dried variety. So Mr. Otto Kruger, anxious father of the six-year-old Ottolie, signed the movie contract and got a house in Hollywood with a prune tree in the back yard.

The studios had been shoving contracts under Mr. Kruger's dressing-room door for a dozen years. And Mr. Kruger always shoved them back—unsigned. He had reached the pinnacle of success on the legitimate stage after a long, hard struggle. And he wasn't willing to climb down and go to Hollywood!

There were years of arduous work in stock before he finally reached Broadway in 1914. And there followed the inevitable heartbreak years of small parts, empty theaters, failures, the futile, tiring rounds of producing offices. Then reward: his name on billboards. Otto Kruger in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Otto Kruger with Helen Hayes in "To the Ladies"—Otto Kruger in "The Royal Family"—Otto Kruger in "Counsellor-at-Law." There were lots of other hits. Otto and his wife, Sue, would never stray far from Broadway again!

But along came Ottolie—and prunes. And Papa Kruger is an adoring father, a devoted husband. Go West, young man! The command was insistent. Think of your child—California sunshine, warm winters. The next time the contract came sliding under the dressing-room door, the stage star picked it up and, grimly determined, signed it with a firm hand.

Kruger scored a big success in his first movie, "Turn Back the Clock." And predictions are that the Kruger family will remain in the shade of the prune tree.

Sue says that when Ottolie said her prayers their first night in Hollywood, she tacked on an extra line, "Please God bless M-G-M." But Ottolie should have mentioned Columbia, too, for her daddy is under contract with both studios.

Hollywood Sketches

ACCESSORIES, as seen about Hollywood these days, are exciting. The sketches above show interesting new gadgets worn by Dorothy Tree and Dorothy Wilson.

Dorothy Tree wears matching hat and gloves with a gay wool scarf. The hat is a sheer wool turban with grosgrain ribbon trim placed high. Dorothy's gloves have detachable cuffs of ribbed wool or velvet which button onto the kid hands. Designed by Patou of Paris. The scarf is a rabbit's hair jacquard wool in various color combinations.

Dorothy Wilson wears a new looking collar on her woolen street dress. It's a ripply sheer fabric with wide yoke and tiny over collar with tie. Her bag is black calf in a rather unusual shape with metal rim. The belt matches the bag and has a tricky buckle.

Note: All accessories pictured on this page may be bought at the same stores which are listed for Hollywood Fashions on Page 90

GINGER ROGERS owns a gay checked linen hankie. Gloria Stuart sponsors a sports clip and matching bracelet in silver with a cabachon stud

The Satin Dress With Fins



FINS! What an amusing idea for as sedate and charming a satin dress as this one which Irene Bentley wears in "My Weakness." The fins which are stitched and stiffened flare out over the armholes and above the shoulders. Note the double breasted buttoning and square neckline. Designed by Rita Kaufman. A smart satin turban

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 90

— Seymour —



IN "Design for Living," Miriam Hopkins wears this youthful jacket frock. The dress, topped by a matching jacket, is extremely simple in design having a high schoolgirl looking collar and buttons for the sole trimming on the bodice. The entire ensemble is in a new gray silk

SUITS are an indispensable part of every star's wardrobe—and yours, too! Royer designed this one which Sally Eilers wears in "Walls of Gold." In two tones of gray wool with shirt-like silk blouse that has a tiny starched wing collar—a very amusing conceit



High In Front Necklines For Evening Gowns

— Seymour —





THE smartest evening gowns seen at Hollywood affairs are those with high necklines and deep back decolletage. Claire Dodd in "My Woman" wears a Kalloch designed dress in velvet with high neckline and deep back. Ruffles cover the shoulders and edge the entire hem and train of the gown. Stunningl

ALSO in "My Woman" Helen Twelvetrees wears a striking satin gown that has sable edging the high bateau neck and following around to the back where it edges a deep "V" decolletage. Again Kalloch stresses the covered shoulder line and gives the interesting, sheath-like look to the silhouette



IT is nice to see taffeta dresses of the bouffant style in revival. Billie Burke in "Only Yesterday" wears a delightful one in black gros de Londres designed by Vera. Stiffened bows decorate the shoulders. The skirt is slim through the hips flaring out below to extreme width beneath the pleated ruffling. Jeweled clips add a sparkling note to the belt

— Seymour

THE two-piece dress, so beloved a few years back, is coming into its own again. Adrian gives it a boost with this youthful diagonal wool dress worn by Maureen O'Sullivan in "Stage Mother." Cording is adroitly used to give a dropped shoulder line—note how it rises in front to fasten the collar

AND another smart two-piece frock is worn by Maureen in the same picture. This one is in a blue angora wool with a high collar and scarf. Fins from shoulder to wrist on the sleeves are interesting as are the loosely fastened epaulets. Note the three buckles on the belt. The little turban is angora



YOUTHFUL and sophisticated — both the girl and the gown. The girl is Jean Parker, talented young actress who will play *Beth* in "Little Women." The gown is of dull satin, smoothly fitted and simply cut. The low, square neck and sleeveline give the desired wide shoulder effect. Jean is wearing her flowers in a charming and novel way. She chose gardenias and fastened them diagonally across the wide bow that trims the bodice

Hurrell



THE other ladies at the party were very grand in lace-trimmed satin and velvet gowns, but none was so winsome as *Jo March*, clad in a simple dress of black alpaca. *Laurie* thought so, too. And *Jo* never lacked a dancing partner. It was *Laurie*, the wealthy boy next door, who gave the *March* girls (poor as church mice!) a glimpse of "high society." The rôle of *Jo* is played by Katharine Hepburn



"Dey hate us!" the Baron tells Sharley.

"Dey take us—und de film is *blank!*"

OH, *Worry, Worry, Worry!*

That's all Jack Pearl—Baron Munchausen to you on your radio—spends his time doing

By Sara Hamilton

THE Baron Munchausen and his pal, Sharley, walked through the M-G-M lot and looked around.

"Vell, Sharley, here ve are. In der mooies, by golly, and it's vunderful, ain'd it? In de goot ole mooies."

"Yes, Baron, it's nice. A little different from radio, but still very nice. By the way, now that you're here, what do you expect to make first?"

"Vell, Sharley, I don't vant to begin too big. I mean I don't vant I should knock de fans out too quick vit my personalidy. You see vot I mean, Sharley. I vant I should sneak up on dem in a smaller part and get dem used to me before I blaze out too quick and maybe blind dem. I don't vant I should overcome dem wit my new deal in sex too soon."

"Oh, I see. You're going to play a small part in a mere program picture. Not a super special colossal mammoth production."

"Vas you saying someding, Sharley?"

"I say you're not going to begin too big at first."

"Right. I told de boss to giff me a liddle someding to do at first and shust let de fans get used to my plazing what-it-is-I've-got, Sharley."

"And what did he say?"

"Sharley, he vas vonderful. A svell fellow. He said if de fans get used to vat I've got, dey could get used to anyding."

"Well, what did he say you were going to play first, Baron?"

"A kink."

"A king?"

"Yes, von of dem fellows vat sits on a thorn."

"On a thorn? Why no one could sit on a thorn, Baron. They jagg."

"Vell, dat's all right, Sharley. Dis kink has a jagg on all trough de picture."

"Well, you'll rise up pretty fast, Baron."

"Dat part's all right, Sharley. Der's an uprising all over de kingdom. But I'm vorried."

"Why Baron, what is there to worry about?"

"Vell, Sharley, you know I vas at a party last night. Dey vus talking, all of dem, about [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Elmer Fryer

ISN'T it easy to see why Kay Francis can put tenderness and nobility into the sirenic rôles she plays with Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"? She has what it takes to be naughty and saintly at one and the same time! We'll see her next in memories of the Floradora Sextette in "The House on 56th Street"

The IMP *They Call* Janet

A remarkable word picture of the happy sprite of "7th Heaven" and the recent "Paddy"

By Sara Hamilton

JANET GAYNOR has a dimple in her chin, a twinkle in her eye and a habit of picking up bent nails, wherever she is. For good luck. On her way from her dressing-room bungalow to the sound stage she's constantly hunting for nails—bent ones. Until she practically can't straighten up with backache. She calls it her "bent nail backache."

Her hair is copper red, like an autumn sunset, and grows in a widow's peak on her forehead. She likes the widow's peak business, and usually ties her hair back with a ribbon so it will show more.

It takes one hairdresser on the Fox lot constantly brushing the curl out of her hair. While other actresses sit about submitting to curling tongs, Janet must have the kink brushed out. In one scene for her latest picture, "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," she was called upon to fall in the river. For three days straight she fell in the river. And after each fall her hair grew curlier and curlier. At the end of the third day, she had a mop of tight ringlets. She went about pointing to her head and making funny little noises in her throat. She was that distressed.

Her eyebrows are plucked but slightly. She wears little make-up, and doesn't in the least mind her freckles showing. In fact, she's rather pleased when people notice them.

SHE has a tremendous appetite and, with three huge meals a day, never gains an ounce. She weighs practically nothing, being a mere five feet tall. Chinese food, she adores. Her greatest delight is hunting up a new Chinese restaurant, and eating everything on the menu, till even the Chinamen are amazed.

She drinks a glass of buttermilk every night before going to bed. She loves blue and white bathing suits. Through the day she never wears anything but slacks, with double breasted coats, especially made for her by a Hollywood sports shop. She says she hasn't much taste in clothes, and won't be bothered. So her mother has huge boxes of frocks sent out from the shops for Janet to choose. She wears size twelve of the plainest of soft knit underwear. She'll loaf all day in pajamas, but always sleeps in a nightgown. Somewhere on all her sports things, her inititals, "J. G.," are embroidered.

She's the least known star in Hollywood, except Garbo, for Janet is just as adverse to publicity. Only Janet doesn't make a point of hers, or fuss if she's recognized. It's always in the little out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



The least known star in Hollywood, except Garbo, for Janet is just as adverse to publicity. She could easily be your very best girl chum



The day he accepted the rôle of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake," did LaRue take the longest gamble in all his life?

Is the Jinx of "Trigger" *Still On?*

What effect had that rôle on the parts Jack LaRue is now playing?

By Virginia Maxwell

ALL Hollywood is speculating right now on the outcome of the greatest gamble of Jack LaRue's career—the long chance he took in playing *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake."

You may recall it was this ruthless seducer rôle which George Raft, originally scheduled to do the part, completely and flatly turned down. In fact, Raft walked out on the studio. Then LaRue, ready to gamble his entire picture future on the turn of this one card, readily accepted the rôle. The public would understand that this wasn't really Jack LaRue. Entirely different from the priest of "A Farewell to Arms" or the Latin lover in "Christopher Strong" which had won him a very appreciable popularity among the ladies. LaRue stacked his chips and piled them before the wheel of destiny when he walked into the front office that day and told them he'd take his chances with that character.

"The Story of Temple Drake" was a box-office picture. But those ladies who have illusions about their favorite screen lovers fled home in horror to try to forget what they'd witnessed their precious Jack LaRue doing with Miriam Hopkins.

SO that right now, even after playing in "Gambling Ship" and "Headline Shooter" to take the curse off that *Trigger* rôle, LaRue stands at the crossroads of his career, wondering whether he has won or lost in the greatest gamble of his life. Only the public can decide. It will be their personal response to his silent plea which will contain the answer to whether he shall go on and be the star women have adored or whether he has shattered their illusions by having played the rôle of the vilest creature all women detest.

No matter what happens, this is certain: Jack LaRue won't be beaten down without a fight. He had to fight his way to the top every step of the slippery ladder. From licking kids who called him "sheik" when that was a neighborhood stigma among hoodlums, to antidoting the poison of Hollywood gossip when he first began his ascent to the heights.

Not long ago I chatted with Jack LaRue's mother —a Madonna-eyed Italian woman who has carried to this country the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

PHOTOPLAY'S
Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

•

All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month



HERE are four good hair tricks to make you more charming, interesting and "different." Claire Trevor, at left, has combed out her curls and slipped a bandeau over her head. Above, her curls are smoothly rolled and caught with a brilliant clasp. At lower left, she has brushed her hair sleekly back, the ends forming a soft fluff. For a slightly bizarre effect, below, hair is parted, brought insouciantly over one eye. The same curl lends itself to four adaptations, according to your mood







Pre-Views From Hollywood On



HELEN TWELVETREES can powder perfectly from this large compact which contains generous mirror, powder well and dry rouge. The compact is made of wood, beautifully polished, a chic accent for your autumn costumes. Always pat your powder on gently



BETTY FURNESS always finishes her toilette with a spray or two of perfume to the ends of her hair. It encourages the curl and the fragrance lingers most lastingly there

FROM her rainbow vanity, Betty Furness adds a telling touch of powder and rouge before leaving for the set to make scenes for "Midshipman Jack," in which she is playing



Accessories For Loveliness



TOBY WING is using something very new in dusting powders—a powder in true skin tones, white, naturelle or rachel. A dusting powder leaves you fresh and fragrant for hours, makes your clothes go on much easier. And how do you like Toby's blonde hair?





WHEN you want to look radiant after a trying day, follow Elizabeth Allan's example and use a mild beauty mask. Her strawberry cream mask leaves her skin satiny

A NEW technique in rouging lips, illustrated by Elizabeth Young. Her lipstick has a permanent point for better shaping and a tapering end for smoothing the color



A Graphic Lesson In The Magic Of Make-Up

JUDITH ALLEN exhibits her favorite perfume in a most unusual bottle. The top and base are carved from tropical wood, the head representing a tropical god. The perfume, itself, is a very exotic, enchanting odeur





MURIEL KIRKLAND was grand to pose for these before and after make-up pictures. Left shows Muriel without benefit of any accents. Above, Muriel has lengthened eyebrows, applied mascara, rouged her lips well and rearranged her hair

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 92)



■ Mrs. Powell Cabot is as versatile as she is charming. She dances beautifully and has been asked to appear with professionals; she reads omnivorously; her collection of etchings that hangs on the walls of her living room on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston is remarkably fine. She loves the out-of-doors, especially the sea; and at her wedding in Nahant, where she summers, the guests followed to the yacht scattering the waters with clouds of rose petals. She entertains exquisitely and, her husband being an excellent shot, during the season wild duck is a familiar delicacy. She always serves Camel cigarettes. She loves flowers and keeps her home filled with them.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"Flavor is just as important in tobacco as in food, don't you think?" says Mrs. Cabot. "I like Camels best because they are smooth and rich and still mild. I don't enjoy a flat cigarette. I never get tired of the taste of Camels and they don't make me nervous."

When you have once tasted the cool mildness of Camel's choicer tobaccos, you keep right on smoking them. For you don't get tired of the taste and, no matter how many you smoke, Camels never make your nerves "jumpy." The costlier tobaccos in Camels *are* smoother and milder. Women appreciate that — try a Camel and see for yourself.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00 — but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



Every Day More Girls Use This Soap—Camay—to Help in Their Beauty Contests

HOW often you sense that people are looking at you, judging your beauty! Whether they glance at you guardedly, or turn to search your face quite openly, you feel instinctively that you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest.

In the flicker of an eyelid, a man—another woman—will appraise your looks. And your complexion, whether it is clear and softly youthful or tragically dull and drab, plays a vital part in the impression that you make.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the soap that yields profuse, luxuriant, creamy-rich lather and is—at the same time—mild enough for the delicate feminine skin. The very first cake you try can definitely improve your skin.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

In 1933 thousands and thousands of women changed to Camay. You, yourself, have probably noticed how Camay is fast displacing the former favorites among beauty soaps.

Yes—Camay looks, feels, and smells high-priced. And the amazing thing is that it actually costs you less than the soap you have been using! Get your supply of Camay today!



This girl possesses the disarming loveliness of a clear young skin. In the daily Beauty Contest she attracts the admiration of all who know her. A lovely skin can be a woman's greatest charm.



Camay is creamy-white, pure, and as delicate as a fine beauty soap should be. See Camay in its green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane. An ideal complexion soap—fragrant and quick-lathering in the bath.

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Judging from the acclaim Heather Angel has received in American films, her globe-trotting days are over. Fox has planned a bright future for her

HEATHER ANGEL, that cute little British importation, has captured the movie-goers' interest this month.

Heather Angel is her real name. She was born in Oxford, England, February 9, 1909. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite sports are swimming, riding, tennis, skating and fencing.

At sixteen, Heather decided she wanted a theatrical career and entered a dramatic school in London where she remained for one year. At the end of that time she made her stage début in a Shakespearean production, "King John." Her only duty was to carry the King's sword. Later she played the rôle of *Stephanus*, the boy martyr, in "The Sign of the Cross." In this she toured the British Isles for nearly a year.

When she returned to London, she joined a repertory company and played in various cities in India, Ceylon, Malaya, China, Burma and Egypt. In 1930 she returned to the London stage and appeared with Frank Lawton (the younger son in "Cavalcade") in "London Walls."

Her first film rôle was that of an Italian girl in the "City of Song," a British picture. The girl chosen for the part refused to dye her blonde tresses and so Heather got the job. From then on her work in pictures attracted much attention and early this year Fox brought her to Hollywood.

Heather's latest picture is "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and her next will be "He Knew His Women" in which she appears with Warner Baxter.

LILLIAN MUELLER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—So you couldn't find Charles Laughton in "If I Had a Million." Well, Charles was the chap, who, when he received his check, walked up several flights of stairs to give his boss the razzberry. Remember?

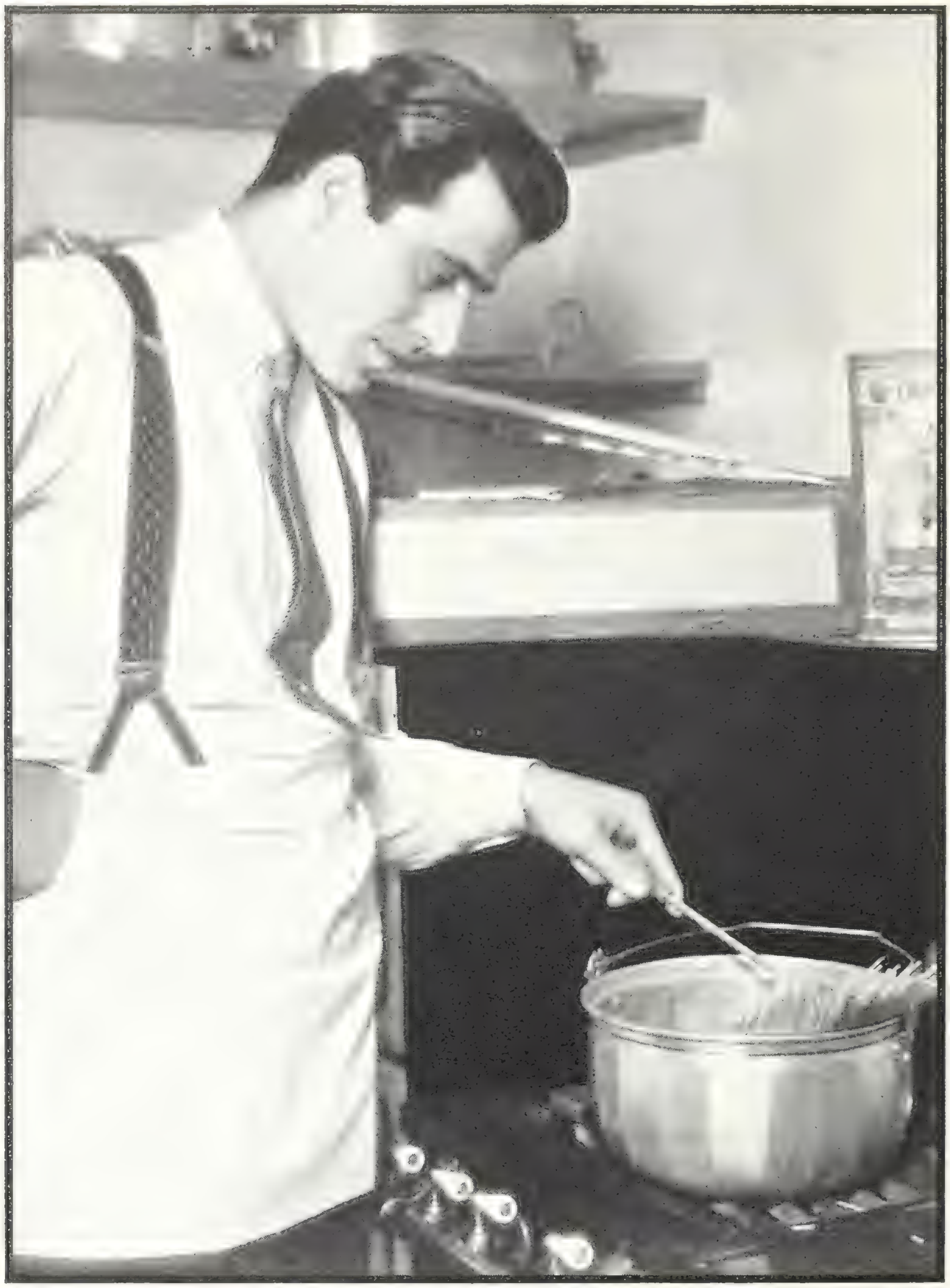
M. STEVENS, DETROIT, MICH.—Many other movie lovers are commenting on the nice work done by John Beal, as the nephew, in "Another Language." John really doesn't care whether he makes good in pictures or not. He prefers the stage. He is just twenty-four years old. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago, and began his stage career the day after he received his diploma. Among his stage appearances were "That's Gratitude," "Give Me Yesterday," "Wild Waves," and "Another Language" in which he played the same rôle he brought to the screen.

BETTY, PERU, ILL.—Lowell Sherman seems to prefer spending his time behind the camera instead of in front of it. The last picture in which he appeared was "What Price Hollywood?" Since then he has directed Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"; Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. in "Morning Glory," and "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

EVELYN FEIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, Nancy Carroll and Sue Carol are not sisters. Nancy's real name is LaHiff and Sue's is Evelyn Lederer.

BETTY EVANS, BRENTWOOD, PENN.—Betty, you and your friend are both wrong. Neither Joan nor Constance Bennett appeared in "Week-End Marriage." Loretta Young was the leading lady in that picture and Norman Foster and George Brent appeared opposite her. I guess the picture you are fussing about is "Week Ends Only" in which Joan Bennett appeared with Ben Lyon. Richard Bennett did not appear in either of these pictures.

Spaghetti Dinner



Jack LaRue is said to be the most expert spaghetti chef in the motion picture colony. Here you see him intent on having his specialty turn out "just so"—as it always does

LET'S plan a real Italian dinner party, using the recipes of spaghetti maestro LaRue. Most important is the sauce which is equally good with spaghetti, polenta (white corn meal), or risotto (an Italian rice).

Tomato Sauce—Place a cupful of olive oil in an iron saucepan. When heated, add three onions, finely minced. Fry, stirring constantly, until brown. Add one pound of ground round steak and one pound of ground fresh pork. Fry this in the olive oil, then add one tin of concentrated tomato paste, and the same tin rinsed out with water. Cook for three minutes, and add a tin of tomatoes. When this has cooked together about five minutes, add a handful of dried mushrooms. Season with salt, pepper, marjoram, and fresh sage.

Leave on stove until it thickens and turns a sort of antique magenta. Then lower flame and simmer thirty minutes. Add a bit of water from time to time, to thin mixture. Keep agitating every few minutes. Just one little stick-to-the-pan, and you must start anew.

For main part of dish, place two pounds of spaghetti, broken once, in large container of actively boiling salted water. Boil for twenty minutes, being careful not to let it stick to pan. Drain in colander, dash with cold water to remove excess starch. Place in original cooker, mix butter and half the sauce through it. Put remainder of sauce on top when served, and sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese.

Risotto is less frequently encountered than spaghetti. If you want to enliven the menu of your party, try this:

Heat two tablespoons chicken fat (or butter) in top of double boiler. Add two tablespoons chopped onion, one teaspoon chopped parsley, a quarter pound chicken livers, diced. Place utensil over flame and allow to fry gently until well browned. Add one cup washed rice, let fry until light yellow, and add three cups hot chicken soup or bouillon. Let it all boil well for five minutes, and add pinch of Spanish saffron, which you have dissolved in a little of the hot soup, and strained. Stir well, cover, place over hot water, cook about thirty minutes. Serve with sauce and grated cheese.

Polenta is simply ground white corn meal boiled to a mush, and served with tomato sauce and cheese.

With any of these dishes, a green salad is most appropriate. Crisp lettuce leaves, watercress, raw spinach, and romaine, is a grand combination. With olive oil and tarragon vinegar dressing. Add salt, pepper, paprika, a little mustard and a pinch of sugar to dressing. This is Jack LaRue's favorite salad.

Jack has a novel way of preparing bread. He uses long loaves of French bread. Cuts loaf nearly through in slices, places butter between each slice, rubs crust with garlic. Then puts loaf in hot oven for five minutes.

The best dessert for this meal, is a bowl of raw fruit. As for beverages—spaghetti and "red ink" have always gone hand in hand. And beer is equally appropriate.

For atmosphere, use checked tablecloths or red bandannas sewed together. Put loaves of bread right on tablecloth. On the casual informality of this occasion, depends its success.

"Follow our Hollywood way-



Official in all the biq studios..

"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."



● "The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux," says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I've learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux."

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there's no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

NRA MEMBER U.S. LUX

TRUST TO LUX

All over Hollywood

Screen Stars learn facts about their



LEILA HYAMS
Universal Star

"IT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING, BUT NOT SURPRISING! I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THERE WAS SOMETHING WONDERFUL ABOUT LUX TOILET SOAP..."



SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN

"This soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it

YOUTHFUL!"

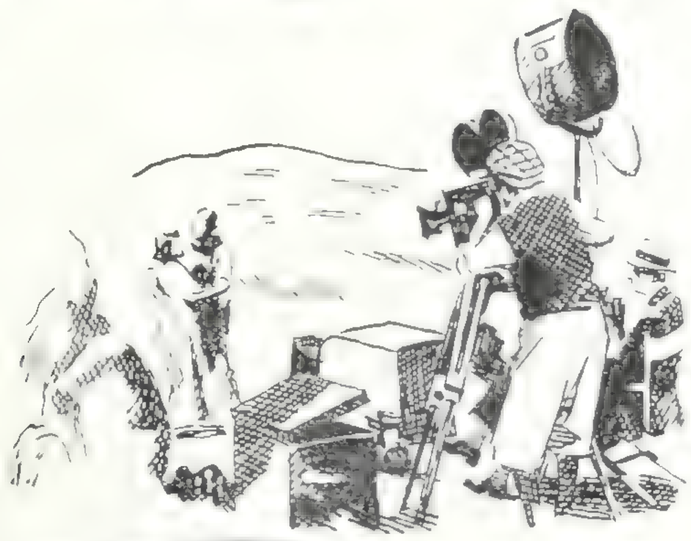


NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT — "WE DO OUR PART"

it's NEWS



amazing Scientific Beauty Soap





FRANCES DEE
RKO-Radio Star

"I FOUND OUT LONG AGO LUX TOILET SOAP WORKS WONDERS. IT'S AMAZING TO KNOW THE REASON"



GLORIA
STUART
Universal Star

"WHAT GRAND NEWS! THIS SOAP CHECKS THE LOSS OF ELEMENTS MY SKIN NEEDS TO STAY YOUTHFUL—AND LOVELY SKIN IS SO IMPORTANT TO A WOMAN."



Scientists say:
"Lux Toilet Soap checks the loss of precious elements from the skin. Absolutely free from harshness, readily soluble, it is indeed a wonderful aid to complexion beauty." 9 out of 10 screen stars use it.





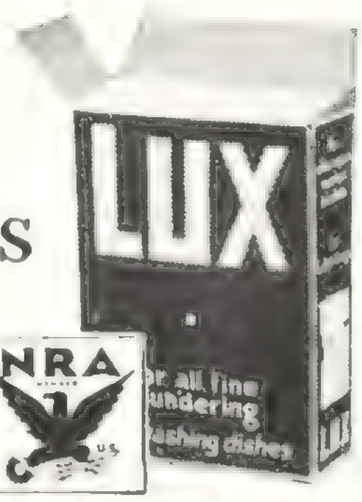
"I was furious at first *and then*

. . . well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX for dishes



"WE DO OUR PART"

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Madge Evans

NOVEMBER, 1918, the month the war ended—although not even Pershing suspected that would happen, when this issue went to press! So we told how the whole film industry, rather than face another coal-less winter in its old haunts of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and Long Island, New York, was moving to Hollywood. One company, having coal, stayed behind with its child star, Madge Evans.

We chuckled considerably over the way Fred Stone, then making his first picture for Lasky, turned the tables on the cowboys. They had figured him as a "stage cowboy," and tried to give him the works. To their astonishment, he beat them all at roping, then rode every vicious horse they produced! And getting Fred, by the way, was quite a triumph; the stage was still a bit high-hat toward the movies. The Dolly sisters were another acquisition from the footlights, just then getting under way in the films.

Among the out-and-out movie players, we told of that promising youngster, Rod La Rocque. Just nineteen at the time, he had already played leads with Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand. And Bebe Daniels, now seventeen years old, was finishing her third year in films.

John M. Nickolaus, director of photography for Triangle, allowed himself what seemed a bold prophecy. He said, "The day will come when sunlight will never be used except for outdoor scenes." Little did he dream of what sound would do—with even outdoor scenes often being filmed inside a sound proof studio!

Rotogravure pictures featured Gloria Hope, Alla Nazimova, Bryant Washburn, Bessie Barriscale, Nell Shipman, Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Dalton, Jackie Saunders. The cover —Edith Storey.

10 Years Ago



Ben Turpin

BY far the most brilliant reading in our issue of November, 1923, was Ben Turpin's ideas on "How to Cultivate Sex Attraction." As part of it, we told the real story of the famous crossed eyes. Ben wasn't born that way. He used to cross them deliberately, while playing *Happy Hooligan* in vaudeville. One day they didn't unkink—and Ben was made.

Time was passing with the movies, as evidenced by the death of a pioneer producer, Sigmund Lubin. Even before his death, the advent of big pictures had proved too much for him. He had been driven back to the optical business from which he had entered films.

Pola Negri was the reigning queen of passion, and in this issue told frankly of her loves. It seems that her marriage with Count Dombski had come when she was arrested at the Polish border for trying to take jewels into Germany—and Dombski was the officer in command of the district!

Director Fred Niblo analyzed the sex appeal of other "queens" —among them, Barbara LaMarr, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Marguerite de la Motte, and Leatrice Joy. Barbara LaMarr added to this with her opinions of her various screen lovers. Four were playing with her at the time in "The Eternal City"—Lionel Barrymore, Montagu Love, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

Our choice of best pictures for the month was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Lon Chaney), "If Winter Comes" (Percy Marmont), "Rosita" (Mary Pickford), "The White Sister" (Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman), "Six Days" (Corinne Griffith), and "Potash and Perlmutter" (Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr). Warners also offered "The Gold Diggers" (silent, of course). Cover—May Allison

5 Years Ago



Fay Wray

EVERYONE was very much excited according to our issue of November, 1928, over something much more important than the new sound pictures. Greta Garbo had trimmed her fluffy hair into a severe bob, for "A Woman of Affairs." Yes, sir, that *was* news!

Meanwhile, the sound picture was making its devastating way into Hollywood, even though we said that everything offered with sound that month was just—sound. One result, already apparent, was that Conrad Nagel was going to grow up from being a reliable supporting man into a real star. His voice was magnificent in the sound films.

We chronicled Al Jolson's marriage to Ruby Keeler, and had a lot to say about Gloria Swanson's new portrait. The vogue of gangster pictures had been started by the success of "Underworld," and Ruth Elder, woman flier who had been rescued in mid-Atlantic, was ending her brief adventure in films.

This issue contained the installment of Joan Crawford's life story in which she told how Harry Rapf brought her from a New York chorus to Hollywood to dance and double for Norma Shearer, at the end of 1925. Joan wound up the installment by announcing that she really was engaged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

One picture reviewed — Eric Von Stroheim and Fay Wray in "The Wedding March"—was oddly prophetic in title. When finished, Fay married John Monk Saunders, the writer and director.

The gangster-picture influence was easily discernible in this month's films. Here are a few: "Me, Gangster" (Don Terry), "The Docks of New York" (George Bancroft and Betty Compson), "Waterfront" (Jack Mulhall), "Dry Martini" (Albert Gran, Matt Moore). Cover: Corinne Griffith.

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OR WOULD you be conscious of an ugly shiny nose?

Now, at last, you can banish that Half-Hour Nose so destructive to beauty and romance. No longer need you powder every other minute, and worry the rest of the time about your looks. Now you can be sure of your loveliness *always* . . . for Pompeian has developed a powder that goes on evenly and *clings for hours.*

Soft and fine, it gives your skin a smooth and natural perfection. Its ingredients are as skillfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. The shades are especially designed to flatter every tone of skin. The subtle perfume is imported from France. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. Pompeian creams and rouges are equally dependable aids to beauty. Regular sizes are available at all drug and department stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

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Addresses of the Stars

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Paramount Studios

Walter Abel
Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
Four Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Helen Twelvetrees
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Irene Bentley
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Henrietta Crosman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Dixie Frances
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhoff
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
William Lawrence
Eleanor Lynn
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Vinson
Blanca Vischer
June Vlasek

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Gloria Blondell
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
William Cagney
Chick Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Charles Farrell
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Arline Judge
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Sari Maritza
Joel McCrea
Ginger Rogers
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
George Bancroft
Constance Cummings
Paul Kelly
Blossom Seeley
Fay Wray
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Jack Pearl
Marcia Ralston
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Hugh Enfield
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Dorothy Coonan
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Helen Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret LaMarr
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Edwin Phillips
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shadduck
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Genevieve Tobin
Juliette Ware
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



TOO BAD

the Hedonists didn't know about Spuds

In ancient Greece, the Hedonists held that pleasure was the chief end of life. In modern Greece, their descendants enjoy Spuds, and the smart-world-on-cruise replenishes its cigarette-cases at Athens. For, Spuds are now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe, kindled at jeweled lighters wherever the connoisseurs of pleasure take their ease.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Jack Conway threw a party to celebrate two important events—the Thalbergs' return to Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. Wood's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Among those present were (left to right) Louis B. Mayer, Sam and Mrs. Wood, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Conway, and Mr. Thalberg

DO you know a young man named Frank James Cooper?

No? Well, you won't ever have a chance now. Because he asked the courts to change it, all legal and proper, to Gary Cooper, being as he is pretty well known by that moniker, anyway.

REALIZING, no doubt, that her next picture, the first one in America in about three years, must be a good one, Gloria Swanson is proceeding slowly.

The production is not much past the conversation stage as yet, and it may be another month before the real work is on.

The picture will be filmed on the old Pathe lot, scene of the "Queen Kelly" debacle and "The Trespasser" triumph.

THAT romance between Kathryn Carver, who recently obtained a divorce from Adolphe Menjou, and Carmen Pantages' brother Loyd, isn't growing a bit colder.

There are others, however, who claim Randy Scott has the inside track with Kathryn.

JOHN BOLES' neighbors lost their pet dog and John's little girl was all excited.

"Daddy," she said rushing into the house, "the neighbor's dog has been stolen. Dognappers took it."

THEY say this is the true story of how Jack Oakie's mother got the opportunity to play the part of "Jack Oakie's mother" in "Too Much Harmony."

Casting Director Datig happened to mention to his wife that he was having a difficult time finding someone to play the part of Oakie's mother.

"Jack already has a mother," spoke up little son Datig. "I don't see why you have to have somebody to play Jack's mother when he's already got a mother."

And so the idea was born.

CONNIE BENNETT'S marquis husband came back to her from Bali fourteen pounds lighter, and telling the most amazing story of the strange island where he had gone to film a picture.

There were wild howling dogs all night, and the skies were dark with giant bats. Lizards screamed on the walls of the huts, and he even saw a wholesale cremation of sixty Balinese where heads rolled out of the fire and were speared and tossed back by the tenders.

When Bob Woolsey heard the tales, he sniffed.

"Sounds like delirium tremens to me," ventured Dr. Woolsey.

OSCAR, the colored Paramount bootblack, is the idol of Central Avenue, the colored district of Los Angeles. Oscar played a small bit in "Gambling Ship." When the picture opened on Central Avenue it was billed like this:

"Sensational star in 'Gambling Ship,' Oscar supported by Cary Grant, Jack La Rue and Benita Hume."

And on the outside of the theater, nothing but pictures of Oscar appeared.

WITH Paramount out $100,000 dollars, Sylvia Sidney calmly sailed the ocean blue for Europe, leaving the Chevalier picture flat.

Sylvia announced from New York that she was unable to continue as she was in need of another operation. However, the operation was never performed.

And Paramount has laid the case before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for consideration.

It's the first time any rebel has cost the motion picture company the sum of $100,000.

"I WASN'T going to stand there singing 'Baby Shoes' while George got beat up," is the way Joan Blondell explains that little traffic jam, in which she is said to have mauled the driver of the other car.

"It was dark and I was standing there on the pavement and when I saw this man hit my husband with his fist I just dropped my coat and my books and sailed in.

"He says I hit him with my shoe. My shoe? My eye! That was my fist!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



"Beauty for Sale"—but don't rush. She's not on the auction block. It is only the name of the picture in which Isobel Jewell is appearing. Besides, all competition is closed, for rumor says that Isobel and Lee Tracy are giving each other romantic glances

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too



BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

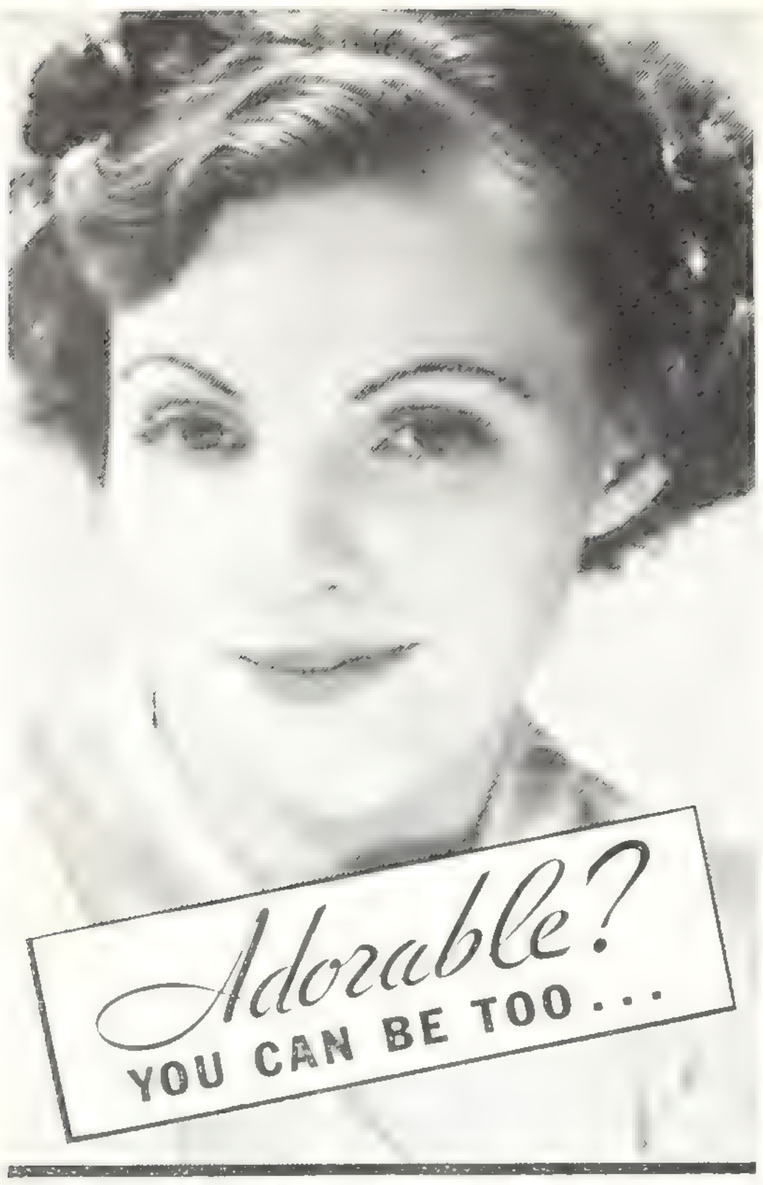
It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home . . . both kept clear and radiant by this soap with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.



Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth



NEW LIFE-LIKE MAKE UP
Adds charm to your Lips!

PRETTY as a picture! Yet men used to criticize her for using "too much lipstick." A man's way of saying her lips looked painted! ...She took the hint and bought the new kind of lipstick that accents natural color in lips, *without painting them.*

Unlike any other Lipstick

Tangee is entirely different from the usual run of lipsticks. It isn't paint. A strictly scientific formula that changes to your natural color the moment it's applied! In the stick, it's orange. But on your lips, it's a blush-rose shade suited to your type. No wonder smart women are switching to Tangee . . . the lipstick that adds charm to your lips!

Use Tangee yourself. See your lips fresh with glowing color all day long! Its cold cream base prevents chapping. Sold at toilet goods counters for same price as ordinary lipsticks. Yet it lasts longer.



Rouge matches lipstick

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

P11

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The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York
(Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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A Mobiloil Movie with

LAUREL & HARDY

"Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel in 'Busy Bodies', coming comedy scream from Hal Roach Studios distributed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"



1 HARDY: "Our antique conveyance gives signs of protest against going further, my dear Laurel."

LAUREL: "Since you patronized that barrel of Cheapo Oil, I have sensed a paucity of power."



2 LAUREL: "You thought to economize, eh? Observe me now—prostrate!"

HARDY: "Indeed, I erred. But maybe a promise of Mobiloil at the next filling station will hearten our steed."



3 HARDY: "Let the crankcase be flushed of its evil contents."

LAUREL: "Never more shall our bank-roll be threatened by loud clamors for repairs. From now on—it's Mobiloil for us!"

Why Mobiloil costs less than ordinary oil

Your car may not be old enough to act in a comedy—but don't let it act in the tragedy of high oil bills and shortened car life! Mobiloil for a year will actually cost you less, because it is double-range. It stands up at all speeds—fast or slow. You use less oil. And because you get full protection at all speeds, your car lasts longer! Change today to the world's largest-selling oil!

Mobiloil SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

One Hour Packed Full Of Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ANITA LOUISE finds lemon juice a most effective hand whitener. Rub the lemon over the cleansed hands, let juice dry and remain on a while. Rinse off, massage in a rich, emollient cream for white, lovely hands

drying wave set lotions. Never wet the hair too much or it will not dry in time.

Now cleanse your face and neck with cream while your tub is filling with warm water. Carole melts two generous handfuls of pine bath salts in her tub and then places on a tray that fits across it all the essentials for a quick facial.

While she rests in the warm, soothing water, Carole applies to her face muscle oil, nourishing cream, stimulating cream and a tonic and astringent. With a towel, she protects her hair from the devasting effects of steam. After the tub, Carole gives herself a brisk rubdown with eau de Cologne. It is very refreshing and the friction revives tired nerves. All this requires just about thirty minutes.

Now Carole relaxes on her bed for fifteen minutes. During her rest she places cotton saturated with eye tonic over each eye. This makes her eyes brilliant, fresh and sparkling for the evening.

Fifteen minutes go for the application of eye shadow, mascara, lip rouge and powder, and for the donning of her lingerie, footwear and frock.

Carole's hair is little trouble, the waves and ringlets having dried in place during her dressing routine.

Do try Carole's method the next time you have a big date. The resultant charm and beauty will probably bring you bigger dates.

LONA ANDRE is a pretty, vivacious, cunning little person. She offers two little beauty tricks that might help many girls. Lona's skin is as soft and smooth as satin. She has a novel way of using soap and water. She applies the gentle suds with a man's shaving brush. The brush is soft, but provides a mild friction and cleanses the pores perfectly. Since many men use the more modern cream shave method, there are probably many discarded shaving brushes about that could be turned into a practical means for skin beauty. Try Lona's way.

LONA insists that she has a double chin, which is quite amusing at her tender age of eighteen. The truth is that her face is youthfully full and rounded. But to keep her little chin from wandering, after every face bath she applies ice under her chin, rubbing it over the surface for several minutes.

The older woman may well follow her example, after first stroking or patting in with the backs of the fingers a rich nourishing cream. Muscle oil is also helpful. After the use of one of these, remove and apply the ice. This is also a wise precaution for the girl who thinks she may some day have a double chin.



THE uses for eau de Cologne are many, as Verna Hillie knows. Applied to the temples, it relieves headache and fatigue. It is also an ideal body refreshant. Many modern eau de Colognes are delicately perfumed

WOULD you like to know how Hollywood's famous beauties invariably arrive at evening parties looking divinely groomed, rested and gowned, even though they have been working at a gruelling pace all day before the cameras, harder work, perhaps, than any business girl encounters in an office?

Carole Lombard gives us her recipe that changes her within an hour from a tired working girl to a gay, scintillating hostess or guest. It is a very simple recipe that any of us should be able to follow. The beauty of it is that it takes just one hour and virtually remakes you. Be sure, however, to let no engagements make the time shorter, or both your appearance and disposition will suffer.

The moment Carole arrives home, she dons a dressing robe and before her mirror revives her wave with well placed combs, warm water and a lot of invisible hair pins. Some of you without a permanent or slightly curly hair may want to use one of those light, quick

THIS month I have prepared a routine for the Perfect Home Manicure, listing reliable preparations and their cost. It will give you beautiful fingers at negligible cost. For the girl getting over summer, there is our leaflet, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan. These will be sent on request, as well as advice on any beauty problem. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

IDA LUPINO, a new British arrival for Paramount, whom you will soon be seeing, is a symphony in pastels. Her hair is flaxen, her eyes a vivid blue with high, narrow, arched, black brows, and a pink and white skin. I hope to have some of her English beauty secrets for you soon.

A HOLLYWOOD tip. If your nose is too prominent, powder it last and sparingly. If it is too small, powder it first and generously. Powder high-lights and accents the feature to which it is applied most lavishly.

THREE

PARAMOUNT STARS TELL

HOLLYWOOD'S

Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, of Adrienne Ames.. remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up..harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick..created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ *Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.*



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Featured in Paramount's *"Torch Singer"* Using Max Factor's Face Powder

POWDER.. A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings...that clings for hours... that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up...that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert ...black hair...black eyes and olive skin ...is Max Factor's Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up... Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.



CAROLE LOMBARD, Featured in Paramount's *"White Woman"* Using Max Factor's Rouge

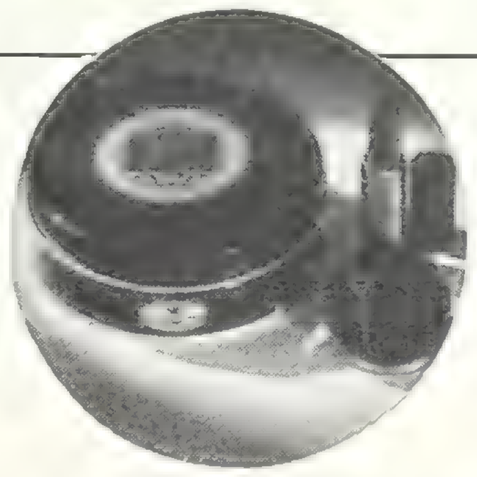
ROUGE.. A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, as fine as finest skin texture, it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard..light blonde, fair skin and blue eyes is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. And, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.



ADRIENNE AMES, Featured in Paramount's *"A Bedtime Story"*...Using Max Factor's Lipstick

LIPSTICK.. Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony ...and to keep lips lovely, must be permanent and uniform in color... smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Adrienne Ames to harmonize with her brown hair, medium skin and blue eyes, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Like the Screen Stars ...you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.



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MAX FACTOR—*Max Factor's Make-Up Studio*, Hollywood, California
PLEASE send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."
☐ Check here for Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, and enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

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COMPLEXION	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWN-HAIRS
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in* COLOR HARMONY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Barton MacLane—better get to know him now for he's a new bad man in movies. Recruited from the New York stage where he played "Hangman's Whip," MacLane is now with Paramount. Ricardo Cortez picked him for a rôle in "Big Executive"

FRANCES FULLER, the little girl who is creating a terrific impression in Paramount's "One Sunday Afternoon," will be back with that studio in the spring. A New York stage play contract interfered with Frances' continuing with her picture career at this time.

BEBE DANIELS met the Prince of Wales on her recent European trip. "I enjoyed your performance in '43rd Street,'" the Prince complimented Bebe.

"And as he was only a block off," Bebe relates, "I didn't even mention that it was '42nd Street.'"

A FRIEND met Jack Oakie on the Paramount lot the other day and discreetly commented on the alarming poundage which Jack has been accumulating.

Oakie collared him seriously.

"How do you know," he argued, "I won't become a great character actor?"

Charles Laughton ambled by.

"Look what fat did for him!" he added to cinch the argument.

MOST any other Hollywoodite with a boat that big would have made it a party. But Jack Barrymore is different. He cruised way up to Alaska, with just Dolores, the two babies and the crew. And the only person in Hollywood who even heard from him, as far as we can discover, was Clarence Locan, in the M-G-M publicity department. Jack wrote him a postal card and asked that his mail be sent to Juneau, Alaska.

LUPE VELEZ is showing everyone the ring Johnny Weissmuller gave her—with gestures.

It's the darndest thing! A plain band in which different and tiny stones are set. Lupe wears it on her little finger.

"You know w'at eet says?" she asks everyone. Of course they don't—so Lupe explains, as she points out the different jewels, revolving the ring.

"Diamonds—

"Emeralds—

"Amethysts—

"Rubies—

"Emeralds—

"Sapphires—

"Topaz—

"Spell it down yourself. You're right—D-E-A-R-E-S-T!

"Johnnee thought it up all by himself," declares Lupe, proudly.

SEEN on the marquee of a Hollywood picture house:

"M. Mouse and
C. Bennett"

That's fame!

SINCE the newshounds are again baying at Greta Garbo's heels to find out if she really is going to marry Rouben Mamoulian, Greta has had her dressing-room at M-G-M worked over so that a second door could be cut in a side wall. The door provides an exit into an alley, through which the Garbo automobile may glide, unnoticed.

ONE of the sights radio-listeners never saw, is Ed Wynn in a long flannel nightie, sitting on the edge of an old iron bed, playing a violin. . . . You'll see this extraordinary sight in "The Fire Chief."

AFTER having her name linked with most of Hollywood's male eligibles, Lilian Harvey is romancing with Gary Cooper again. Lilian's big white foreign car and Gary's big yellow phaeton are two of the most showy wagons in Hollywood, and it's pretty hard to keep it a secret when they go out.

IT was rumored around the Paramount lot that Mae West was due for a surprise party on her birthday.

"Imagine," scoffed Jack Oakie, "anyone surprising Mae West!"

WHOOPEE! Hang out the banners. Clark has put on six pounds since his appendectomy (technical for having your appendix extracted). And right in the hospital, too. Gable went home one week after the operation, and will be working with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"—held up these many weeks on account of Clark's tonsils and appendix.

MARLENE DIETRICH is returning to Hollywood without even once setting foot in her beloved Germany. And those who talked to Marlene before she left, and read the yearning for her Fatherland in her eyes, and the homesickness in her voice, will realize just what this means to her. Marlene has been spending her time in France and Austria with her husband and little girl.

So Marlene is coming back. The yearning still in her eyes. And the hunger for her native country still unsatisfied.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



A bicycle built for three—and run by man power! Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante helps Jean Parker, Ruth Channing and Irene Hervey to pile onto an old wooden pedicycle, then Jimmy tries to get them going. Oh get an engine! Jimmy says that the darned old bike was never built for speed

PRESENTING
A GORGEOUS
NEW PATTERN

Marquise



Today's trend in silverware is away from severely simple lines to more elegant, more decorative design. And this welcome transition is reflected in Marquise—newest pattern in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate!

Crafted in the manner of old English silver—yet completely up-to-date with its Viande* Knives and Forks. With a rich beauty suggestive of sterling, Marquise is a pattern that cannot be imitated in cheap silverplate. None but the highest craftsmanship could achieve such exquisite detail, such smooth perfection of finish between the tines of forks and on the bowls of spoons—a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Marquise meets the need of the careful hostess for more than one set of silverware—a set for use on "best" occasions. Here indeed is a pattern you'll be proud to display with your "party" linen and china!

ACCESSORY PIECES AT GREAT SAVINGS ON THE CERTIFIED COUPON PLAN

Think of having a complete silverware service that includes all accessory flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and serving pieces. If you purchase a 26, 34, or 50 piece set of Marquise, or any other 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern *now*, you receive a Certified Coupon Book entitling you to a 25% saving on *all* accessory pieces you buy within eighteen months.

Starting service of 26 pieces in Prevent Tarnish Case, $31.25; tea spoons, set of 6, $3.25.



Write Ann Adams, Dept. L-27, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for booklet "So You're Going To Give A Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Silverplate

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The mark of the International Silver Company— *IS *this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise*

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


DO YOUR HANDS
INVITE HIS CARESS?
Hands always play a leading role in love... from the first lingering hand-clasp, the first embrace. This is why screen stars keep their hands so soft and smooth... why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.** Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs so little!
HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM
HELEN TWELVETREES' hands are exquisitely soft and alluring. Victor Jory admires them, too, in Columbia's film "My Woman."
NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face . . . by maker of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, floats out dirt . . . 40c.

The Imp They Call Janet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

of the way place that you'll find Gaynor. You'll see her sitting off quietly with one or two friends. She never makes a grand entrance, or noise, or any obvious gestures that she wants privacy. It's just real and natural for Janet not to want the limelight or any part of it.

And Hollywood will never be able to understand it—or her. She is in Hollywood, but not of Hollywood.

She could easily be your very best girl chum that lives next door.

"ARE you disillusioned, Miss Gaynor?" a stupid interviewer once asked her. "Oh, no," she replied. "Who could be with money, happiness and success?" You see, she's honest and can't lie. When she tries to avoid a direct answer with an evasion, her friends all know it.

A tiny blue vein, which runs down her forehead between her eyes, begins to swell and throb pitifully, until finally she gives up, and turns away to hide her embarrassment.

She gives the illusion of a helpless, wistful little elf. She isn't. She's a shrewd little modern and has a mind of her own. And that mind works like a trigger. "If you are in doubt about anything," "Winnie" Sheehan, president of Fox, told her publicity agent when he left town, "just ask Janet. She's never made a mistake yet."

She makes very few close friends. But when she met Margaret Lindsay, on the "Paddy" picture, they clicked instantly. Both are now the closest of friends. In fact, their clowning and pranks almost finished the "Paddy" picture forever.

And Janet's and Margaret's version of "Edie Was a Lady" practically threw the crew into hysterics.

They'd practice snappy repartee together in order to dumbfound the entire set the next day with their wit. "Did you know I had three brothers, Janet?" Margaret would ask. "You don't tell me," Janet would answer; "boys or girls?"

And the next day, Janet would take the lead. "I passed your house last night, Margaret," she'd say.

"Why didn't you stop?" was Margaret's comeback. "Well, I didn't know where you lived," Janet would say.

And the two would howl at their own nonsense. Like two normal, everyday girls having themselves fun at work.

Her wit is keen and brilliant. "Might as well give up, Lindsay," she'd say, "you can't top me." And those brown eyes would dance a mischievous challenge.

They'd clown right up to the time a scene was shot. And begin again the minute the director said, "Cut."

It was the gayest her crew had ever seen her. And everyone hopes it's the beginning of more fun for little Janet. "If people in Hollywood only knew her as I do," Margaret goes about moaning, "how they would love her." But people never will know her that well, for it's only once in a blue moon such a friendship happens to little Gaynor.

SHE loves Hawaiian music. One evening, she astonished a native player into first class spasms by strumming his guitar, and singing the words in his native tongue. Her Hawaiian hula is the best in town. She learned it from native teachers.

She collects phonograph records, and Lalique glass. She loves the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay. She reads every biography written. She never leaves a bookshop without buying a book of fairy tales. She reads them by the hour and believes them all. Especially does she believe the ones about the handsome prince who one day came riding by.

She has no illusions about herself. She knows she isn't a Garbo. Or a Crawford. "Can you imagine what I would look like playing a Norma Shearer rôle?" she'll ask her friends. She's still as enthusiastic about her movie crushes as any high school girl. When her friend, Frances Deaner, sat behind a Fox publicity desk, she'd pitter patter up the stairs, fly down the hall, fling open the door and stand there, starry-eyed and breathless. "Frances," she'd gasp, "I met Bob Montgomery last night." Somehow it never has gotten through to her consciousness that she, herself, could be the cause of breathless admiration. She wouldn't believe it on a million bibles, or even know what you were talking about.

She's a born coquette—the kind great grandma was—with shy little glances and helpless little ways . . . the most devastating kind in the world. And she knows it. In a world of worldly moderns, she stands out like a bright flush.

She knows that, too, the imp!

HER French is understandable. She plays a fair game of golf; is fond of tennis, and likes to lie about on warm sands. The warm sand business is her favorite sport. She also loves lying in bed all day. She goes to few parties. Those she does attend are not the headline variety. She's a grand little hostess, but flutters and fusses around before the party until people are nearly wild. Then when it's really going, she is the calmest person about.

Most of her friends are not in pictures. Janet and her mother are close friends. She adores her mother, who is more like a sister than a mother, and enjoys exactly the same things as her daughter—even to Chinese food and Hawaiian music. Between them is a beautiful bond of understanding. They even think and talk alike. It's her mother who looks after her business affairs and takes care of her mail. Janet has a tender consideration for her mother, that is touching. If she is going out for an evening her thoughts fly first to her mother. "Are you going to be alone, mother?" she'll ask. "Let's find something for you to do, too, this evening," she'll suggest.

She has a nice consideration of others. A prop boy, carelessly pulling a cable on the set, allowed the metal end to strike Janet on the temple. It was a terrific blow. Janet moaned and caught her head. And then she spied the boy's stricken face. "Oh, it was nothing," she pretended. And her eyes smiled through a mist of tears, which she successfully fought back for his sake.

She loathes interviews and seldom grants them, simply because she can't think what to say, or why they should want her to say anything in the first place. She shrinks, too, in horror if anyone rudely inquires into her heart and her marriage, which ended so sadly.

She likes fun and gaiety and good times. But she fairly shrivels at an uncouth, vulgar story. "You know," she'll say in that little girl voice, "that was so unworthy of you." And the story teller will slink away. The thinness of her voice is not so pronounced off the screen. It seems surer, stronger, in everyday conversation.

She refuses to make gag pictures of any kind or description. A famous writer once asked for a Gaynor gag picture for her newspaper. Janet refused. The next week she asked for another picture of Janet carrying an armful of bundles. Again she refused. The writer was furious and scathed the publicity agent who, in turn, phoned Janet. "She's down on us right," he said. "On you or me?" Janet asked. "On me," he confessed. "In that case I'll make the pictures," she said. And spent the next day carrying bundles for the gag pictures she loathed. And just to save a friend from embarrassment!

"Would you make pictures for us at the beach," the publicity man timidly asked her one day, "in a bathing suit?" To his utter surprise, she consented. "I began as a bathing girl," she said, "because a bathing suit was the only thing I owned. I used to sit at the telephone and pray for a call from a studio that wanted a girl with a bathing suit."

NEVER but once did Janet don a high hat. It was shortly after her success in "7th Heaven." Janet was invited to Pickfair and went tearing about, like a puppy, showing everyone the invitation. She was that thrilled. "You're a big sensation, yourself," someone told her; "why should you be excited about Mary Pickford?" "Why, indeed?" thought Janet. And appeared at the party an hour and a half late. Very stiff. Very formal. Very hoitsy toitsy. She sat alone in her corner all evening and suffered. Home again, she thoughtfully removed the high hat, and has never worn it since. Today she laughs about it.

No one, in her pictures, is permitted to say to her, "You are beautiful." Because she doesn't think she is. They may say she is cute or comic or something, but not beautiful. She never insists upon any certain director. Then if the picture is good, he gets the credit. If it's bad he gets the entire blame. Is she smart?

Her fan mail is astonishing. She receives letters from supreme court judges, from naval officers, from men who walk high in life. At the same time, has been chosen the favorite actress of a girls' reform school. Her appeal is that wide.

She is one person in a glamorous, abnormal city who has caught the real meaning of true happiness—the value of simple things. Earning one of the largest salaries, she has always remained simple in tastes and ideas, as well as in ideals. Only recently has she owned a home of her own—a simple little English bungalow, in an unfashionable part of Hollywood. It has no swimming pools, or whoopee rooms, or tiled patios. It's just a home, and there she lives quietly and sanely with her mother, her maid and her chauffeur.

With money to travel luxuriously the world over, she chose a little cabin in a Wisconsin wood for her vacation. Just a little three room shack with no running water or bathroom or anything. No one recognized her. And there she was happy—she and her mother.

She is clannish and takes care of her own. Somehow, it doesn't occur to her that others might be helped.

EVEN to those who know her well, for a madcap minx or earnest, industrious hard worker, there sometimes comes a feeling of that strange, wistful appeal that is felt so strongly on the screen.

One day recently, she phoned a friend to come over to inspect her new rug. Like a sprite, in her inevitable sports slacks, and red curls flying, she danced and capered about the rug. Fascinated, the friend watched as Janet swung into her hula. Any minute, so strong was the illusion, the friend expected the rug to rise gracefully from the floor and sweep through the window and be borne aloft.

She wouldn't have been at all surprised or amazed if it had.

And there you have Janet—a little, wistful, appealing elf, riding away on a magic carpet, doing the hula.

All your PET HOPES for a better NAIL POLISH are answered HERE and NOW!



Glazo, we suppose, has been regarded as a high-priced polish—by all except the many smart women who are devoted to it. And its fame is so far-reaching that for years Glazo has surpassed in preference every other polish of its price.

So it's cause for rejoicing that Glazo now costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And all your hopes for a better nail polish are fulfilled in the unique improvements Glazo brings you.

New lacquers of higher lustre give 50% longer wear! Authentic colors . . . six to choose from . . . and the Glazo Color Chart is right in the package.

A new metal-shaft brush, with bristles that can't come loose, makes application far easier. The new Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle, now lasts as long as your polish.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

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GLAZO

***The Smart* MANICURE**

Only 25¢

Why American Men Make the Greatest Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

impetuous in saying, 'I love you. Be mine.' He simply cannot be sincere. Yes, I would be afraid to marry an American for this reason."

But since her marriage, her harshest comment in my hearing has been, "It is a waste of time to prepare a lovely dinner for the average American man. He would just as soon eat in a drug store! Dining is a charming ceremony for a European. Here it is just a quick business."

MARLENE DIETRICH, too, is amazed at the careless way in which young Americans toss around the "I-love-you-be-mine" phrase.

"In Germany a man says, 'I love you' just once to a girl. That is when he offers marriage," says Marlene. "Marriage is too hasty in America. Perhaps that is why there are so many divorces over here. In Germany the banns of marriage are published months in advance, and a couple must be engaged at least one year."

Perhaps it is true that marriage is taken less seriously here.

Yet, in discussing men, it is the gentleness of the American father that most impresses Tala Birell.

Tala says:

"I most admire the American father. Recently I saw a husband and wife and their little girl in a hotel dining-room. The father was feeding the child while the mother enjoyed her dinner.

"To me that is a remarkable demonstration of woman's position in America and the American man's kindness and liberal, generous attitude.

"Such a thing would never happen in Europe. The father would be ashamed to appear in such an intimate rôle with his child."

So, the European man is supposed to guard his dignity, just as the European girl is expected to prize her virtue.

And, as Lili Damita says with a sigh, "The laws of France are made for the men. The laws of America are made for women.

"The freedom and companionship between men and women in America is something very lovely. In France it never could be," Lili continued.

"A girl would endanger herself there accepting a man's friendship as casually as the American girl does in this country.

"If a French girl entered an innocent flirtation with a man. she would have a hard time ridding herself of him if he chose to become persistent. And the police would certainly not be on her side!"

Apparently in Ireland laws are made for men, too. Maureen O'Sullivan, singing the praises of the American male, says, "In my country when a girl marries she expects to receive and fulfill orders which her husband gives out. He is head of the house. There is no mistake about that. The European does not spoil his wife as the charming, boyish, good-natured American does. I think the American is quite an ideal type as a friend and husband. And no man could possibly be as generous as he."

LILIAN HARVEY finds the American man "charming and intriguing."

"It is true," the German star says, "that the European man does a lot of hand-kissing. But that doesn't mean a thing.

"I think it speaks well for American men that most of them are married. In Europe there are more bachelors."

It was Pola Negri who summed up the dif-

ference with the phrase, "It's all a matter of psychology." And how right she was!

Pola said, "The American man has a charm and appeal unlike any other. A European never forgets the little things, nor an American the important ones.

"Love-making to the suave European is an art in which he strives for perfection. Being the object of his devotion is an intriguing matter if a woman can regard it as a fascinating game, and a more or less temporary one. In his presence, a woman must always be exquisitely gowned, mentally alert.

"But American men are restful. One can relax in their companionship. There is a reverence in their attitude toward a woman. And it is typical of all America. Young, fresh, healthy, unabashed."

"These Are My Plans." Says Doug, Sr.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

I believe I can make him one of the world's greatest, and I intend to do so.

"Back of that, I know there isn't a star in Hollywood who wouldn't leap at the chance of coming to London to escape existing conditions there.

"That helps convince me we shall have a production center here that, with personalities and stories, plus backgrounds, will revive business in the American motion picture theaters."

NOW, what does England think about this new project of Doug's, over which he is so enthusiastic?

The English, to put it bluntly, are skeptical. They have seen numerous attempts before to make good pictures with the aid of an American star or an American director.

They wonder why this new venture should fare any better.

Possibly the dubious critics overlook the fact that here for the first time an independent producer from Hollywood is embarking, not upon an attempt to "patch up" British pictures, but is going in on a comprehensive scheme to transfer Hollywood methods to a new location. (As to bringing over actors *en masse*, from Hollywood, that indeed is another matter. May not Doug be letting himself be carried away by his enthusiasm?) Whether that will make the needed difference only the future, of course, will tell.

Doug's "Farewell to Hollywood" could fairly enough be made more alliterative as well as more embracing, by broadening it to read "The Fairbanks Family Bids Farewell to Hollywood Films."

Douglas, Jr., feels fully as enthusiastic as his father about staying on the English side of the Atlantic.

As to Ronald Colman, Doug, Sr. realizes the possibility of a hitch in the fact that Colman must complete two pictures for Samuel Goldwyn before he will be free to work elsewhere. But Doug thinks he can arrange this with Goldwyn, as well as bring Maurice Chevalier into the project.

DOUG, JR.'S first is to be a costume feature, "Catherine the Great." Production is scheduled to start in October. Doug, Sr. is planning a trip for his own production unit to Spain for exteriors, and expects "Don Juan" to be his first release.

Present plans call for both father and son to appear together in their third release—"The Mark of Zorro," rechristened "Z." Doug, Jr.'s plans then call for a play in London's West End theater.

It's a great plan, and it seems to burn brightly.

Though we must remember that other great torches lighted in the past have gone out in smoke.

take a BEAUTY TIP from BABY



If you want a baby's smooth clear skin, use the baby's own pure soap

Just because you're grown-up, there's no reason for forgetting the first beauty lesson you ever had.

When you were a baby, your sensitive baby skin was tenderly cared for. Your doctor chose your soap then. He insisted on a *pure* soap—and your complexion was lovely!

Think for a moment why doctors say: "No perfumed or medicated or colored soaps for a baby's skin. Use Pure Ivory Soap."

It's because a baby's skin is so sensitive. But isn't *your* skin sensitive too? Why then should you be satisfied with a soap less pure than Ivory?

Don't waste another day . . . Cleanse your face gently with pure Ivory tonight. And slip into an Ivory bath . . . And when you come out—notice how baby-smooth your skin feels. That's because Ivory is so pure. No color in Ivory. No strong perfume. Nothing to irritate your skin or dry out delicate skin lubricants.

So take a hint for beauty from a baby—use Ivory to keep your skin young and fine and smooth.

ivory soap

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P-2

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OFFER EXPIRES NOV. 30

How Sylvia Put Grace Into Ann Harding's Walk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

terrific energy. Here's the energy building luncheon: Unpolished, steamed, brown rice with brown sugar (you have to have sugar for energy), a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatine. Have that luncheon twice a week and see how fine you'll feel!

At mid-afternoon Ann had a large glass of tomato juice or, in season, two or three ripe figs.

FOR dinner she began with all the celery she could eat (leaves and all) with ripe olives. She had this instead of soup. Then she had any sort of broiled or baked meat—except pork—a small baked potato, green peas, turnip tops and a green salad. The vegetables were steamed, with butter put on cold afterwards, and celery salt was used instead of real salt—not cooked with the vegetables but put on afterwards, too.

Then she had a cup custard or fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

I used to beg Ann to wear make-up on the street, for she needed it. And she used to say, "It isn't necessary." But don't any of you be kidded by that. It's necessary for every woman to make herself attractive.

One day she came into my studio with eyebrows penciled—with lipstick and rouge. She stood in front of me and laughed. "Well, Your Royal Highness, does this suit you?"

Certainly she did look lovely—as lovely as she looks on the screen.

Her mother—a very smart looking woman and a fine sketch artist—was always on my side about the make-up question. I used to talk to Ann's mother about getting Ann to wear street make-up. I told Ann that her mother agreed.

"She *would*," Ann laughed.

BUT Ann was always fine about taking advice. I wish you girls would be half as fine about it. Remember what I've told you about Ann Harding and get it into your heads that it's your duty to look and walk your best at all times!

Answers by Sylvia

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

REDUCING QUESTIONS

Dear Sylvia:

How can I reduce my bust? My entire body is too plump, but the bust especially. Please tell me what to do.

L. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

This answers about a hundred thousand letters of the same type. I'll give you my famous buttermilk diet. For three days in succession drink only buttermilk—a glass every two hours. For three days eat normally (but don't overeat). Repeat this until the bust is as you want it. Always wear a good brassiere—one that will hold the bust up. Never massage the bust.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I have broad shoulders. I wish you could tell me how to reduce them.

J. R. T., Butte, Mont.

Silly girl—what do you think I am? Broad shoulders are bone formations. Do you think I can shave off bone? And another thing—be thankful for those broad shoulders. They're very smart now, and chic clothes are all made for girls with broad shoulders. If they were narrow you'd have something to complain about.

My dear Sylvia:

I have always been nice and thin and so I'm terrified to discover that my baby daughter—aged five—is much too fat for a child her age and getting fatter all the time. Can I cut down on her food? What can I do?

Mrs. T. McD., St. Louis, Mo.

It is probably some slight glandular trouble. I certainly wouldn't start cutting down on a child's food until I had consulted a doctor. He might possibly work on the glands and remove the trouble.

HOLDING THE HEAD STRAIGHT

Dear Sylvia:

I try very hard to hold my head up when I walk, but somehow it always keeps bobbing forward and makes me look ungainly. Have you an exercise to correct this?

B. W., Memphis, Tenn.

In the first place you've got to try harder to keep the head up. Also read this month's article carefully and do all the things I did for Ann Harding. But the muscles of the neck may be too tense. If so, press the back of the neck with your two hands, then massage the back of the neck as far down the spine as you can reach. Dig in hard under the neck muscles. And think, think, *think* all the time about keeping your head held straight.

WRINKLED FOREHEAD

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm quite young—only twenty-two—but I have wrinkles in my forehead. I like to wear my hair as Garbo wears hers but I hate to have the wrinkles show.

H. H., Fort Smith, Ark.

I'll bet one reason you have wrinkles is because you "talk with your face." Women comedians on the screen always have lines in their faces because they do what we call "mugging." So don't mugg! Practice talking in front of the mirror without raising your eyebrows or frowning. Then every night with the fingers smeared with a good cold cream massage the forehead up and down having the fingertips alternate—the right hand up with the left hand down. Do this very gently.

They're Clara's Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

So there were tickets West for four.

Of course, Clara had thought she would raise Johnny and Lillian. She had no idea they would really raise her—literally raise her—right at the crack of dawn, and keep her wide awake all day long until the sandman brought sweet surcease and welcome peace.

Our scene is the Bow-Bell menage—deep in the arms of Morpheus. It's six o'clock (yes, in the morning).

"Aunt C-l-a-r-a—"

Down the hall, racing for the lead, clatter two human alarm clocks to hammer on the door behind which a very domestically tired, red-headed movie star is completing her ten hours of recuperation.

"Kin we come in?" pleads Johnny.

"Please—kin we?" coaxes Lillian.

By now the damage is already done, so "Okay!" breathes Clara drowsily, and the door flies open. Lillian gets her kiss, and then Johnny comes up for his. The kiss is sugar coating, and the pill quickly follows. Clara bounces out of bed and guides the pair to the shower. Ensues vigorous neck and ear scrubbing, accompanied by equally vigorous howls. But there's a reward for cleanliness. Johnny can have some watermelon after breakfast, if he eats all of his cereal. Johnny doesn't care about the cereal; he wants the watermelon now. Lillian wants to go swimming before breakfast. Aunt Clara says "no." So Lillian won't drink her milk.

"And that," sighs Clara, "is how the day starts."

Breakfast half-eaten, Lillian and Johnny



Wide World

Carol Ann was lunching with her Daddy, Wally Beery, at the Brown Derby when she heard him say that he was going to Europe, without Carol Ann. So she began vamping Mr. Beery right away! P. S.—Carol Ann sailed with him on the same boat



Has the real beauty of your teeth *been hidden by seven stains?*

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action, fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven







One drop, OR

2000 FRAGRANT ATOMS ?

Daubing, authorities agree, isn't the thing any more. Perfumers are now definitely recommending that perfume be sprayed—because they appreciate that this modern method of application brings out the fullest fragrance. A DeVilbiss Atomizer takes a single drop of perfume and transforms it into 2000 tiny particles . . . To you, spraying has other very decided advantages. Atomization of perfume removes all danger of stain to delicate fabric . . . And from the standpoint of economy, you will be interested in the DeVilbiss closure device which guards your costly perfumes against evaporation . . . DeVilbiss Perfume Atomizers start at $1; others, with closure device, at $3.50. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

DeVilbiss

Perfume Atomizers



romp out of the house—the big, magnificent house with its rich furnishings and polished floors, so unlike the dingy flat back in Brooklyn—out into the formal garden and down the hill to the street.

In a little while, they're back, breathless, thudding with dusty shoes into Aunt Clara's boudoir. Johnny is wearing overalls, and a queer stocking cap made out of sheer hosiery. He's pretty well mussed up.

"Now what?" Clara wants to know, helplessly. "Fighting again, I suppose!"

"Well—" confesses Johnny, "he said—"

"Never mind what he said." Clara orders sternly. "You go upstairs and I'll attend to you."

BUT as Johnny shamefacedly drags up the steps, Lillian comes to his rescue.

"Aunt Clara, that boy down the street kidded Johnny about that stocking on his head, and Johnny said he was proud of it. He said he was the only kid in America with a cap made out of one of Clara Bow's stockings. The kid gave him a razzberry and Johnny poked him."

In a second, Clara is up the stairs with Johnny in her arms. Tears and forgiveness.

Flaming with anger one moment, helpless with love the next. Up and down all day long—two kids playing on the tempestuous, impulsive nature of their Aunt Clara. No wonder nine o'clock seems late now!

"One night," Clara relates, "Lillian was singing when suddenly she burst out in copious tears. I asked her what the trouble was, and she said:

" 'I was thinking about that poor soldier who died in the picture last night.'

"I knew that wasn't the reason, and at last it came out.

" 'Johnny laughs at me when I sing.'

"Sure enough, there was Johnny, hiding behind a palm pot, making the most awful faces. I just had to give him a lick or two for the sake of household morale."

The famous red hair can still turn a shade more crimson when the calm of midnight is shattered by a dish tumbling out of the icebox where Lillian and Johnny have stolen a chunk of their beloved watermelon. But then,



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ed Wynn pays his respects to a lady. And it seems that any lady could be won by that plaid suit! The Fire Chief says that velvet lapels with cat fur collar and cuffs is the latest thing for the fall, if worn with a straw hat

all kids love watermelon. Even though tummy ache sometimes follows.

But tummy aches are far less painful than heart aches, and when Lillian and Johnny got homesick recently, Aunt Clara realized how much these troublesome tads meant in her life.

A dismal, long-faced foursome waited, silent, at the Los Angeles depot for the train which was to bear Lillian and Johnny back to Flatbush. Of the quartet it would be difficult to say which was the most dreary—Aunt Clara, Uncle Rex, Lillian or Johnny.

THE engine rumbled up; the glistening porter wailed, "A-l-l-l-l aboard!"—a dreary requiem for the happy, hectic days in Benedict Canyon. Tears streamed down noses.

Johnny couldn't stand it.

"Aw, gee, Aunt Clara, I don't wanna go home!"

"Me neither," sobbed Lillian, "b-but s-somebody hasta go see Pop 'n' Mom 'n' the kids. I guess I better."

So Lillian has gone home to Flatbush for a visit, but she's coming back to join Johnny at her Aunt Clara's in Hollywood, where it's more darn fun to hop out of bed when the sun comes up and run like the dickens to call her a "sleepy head" at six o'clock in the morning.

Strangely enough, Aunt Clara thinks it's fun, too!

And here's a P.S. to this true story.

Clara was doing a carnival scene in "Hoopla," and Johnny came along to watch the fun. He took a ride on the merry-go-round and, unknown to the youngster, the cameras were taking it all in. So it looks as though he's going to be in a picture—just like that. Clara isn't so happy about it, but she'll let him go through with this one picture. She wants Johnny to go to a public school.

The Big Hollywood Robbery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

about face" and admit that of "Dinner At Eight's" galaxy of stars, Jean shone the brightest.

She had to have talent: a natural genius for the thing she was doing.

Possibly the struggle and sorrow and hard work crystallized and refined that talent, making it clear and true.

But the ability was there.

The first time Jean Harlow was featured on the screen—untutored, inexperienced—she did a fine and convincing piece of acting.

Few saw it. It lasted so short a while!

Almost immediately it was shadowed and lost in a show of sex.

SEX is usually good box-office. The producers were taking no chances. So there followed that series of rather repellent, thankless rôles in which Harlow's feminine allure had to carry the picture.

She did good work in "Red-Headed Woman." Later, in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" her sexiness was scantily clothed in brief but charming comedy touches and moments of real acting. But Harlow's rôle in "Dinner At Eight" was her first real chance. And she made the most of it. Harlow's figure didn't have to create interest that the script lacked. The other rôles were brilliantly filled. Harlow's sex-appeal did not need to fill any gaps.

A rôle that might have been played with vulgar abandon, she played convincingly with technical perfection and subtle human touches. She brought a natural talent for comedy to scenes that could have been merely noisily funny.

She stole one of Hollywood's biggest pictures from the largest group of picture stealers that have ever been assembled in one cast.

Hosiery troubles common to most women

-banished!



● Surprising how common these troubles are. And how annoying! Stocking tops that choke. Stocking tops that drift. Tops that are crampingly short or clumsily long. . . Now—and you can believe every word of it—the *perfect* stocking top! It's Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix. Stretches both ways so that it fits you as though it were made for you, and *you* alone! And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. . . Millions of women are gleeful over this new Custom-Fit Top. Fashionable Hollywood insists upon it. Women like Phoenix "long-mileage" foot, too. Every pair of Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from $1 to $1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS



For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by VERA, noted Hollywood designer . . . HER HOSIERY—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP . . . GLORIA STUART, beautiful Universal star, wears this costume in "Secret of the Blue Room" (right)

PHOENIX HOSIERY NRA

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with CUSTOM-FIT TOP



"MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do *plenty*. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But *on* goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and *away* go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented...so leisure-lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)



How Movie Fan Clubs Are Started

NOW that the many enjoyable activities of movie fan clubs are becoming known, a considerable number of young people are asking for more information concerning these clubs.

How can one go about organizing a movie fan club in his home town? Are there different kinds of fan clubs? Where can the rules and regulations regarding such a club be secured? These are some of the questions being asked.

There are three distinct types of fan clubs recognized by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, and eligible to membership under the Association's rules. They are:

First, the club which sponsors one movie star;

Second, the club which sponsors two or more stars;

Third, the club which sponsors no particular star, but follows all of them, in a general way, in their screen appearances.

THE minimum number of members with which to start a fan club is five. Officers must be selected from the members in good standing. All club constitutions, by-laws, dues, meetings and other club matters are determined by the members themselves.

In forming a fan club coming under the First and Second type, it is necessary to secure the approval and sanction of the star or stars selected to sponsor. In forming a general fan club this is not necessary. If you are planning to organize a club sponsoring a star you will, no doubt, find it much easier to establish a chapter of some club which is already active and has the permission of the star to operate under his or her name. The Association will be glad to advise you of the names of the clubs already affiliated with the organization so that you may communicate direct with the officers regarding local chapters.

APPROXIMATELY 100 members of various fan clubs spent an enjoyable afternoon, Sunday, September 3, at the World's Fair in Chicago. The members visited "Hollywood," at A Century of Progress, as guests of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs.

The affair took the form of a camera party, as everyone present brought a camera. "Shooting" snaps here and there was the order of the afternoon.

The guests also watched the making of movies and screen tests, and were permitted to take photos of a scene, and of some of the players and extras.

The treat of the World's Fair visit came when Miss Irene Rich, of screen fame, posed with the members for photographs. She autographed many books and photos for the fans.

THE Tri-C Club of Syracuse, also known as the Herald Cinema Critics Club, sent in a bulletin which calls attention to their first meeting for the year, and which also mentions plans for the presentation of three full length plays and a number of short skits during the year. They have also installed a new library. J. H. Bloss is president of this fast moving club.

IN the "Crawford Chatter," issued by Gertrude B. Perkel, president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club, mention is made that Miss Crawford presented the club with a mimeograph for producing their club bulletin.

"I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

"And then, last but not least, there is Joan's talent. She has temperament. Her emotions are quick and full. She's angry when she's angry, gay when she's gay. I think she is one of the most vivid personalities on the screen or stage today. And I think that, with her determination, she is going to become one of the greatest artists America has ever produced. She herself believes she is only beginning now.

"I believe Joan Crawford would have achieved outstanding success in *any* profession she chose for herself. She is the perfect example for feminists to point to in maintaining that the sexes are capable of equal achievement.

"With her shrewd, clear, quick thinking, she would make a marvelous business woman. With her executive powers and ability at handling people, she could go far in politics. With her sympathy and intelligent understanding for other people's troubles, she would be ideal for social service. Every child she meets falls in love with her—she ought to be a wonderful teacher. That girl could do *anything!*

"Intelligence, beauty, humor, taste, talent—she has everything.

"I've known some fascinating people. My mother was one of the most fascinating personalities I've ever known. Then, as I think them over, the faces of several of my professors at Cornell come to me—some of the people I knew in New York—the directors of the Group Theatre—

"Then I come back to the thing I said first,

"I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know!"

The Man All Hollywood Fears

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

commission, Inspector Barnett arrived backstage, to inform Mae that unless she cut out some of the lines he was going to close the show.

Mae was willing to coöperate.

"What do you want me to take out?" she asked.

"Take out the whole play," suggested Vince, "and burn it—then take a train out of town."

Bobby Jones bit hard when he made his movie début. Vince was enlisted as his caddy in an exhibition match. He proceeded to give unsolicited advice to the king of the links. Leo Diegel, who had been Barnett-baptized

before, was in cahoots. Diegel asked Bobby what to use on a particular shot.

"A three iron," said Jones.

"Too long," scoffed Vince. "Use a five."

Jones frowned. "You carry the clubs, son," he cautioned.

"Say, smart guy, I've been caddying for a long time, and I ought to know."

Jones controlled himself. But Diegel purposely over-played the shot, and added coals to the fire by musing that the caddy must have been right.

From then on Vince sneezed when Bobby putted, asked for autographs at trying moments, and swished Jones' clubs in practice swings as he drove.

"Those are imported clubs," warned Bobby, turning red.

"I don't know why you import them," argued Vince. "You can't even use domestic clubs."

On the eighteenth hole, Bobby blasted a phenomenally long shot (he afterwards told Vince, he was imagining the ball was his head when he hit it!). The crowd gasped with astonishment as the great drive rolled to the edge of the green.

In the silence, Barnett sniffed.

"Sarazen would have gotten on," he observed.

FEW stars have escaped uninsulted from a meeting with this unparalleled menace to composure.

Helen Hayes started when she heard Vince remark that he "sympathized with the poor wife of Charles MacArthur, who is a no good bum."

He pretended to be oblivious to the fact that she was the "poor wife."

Wera Engels, who prides herself on her trim figure, couldn't believe her ears when she heard him, posing as a compatriot, berate her for "letting herself go" in Paris and getting fat and sloppy.

Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Jack Gilbert, Marion Davies, Spencer Tracy, George Raft, Buddy Rogers, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge—all have "burned" with flaming faces in uncomfortable moments with an insulting stranger afterwards identified as Vince Barnett. For every "rib" takes place in the presence of many others. Somebody has a good time.

Dick Barthelmess heard "Dr. Hoffman," a "foreign sound expert," advise him to retire or else take voice lessons from Texas Guinan!

Jack Dempsey discovered his blood-pressure rising when one of his "waiters," at his own Barbara Hotel opening, snatched a cigar from between his teeth and ground it on the floor, angrily shouting "no smoking!"

Dolores Del Rio learned from a "big German producer" that she was a "flop in Europe, where audiences demand acting."

As a matter of fact, every star in Hollywood has at one time or another suffered or been in on a Barnett "rib-roast."

Even Garbo freezes as she floats by a grinning individual who has the audacity to greet her with "Good morning, Miss Hepburn!"

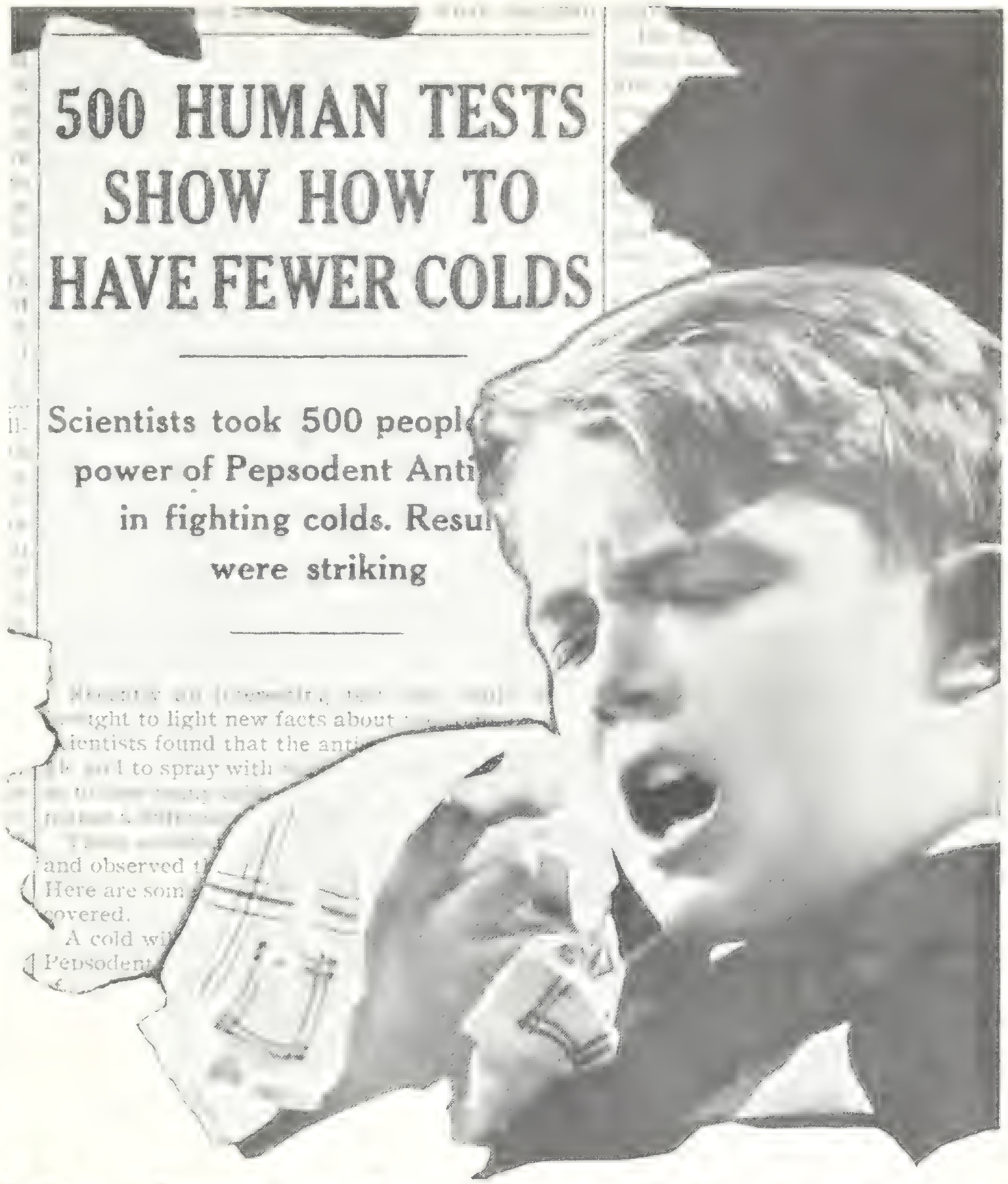
VINCE BARNETT has a sort of ethics to his insulting. He never picks on weaknesses, because weaknesses exposed or derided result in hurts—and he has found that you can get a "goat" just as readily by attacking strengths or points of pride.

If his victims get mad, he is delighted—but if they get hurt, he is sad, and hurries to apologize. Really "ribbing" with him is an inherited talent. His father did it for thirty years in Pittsburgh!

So far he has only one rival in Hollywood—George Bernard Shaw—and it's the regret of his life that he wasn't on hand to match insults with the peppery Irish sage who left a trail of tears and ruffled feelings after his visit last spring.

Just the mere mention of it makes him sad.

"What a chance," he murmurs wistfully. "What a grand chance!"



Make $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. *And remember,* $1 *worth of Pepsodent equals* $3 *worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.*

"YES," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

3 *noteworthy results*

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had *no colds all winter.*
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds.

Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind *cannot* kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind —Pepsodent Antiseptic—does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes $1 *equal* $3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health, and save your money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Stop a COLD the First Day!

Put This 4-Way Remedy to Work at Once!

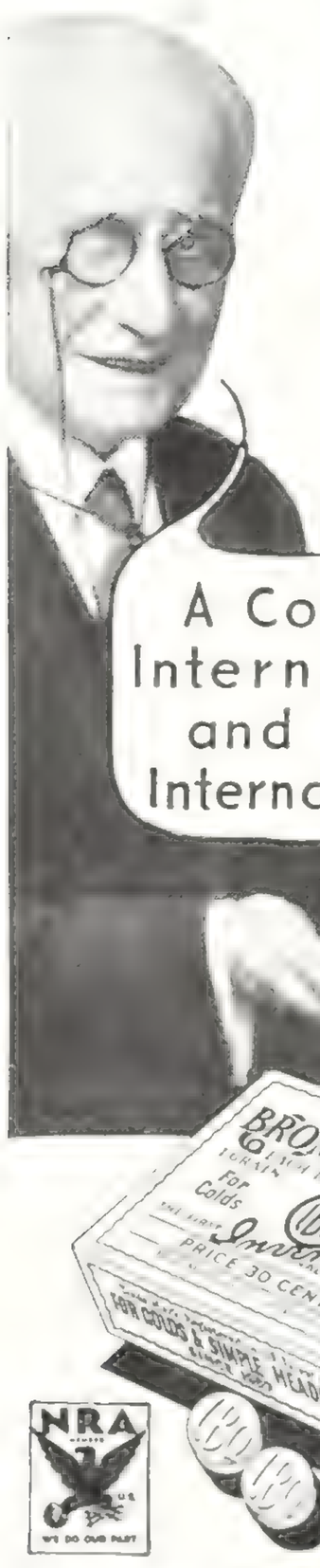
A COLD is nothing to fool around with! It may end seriously. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It knocks a cold quickly because it is *expressly* a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be taken freely with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the world's leading cold and grippe tablet.



Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Refuse a substitute as an attempt to impose on you.

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Star News From London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Two hours for luncheon is rushing things abominably.

The lowliest extra would walk off the set if a slave-driving director curtailed the tea interval to less than thirty minutes.

And, of course, production must stop not later than five o'clock—to make possible one's attending to the really serious business of the day—golf and tennis!

Thus in the past have British films been made.

So they are being made today. So they will continue to be made.

LESLIE HOWARD, with whom I had a chat the other day, put it as neatly as one could wish—discussing the difference between Elstree and Hollywood.

Said he:

"Here, most of the time, you have to get behind the cart and help push; in Hollywood you ride *in* the cart."

Like others in England, Leslie Howard is convinced that one day British film producers will turn out pictures that will compare favorably with Hollywood's best.

"But that day hasn't arrived yet," he added. "The trouble, as I see it, is that our producers are too parochial.

"They make pictures primarily for this tight little isle.

"And are tremendously elated when—as is the case at present—British exhibitors throughout the country book these home-made films to a greater extent than the Quota Act obliges them to do.

"Of course, their elation is not without reason.

"There was a time, not so long ago, when the British picture-goer needed only to see a British film announced as the attraction at his favorite cinema—to shun the place. Today British films are attracting bigger crowds—*in Great Britain*—than most Hollywood pictures are here.

"Undoubtedly it will come as a surprise to American producers to learn that red ink is an unknown quantity in British studios today. Elstree is turning out pictures that are consistent profit-makers. Unhappily, there is a tendency here on the part of the producers to be smugly complacent over this situation.

"Meanwhile Hollywood goes on making pictures for the whole world.

"Profits may have dwindled to the vanishing point, but the high quality of the product has not suffered.

"And Hollywood has only to beckon to get the world's greatest artists.

"FROM the actor's standpoint it is not only the matter of huge salaries that makes Hollywood his Mecca.

"It is not the gorgeous climate that enchants him, and makes him content to remain there forever.

"It is the rich satisfaction of knowing that he is part of a perfectly functioning machine—that the very best that is in him will be brought to light by experts—from directors to electricians.

"That is why I look forward so eagerly to my return to Hollywood."

As soon as he finishes "The Lady Is Willing," a sophisticated light comedy, Howard will leave Elstree in favor of a West End theater where he will star in a costume play based on the life of William Shakespeare, entitled "This Side Idolatry."

Whatever its fate in London—success or flop—Howard plans to appear in this play in New York sometime during the present season.

Thereafter he will cross the continent to begin work in Hollywood under the Warner Bros. banner.

(Perhaps he will again be late—if and when the Garbo invites him a second time to come and meet her! He assures me his earlier failure to arrive on time—which caused Greta to go to her bedroom in a huff and remain there until the unpunctual guest had departed—was not his fault.

But he is not at all sure that it might not happen again! A malignant fate, he says, forever fixes things so that he must be habitually remiss in the matter of keeping social engagements!)



Kathlyn Hayden, PHOTOPLAY'S London correspondent, gets an interview and a light from Leslie Howard, on the set of his new film, "The Lady Is Willing," the picture Mr. Howard is now making in England. Though English born and reared, he says he prefers to work in Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE SOLITAIRE MAN—M-G-M

TRACKING down a smooth, lone crook, with suspicion darting back and forth among the characters, is the theme of this interesting story. It's unique, in that most of the action takes place within a traveling airplane. Herbert Marshall, himself a crook, traps the real villain, Lionel Atwill, and escapes detection. Elizabeth Allan, May Robson do splendid work. Mary Boland is a riot as the boisterous American.

DELUGE—RKO-Radio

THRILLS and spectacle with the world going to pot via earthquakes and tidal waves right before your very eyes. Peggy Shannon, Sidney Blackmer, Lois Wilson, Fred Kohler and Matt Moore survive to carry on the somewhat complicated and faltering story. The really amazing catastrophe scenes dwarf the satisfactory performances of the principals.

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal

IF you have followed the experiences of Myrt and Marge over the radio, you will want to see them on the screen. Myrt is trying to run a musical show that seems perpetually about to fold up. Eddie Foy, Jr., is the very funny comic; Ted Healy is Ted Healy and there wasn't enough of him. Myrt and Marge have good picture personalities. Amusing little musical.

BITTER SWEET—United Artists

ANNA NEAGLE, as an old and celebrated musician, tells the story of her life and lost love—how she married Fernand Graavey, how he was killed defending her honor against the attention of Austrian army officer (Miles Mander), and her bitter sweet rise to fame. But its British producers failed to turn Noel Coward's stage play into a truly first class movie.

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox

SPENCER TRACY, an American naval officer discharged from the navy, falls in love with a persistent American girl, Fay Wray, accepts the humble position of gunner on a Chinese river boat, rescues Fay from Chinese communists and, for bravery under fire, is reinstated in the navy. The Chinese scenes are beautifully photographed but at all times Tracy's performance is stronger than the story material. Eugene Pallette is splendid.

THE BLARNEY KISS—British and Dominions

THE London adventures of an Irishman who, having kissed the Blarney Stone, is endowed with a wonderful gift of gab. It is a pleasant, romantic story and could have been exciting if customary British restraint had not been exercised in its direction. The rich, Irish dialect of the hero, Tom Walls, is charming. And Anne Grey, as *Lady Anne Cranton*, is a lovely heroine.

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.

A MEDIOCRE picture, in which Sari Maritza tries to change her English accent to a Southern dialect, with tragic results. Sari runs a waffle shop and tries to reform Buster Collier, who goes on binges, and finally elopes

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with the wrong girl—but not too far to be retrieved. Buster and Alan Mowbray do what they can.

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal

BUSTER CRABBE goes after Johnny Weissmuller's honors on the latter's own ground—playing one of the *Tarzan* tales. The story is as disjointed and inane as *Tarzan* stuff usually is, but Buster is decorative, as well as sure-fire when it comes to fighting lions, crocodiles, and the African natives. The kiddies may go for it.

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures

THE story of a young pugilist who flees from the police and joins a geological expedition in Guatemala where he stumbles into bogs, heroically fights the natives, and falls in love. A poor story with mediocre acting by Nick Stuart, Merna Kennedy and others. The only happy thing about it is the ending—if you stay that long.

SYAMA—Carson Prod.

MANY of the preview audience walked out on this one, and no wonder. The elephant material in this offering might make an interesting one or possibly two reel short. Offered as a featured travelogue, it is enormously stereotyped and dull. The so-called novel effects are a hindrance rather than a help, especially those very gaggy gags for which one is continually brought back from Siam.

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures

TWO admirable English stars, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, in a sentimental story about a wronged woman and the man she loved. It reaches a slow climax when Herbert Marshall, on the eve of his engagement to a wealthy English beauty, meets a poor young girl, Edna Best, and learns that she is his illegitimate child. An intelligent cast did its best with a pokey, moth-eaten story.

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield

WHEN a warm-hearted playwright rescues a girl from a life of shame, puts her in his play, and she goes over big—what do you suppose is likely to happen at the end? Well, it happens that way in this one—but Alan Dinehart, Anita Page and others do good enough work to keep you somewhat interested while waiting for the happy fade-out.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEVEN HILLS—Faith Pictures

A FINELY done camera visit to the Vatican. Several scenes show Pope Pius XI, and the accompanying musical score includes some superb devotional numbers.

When the *bounce* goes out of a boy of three

WHEN the house is strangely still . . . when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner . . . you, mother, know that there is something *wrong!*

Childhood's commonest ailment

Often the trouble is *constipation*. True . . . a child's habits may *seem* regular, but that may not mean that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

Diet not always effective

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding, your child may be suffering from constipation brought on by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite . . . he needs a good laxative.

But . . . some laxatives may do him more harm than good. Laxatives intended for adult use are often too strong for children, even in reduced doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation which is absolutely *safe* and *sure*. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. And children love the taste of it . . . they are not afraid to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs . . . *no narcotics*. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The *family size* is the economical way to buy it. And be sure to look for the signature, *Chas. H. Fletcher*, on the carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

for

constipation

in children



from babyhood to 11 years

Al Knows Better Now!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

will spring a bigger surprise on the box-office than he sprang on Walter Winchell.

"Al has the same old punch—in more ways than one," his friends boast. "And don't think he hasn't learned his lesson."

WHAT was that lesson? To answer that we must go back to the why of his toboggan. Here are a few expert opinions on that—*privately* expressed.

One producer says: "Al let romance bite him and he decided to become the Romeo of the screen. He wanted to play the heavy lover instead of strutting his stuff."

A director says: "In spite of Jolson's effort to buy back his contract when 'The Jazz Singer'

was half made, he is not a difficult man to handle.

"He can add a great deal to a picture in the way of suggestions and lines.

"Unfortunately he lost touch with his audience after his first two pictures. They were the story of his life—and he lived them over again. But when he tried sailing in strange waters he was lost because he couldn't chart his course by the response of his audience.

"NO artist ever worked *with* his audience better than Jolson, and he was the master of all *ad lib* entertainers. He was sensitive to the slightest pulse beat of his public, and once out of touch with them, he was lost. A mike and a camera make an unresponsive audience, and Al needed the color and warmth and enthusiasm of a flesh and blood audience.

"Cast properly, Jolson has a lot to give the moving picture public. If not—it will be too bad again."

A national distributor says: "It was Jolson's hard luck that the millions of small town movie devotees didn't know how good he was—and that he couldn't get chummy with them to prove it. The exhibitors complain that he hasn't been giving them what they bought—Jolson. Personally, I'd be willing to take a chance and contract for Jolson in a Jolson picture, but not in a Chevalier, Gable or Novarro rôle. In his own line Jolson is supreme—a million dollars' worth of entertainment—but as a scintillating sheik I'd prefer Jimmy Durante or Mickey Mouse.

"My own bet is that once Al gets his feet on the ground and some burnt cork on his face, he'll make a picture really worth seeing."

A star who has known Jolson for years says: "Al is out of his element in pictures. 'The Jazz Singer' and 'The Singing Fool' were naturals for him. He was introducing to the amazed and delighted public a new kind of entertainment.

"But music and singing is an old story to movie-goers now—and Jolson can't come down close to them and get chummy. If I were Jolson I'd let Ruby do the screen entertaining for the family."

What do you think? Probably your guess is as good as the next. Only, it's doubtful if you would back yours with big productions, as Jack Warner figures on doing.

This producer thinks Al is going to wow the public again, and others 'in the know' at Warners agree with him.

And they are betting on more than the Jolson reputation, too. They are betting on the change in the man.

Al has learned that he cannot play any part in any picture. He knows his limitations now, and is willing to forget his romantic aspirations and be himself again.

JOLSON'S attitude on his arrival at the Warner studios in July can best express the change in the man. He stuck his head into Jack Warner's office and announced, with a grin from ear to ear:

"This is Ruby Keeler's husband—and he wants his job back."

"Just bill me as Ruby Keeler's husband," he challenged later. "I'd love it." Visiting all his old friends about the lot, many of them the men who had helped make his first pictures, he would keep repeating, "I'm sure glad to be back. We understand each other—and we'll show 'em."

There is not one whit of jealousy in Jolson for the success of his wife—just pride.

"Just Ruby's husband," he burst out at a luncheon. "I love that. Everybody interviews me about Ruby—but that's all right with me. Now I have to make a picture she'll be proud of."

Friends say this is not just a pose on Al's part—that he is thrilled by his wife's success, and as proud of her as his boasts indicate.

"Al isn't press-agenting or putting on an act," they vow. "He's as proud of Ruby as a kid is of a new toy. One of the reasons he's back on the lot, eager to give the best there is



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This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows . . . and uses . . . Winx, the NEW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxuriant loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up . . . just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or fleck off. Won't smart. Never stiffens into sharp points or coarse, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try it. Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** in a smart compact.

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HOW quickly blonde hair darkens unless given *special care!* That's why millions of wise blondes use Blondex—the special shampoo for blonde and light hair. Prevents darkening. Brings back golden beauty to even the dullest hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh, injurious chemicals. Two sizes—25¢ and $1.00. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.



in him, is because he wants Ruby to be as proud of him as he is of her. When she married him she told the world he was the greatest entertainer of them all—and he says he's not going to make a liar out of her."

For a long time Al kept Ruby out of films. Not intentionally—but just by keeping her so busy going places and doing things, she had no time to try her hand at the flickers.

AT one time it was suggested Ruby play a part in the picture, "Mammy," which Jolson was about to start—but, although the producers thought she was seriously considering it, she later admitted that she never thought it wise or possible, because Al was such a bundle of nerves that she did not think it fair to take on anything that would cause him additional worry.

But all this is past now—and since Ruby has been climbing to stardom in the films, Al has visited the studio many times. Always he has let her live her own career, and has never attempted to direct or advise her. While she was still green at the game he left her almost entirely alone, forbidding his friends to offer suggestions or in any way interfere in the fight that must, in the end, be won by herself, and herself alone.

Al has unlimited confidence in Ruby—just as she has in him. According to Ruby, Al's next picture will be one hundred per cent Jolson, and consequently one hundred per cent entertainment.

However, the question still remains: Can Jolson overcome the handicap of the cold mike and the unsympathetic camera; can he bring that intimate Jolson personality into the celluloid as he has seemed to make it a part of the very atmosphere of the theaters in which he played? Has Al really learned his lesson, and will his next picture bring back the real Jolson?

Anyone who has seen the old Jolson in action, seen him rushing up and down the aisles, stopping to tell intimate little jokes to members of the audience—sitting on the piano or squatted down in front of the footlights—can never forget the personality of the man. But can that be registered in cold film?

Jolson has always worked according to the responsiveness of his audience. Years ago he told the writer how he timed his jokes, pitched the tone of his entertainment and steered the course of his play, according to the mood of his audience.

JOLSON never worked according to book, never considered the routine of the show, never knew how long he would be on the stage. Sometimes he would keep the show running half an hour, an hour, or even an hour and a half overtime. No one could ever tell when a Jolson show would "break"; not one of his cast ever knew whether he would follow the lines or go off in some silly *ad lib* rigmarole of his own. They never knew when he went on the stage for a five-minute bit whether he would be there five minutes, ten minutes or half an hour.

Long before talking pictures were attempted Jolson told me: "I'd take a sleeping powder before I'd sign up for one of those motion pictures. I've been asked, but I can still say 'no,' plenty of times.

"I can't work to a dumb camera, with a guy behind a megaphone telling me what to do. I must 'feel' my audience. I must locate some one man and bear down on him before I can really get warmed up.

"You know every night it's a battle between me and some hard-boiled wise guy out in the audience. He comes to the show, pays his four dollars, and then sits back with that 'show me' look. I can almost hear him say, 'That guy Jolson is supposed to be good. All right, let him make me laugh.'

"Then my night's work is cut out for me. I forget everybody else in the theater and go after him. I do everything to make him laugh from telling jokes to falling on my ear, and by the time I've finally cracked the veneer on his face, the audience has had a good time."

"Fighting sour pans" was how Jolson de



Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

●

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In the evening, CONTINENTAL GRILL, dinner and supper dancing to LEON BELASCO'S famous orchestra....entertainment...Gala Night EVERY THURSDAY. Luncheon or tea in the European manner at . . . RUMPELMAYER'S.



scribed his night's work at the theater—and it was the battle against the dyspeptic individual and the hard-boiled Broadway audience that gave Al the inspiration for his best entertainment.

Many claim that without such opposition, without that to fight against, he can't give the best he has. Others say he has plenty to fight now, and that he'll put on a show before the camera in his next picture that will make his old antics before an obstinate sour pan look like a Chinese salute.

Besides—who knows?—perhaps Jack Warner will hire a professional hard-boiled audience to sit back and make him show them while he's doing his stuff before the camera.

ONE thing is certain. Right down in his heart Al believes being back on the old lot will bring him good luck, believes that the men who made "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" with him, will help him give the camera and the mike the best he has in him.

It's ancient history now, how Jolson spoke the first line ever uttered in talking pictures, when, more than five years ago, after having sung a song into a crude microphone, he turned from the piano to the camera and asked:

"Did you like that, mamma?"

Warner's sound expert actually had to battle all seventy-two Warner brothers to have that line stay in—and then it brought down the house in New York.

As we say, that's history—but it is mighty close to Jolson, and somehow he bases his faith in a big picture on that incident. He believes he belongs in talking pictures, and is willing to work to build a place for himself there.

And what does Jack Warner, who is responsible for this new plunge with Jolson, say regarding Al's chances? When interviewed he issued this solemn statement:

"Al Jolson is one of the great entertainers of all time. We intend to capitalize his amazing personality now as we did in our first talking pictures. He will be featured in several of our productions as one of an all star cast. The first of these will be 'Wonder Bar.'"

As for Jolson—he simply sticks out his lower jaw and says: "We'll show 'em!"

He's a Baer!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

world piled up until he jumped at the postman's whistle. (He is married, it happens, to Dorothy Dunbar, who used to act on the screen.)

Immediately he arrived in Hollywood for his first effort, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," M-G-M's femininity started the pursuit. While sitting at the table in the studio commissary, three notes were handed him by the waitress.

M-G-M recognized this woman appeal professionally. His first screen test was in a boudoir scene!

Is he sincere—another "something" that it takes? Max has gone about the business of learning a few camera tricks quite seriously. He insists that he earnestly wants to make good, permanently, on the screen. And he puts himself into it—plenty.

Ask that poor extra who was put in against him to rehearse some fisticuffs business. Max didn't want to hurt anybody—but he didn't want to turn in a dub screening. So after one wallop, the extra was carted off, feet first and now only seasoned pugs are put against him in his screen workouts.

Has he any acting promise?

His voice on the radio led to his contract. It is pleasant and well modulated. Howard Hawks, the director, says he reads lines like a veteran. Max says he won't try to act. He has a theory.

"It's easy for me to be natural; I'm natural



How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.

5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!

in the ring. Most of these fellows who came out here tried to be actors overnight, and all they did was to make faces. I won't get fussed, or start kidding myself that I'm John Barrymore.

"You know, I never had a fight in my life until I was nineteen years old. The kids used to chase me home from school every night. Then I *had* to fight once at a dance. It came natural to me. I knocked the fellow out, and I've never had much trouble since. One scrap with that camera and I'll be okay."

Which is confidence, anyway.

AS a matter of fact, Max Baer is practically nerveless.

Golf is one of his big interests, and following the Schmeling win, Grantland Rice asked him to his club for a round on the links. Teamed with the sports writer, Max found himself in the tight spot of having to sink a twenty-five foot putt on the final green to win the match.

A large and curiously pressing crowd had gathered when the word got around that the new heavyweight menace was to be seen on the course, and a gallery of gasping ladies circled the last green. Smiling, Max stepped up with all the championship composure of Bobby Jones and tapped a crisp, straight putt to the cup.

The biggest hurdle which looms in Max Baer's path to a screen career is his burning desire to become heavyweight champion of the world before he is twenty-five. It is only reasonable to suspect that, despite his assurances of a real film ambition, he would ditch everything Hollywood had to offer for a crack at that title. You can tell when he says hopefully,

"I'll be the youngest champ in history!"

Possibly he is capable of realizing two such conflicting ambitions.

It is a large order.

Because he will have to have what Fred Thomson had, what Johnny Weissmuller had. He will need, in addition to his skill and color as a champion, plenty of that mysterious something which will lift him completely out of the class of muscle artists.

That's an even larger order.

And it's just Baer-ly possible that Max Baer will fill it.

Oh, Worry, Worry, Worry!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

demselves. One said fife producers all vanted him for der mooies. Anodder said he made a hunnerd dousand a picher. Anodder said he had twenty-seven servants, four svimming pools and a date mit Harlow. By golly, I'm vorried."

"Why worry about that, Baron?"

"Vell, Sharley, it vus a cinch to be de biggest liar on de radio. But if I'm going to be de biggest liar in Hollywood, Sharley, I've got to vork overtime. I never saw such high class competition."

And Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen of radio and the German Comedian of the "Follies" and other New York shows, goes right on with his worrying. Not because he cannot be the biggest liar in Hollywood, but because, well—Jack just worries. For one thing he worries for fear he isn't any good and something may be wrong with his kidneys. He has an inferiority complex as big as all outdoors and suffers, really suffers, for fear he isn't funny.

His worrying alone is worth the price of admission if he only knew it.

Pearl, a little, dark-eyed, curly-headed, nervous, anxious individual has actually had to be shoved, yes practically booted, into the spot he holds in the limelight today.

"Let me alone. I'm all right where I am,"



Mr. William *Philo Vance* Powell is explaining how the victim was murdered, by whom and why. And he has the detailed models to prove he's right! Mystery lovers will welcome a return to the screen of *Philo Vance* in a movie made from S. S. Van Dine's "The Kennell Murder Case"



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WE'RE finding more and more La Cross is the fashion. The polish that goes on so smoothly and stays on till you say when . . . that comes in four of the grandest shades you've ever seen on anybody's nails (colorless, too, of course). And that costs just 25 cents, even though you get a third more polish! At good drug and department stores.

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he'll say. "I wouldn't be good doing anything else."

And his wife will agree. It's better to let Jack alone.

He wouldn't be good in the "Follies" or the radio, or whatever it is.

They'll shake their heads, these Pearls, and look sad and say, "Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! This is awful, just awful," when people insist on Jack's going ahead.

He always wanted to be an actor. When he was just a kid running about the sidewalks of New York, he wanted to be an actor. A dramatic one, mind, with a deep voice, a pair of tights 'n' everything. Mebbe sideburns, even. Who could tell? But the deep, mellow voice was what he intended featuring. He practiced all day and all night till people in the neighborhood would shake their heads and say:

"If that 'Poil' boy don't quit his deep mutterin' someone will pick him off some night for a buffalo or something."

AND then one day when he was about fourteen, he was getting himself a haircut when the man in the next chair said to him, "They tell me around here you're a swell actor."

Jack just grinned. He thought he was being kidded.

"Come around to the theater tomorrow and see me," the man said. "I need a young actor."

And carefully, the two barbers carried the swooning Jack out into the air. It was pretty near too much for him.

Anyway, he went around and read the young juvenile's lines in a voice that stopped traffic all over the East Side.

Finally they persuaded him to be just natural, and reluctantly he said goodbye to his grand deep voice.

And if he'd only known it, it was goodbye forever, too. For the next night the German comedian quit and Pearl, who could imitate any dialect he'd ever heard, was shoved on in his place.

And so began Pearl's career as a German comedian in the ten, twent', thirt' burlesque. And they practically had to blast him out of it.

"Listen, Pearl," his friends would argue, "you're due for Broadway. You'd be a riot in big time."

Pearl would ring his hands, shake his head and beg to be let alone. He wouldn't be any good.

"You hear," he'd yell. "I wouldn't be any good."

When finally he joined the Ziegfeld shows, he wowed 'em out of their seats.

But after each scene, midst the deafening roar of laughter, he'd go to his dressing-room and putting his head in his hands, he'd moan:

"Mama, I knew I wouldn't be any good."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," she'd say. "Why couldn't they let us be? This is awful."

And after the tenth curtain call, he'd go back, for some more first class worrying.

Dear me, what a sad world for the Pearls.

And then came the radio. And they had to do more high pressure work to get him on the air.

"I'LL be terrible," he yelled at them until the very last minute. And even after the whole country went about asking, "Vass you dere, Sharley?" he still worried.

With from seven hundred to one thousand people packed into the old Ziegfeld Roof theater to witness the broadcast and howl with mirth, and a good million listening and howling on the outside, what a sad life for poor Baron Munchausen.

It's interesting to know how the Baron, with his whopping lies, came to life. At first they had decided upon a negro dialect for Jack, but fearing it was too much like Amos and Andy, they switched over to the Baron. Three times a week, Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall, who is really "Sharley," Billy K. Wells, his gag builder, and eight members of the company

Hands catch GERMS

as they slip through handkerchiefs!



WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE

Handkerchief magnified 64 times — *Kleenex magnified 64 times*

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

KLEENEX

catches and holds germs; they can't escape to contaminate and infect.

GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Pay no more than 25 cents

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, in rolls, at 25c; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Pay no more than 25c for Kleenex

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

★ ★

For that Starry-eyed Look



LET US introduce you to a gadget that you'll bless all the rest of your life. It's to curl your lashes. Slip them through the bow (the lashes), squeeze the handle, and the lashes bend to an enchanting curl. As simple as that. No heat. No cosmetics. And it's so gentle that the lashes, far from being harmed, seem more lustrous; the eyes larger and more lovely. At toilet-goods counters everywhere. $1.

KURLASH

Would you like our booklet on lovely eyes, how to have them? Write to us for it. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.



Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Mrs. Martin G. Johnson *Face Creme*

The makers of this creme, after years of experiment have finally perfected this most priceless invention. It will clear skin eruptions and banish freckles, liver-spots and wrinkles. Thousands of satisfied users find it preferable to anything else. We have managed to make the prices within reach of everyone. $1 per jar—$2 for the economy jar. Postpaid. Send money order or currency, name, and address plainly printed to—Mrs. Martin G. Johnson, Post Box 632, West Branch, Los Angeles, Calif.

which sponsors his program, meet to discuss and write the next week's program.

"Well, what'll I be next week?" Pearl will ask. "What about a deep sea diver or an Eskimo," someone will suggest. And whatever it is, there stands Jack before the mike the next week completely dressed in character. If it's exactly one hundred and two in the shade, and Jack is supposed to be an Eskimo, by golly, he's an Eskimo, fur suit and all.

If he's an African game hunter and it's zero outside, no matter, he wears shorts and a sun tan. And there he'll stand, dressed in character, tense, quivering, silently pleading for that first electric contact between himself and the audience that is the very life fluid that courses in the veins of his "Baron Munchausen." Without that certain spark, that invisible, indefinable contact, he couldn't go on. The Baron couldn't come to life.

YOU feel he's groping for it even in ordinary conversation. He'll fumble around. Pinch at his collar. Fuss with his hands. Wipe his brow.

Until suddenly, with a quick little thrill, you find yourself in harmonious tune with this nervous, self-conscious little man.

And from then on, it's more fun than you can imagine.

After the broadcast he'll hurry home. To worry.

How or why he ever got into it, is beyond him.

And so, they shoved him on to the movies. And here he is, working in two pictures at once. "The Hollywood Party" and "Meet the Baron."

He's easily hurt. A dynamic little bundle of sensitiveness.

If you slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, Jack," on Monday, and on Tuesday just yell, "Hello, Jack," without the slap on the back, it practically has him in bed.

"What did I ever do to that guy?" he'll wonder. "He didn't seem too cordial. Oh Gawd, this is terrible." And he'll worry himself into a rash.

"Listen," he says (and without a trace of dialect, you notice), "I'm a hypochondriac, I swear it. If you tell me this minute there's something wrong with your liver, I'd have the X-Ray pictures taken before you could get home.

"I've had more X-Ray pictures taken for other people's troubles than you could shake a stick at."

Every doctor in New York knows him. "Quick, lock the doors and disconnect the phones," the office nurses will shriek. "Jack Pearl thinks he has something wrong with him again."

He refuses to sleep without a light burning because in the dark he can't tell whether he's been stricken blind or not. At every slight cough, he's sure he's having a hemorrhage, and has Mrs. Pearl ringing phones and doorbells and heating water bottles.

Of course, he's never had a hemorrhage or knows of any reason why he should have one, but then as he says, that's no sign he couldn't have one.

HE arrived in Hollywood on a warm summer day looking fit as a fiddle. A distinguished delegation from M-G-M studios went down to the station to meet him.

"How are you, Jack Pearl?" they cried.

"What's the name of a good doctor?" he asked.

Instantly their faces sobered.

"Why, what's the matter?" they said. "You feel ill, Jack?"

"Well, no," he reluctantly admitted, "but I might some day. It's best to be prepared."

The first week after he arrived he was invited to a formal party with all its swank and formality.

Leaving the room a few minutes, the hostess returned to find Jack and Eddie Cantor in the middle of the room with their dress coats, vests and shirts off and their undershirts rolled up under their chins.

THERE was a mean gleam in Jack's eye. Eddie's "banjo" eyes were blazing.

The hostess was horrified. Her hand fluttered to her throat in fear.

"Are you two quarreling?" she gasped.

"No," said Jack. "But Eddie here tried to tell me he had more nervous rash on his back than I had."

No, the funniest Jack Pearl isn't the blustering German comedian of the New York stage. Nor the lying Baron Munchausen of the radio. Or the comic comedian of the Hollywood movies.

The funniest and grandest of all is just Jack Pearl himself.

In person.

I know, because I "vas dere, Sharley."



Mae West as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Reunion in the Palace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

that since her return, she has again taken up tennis.) She even went to parties with Gilbert.

Then a break. Some say Jack married Ina on the rebound. Both continued to work—but while Garbo went up and up in world acclaim, the talkies, and the unfortunate registry of his untrained voice, broke Jack.

He still had a contract—an iron-bound, impregnable bit of paper, drawn up by that Titan of contract-makers, Harry Edington, who became Garbo's manager, also. M-G-M, however reluctantly, had to pay him a handsome salary every single week. Then they tried to play him as a tough, hard-boiled character—with tragic results. They finally gave up making pictures with him almost entirely.

During this long, unhappy interval of collecting a huge sum of money for doing practically nothing, Jack came on the lot as infrequently as possible. He slunk on, walking swiftly past his old friends—hoping they wouldn't see him. When the contract was over, he went off the lot like a whipped man.

He *was* whipped. The one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world—to be, again, a big name in pictures—was denied him. He went over to Fox (where he made "The Count of Monte Cristo," years ago) and asked if he could just sit on the set, without a salary, during the making of a picture. He aspired to become a director. And he wanted to familiarize himself with technique from behind the camera—he had directed once in the early silent days.

The old fire—the magnificent arrogance—that was Jack Gilbert, had died a lingering, gasping death. In its place, a meekness, a humility. It did not—and does not—fit him. Jack Gilbert should never be humble. The man with the wild black eyes, who stood for dash and daring to a million women—women who dragged their husbands and sweethearts to all his pictures, hoping fervently the men folk would learn something—*that* man should never become resigned to any fate. A thousand nevers!

He could meet any violent, tragic end—let a thunderbolt strike him in the midst of a passionate elopement with a beautiful woman, with a husband in hot pursuit—let anything desperate and glamorous happen to him—but *never* let him become resigned!

LADIES, the illusion is still yours.

A woman named Garbo gives it back to you.

A great woman, who once loved him. And more than that, a woman great enough to value his pride, no matter what had gone before. A little soul might have gloried in his plight, no matter if the ashes of victory turned bitter—because the sages tell us there is nothing so bitter as revenge. And there can be no doubt that there was a struggle between them, however invisible, for professional supremacy is their chosen field.

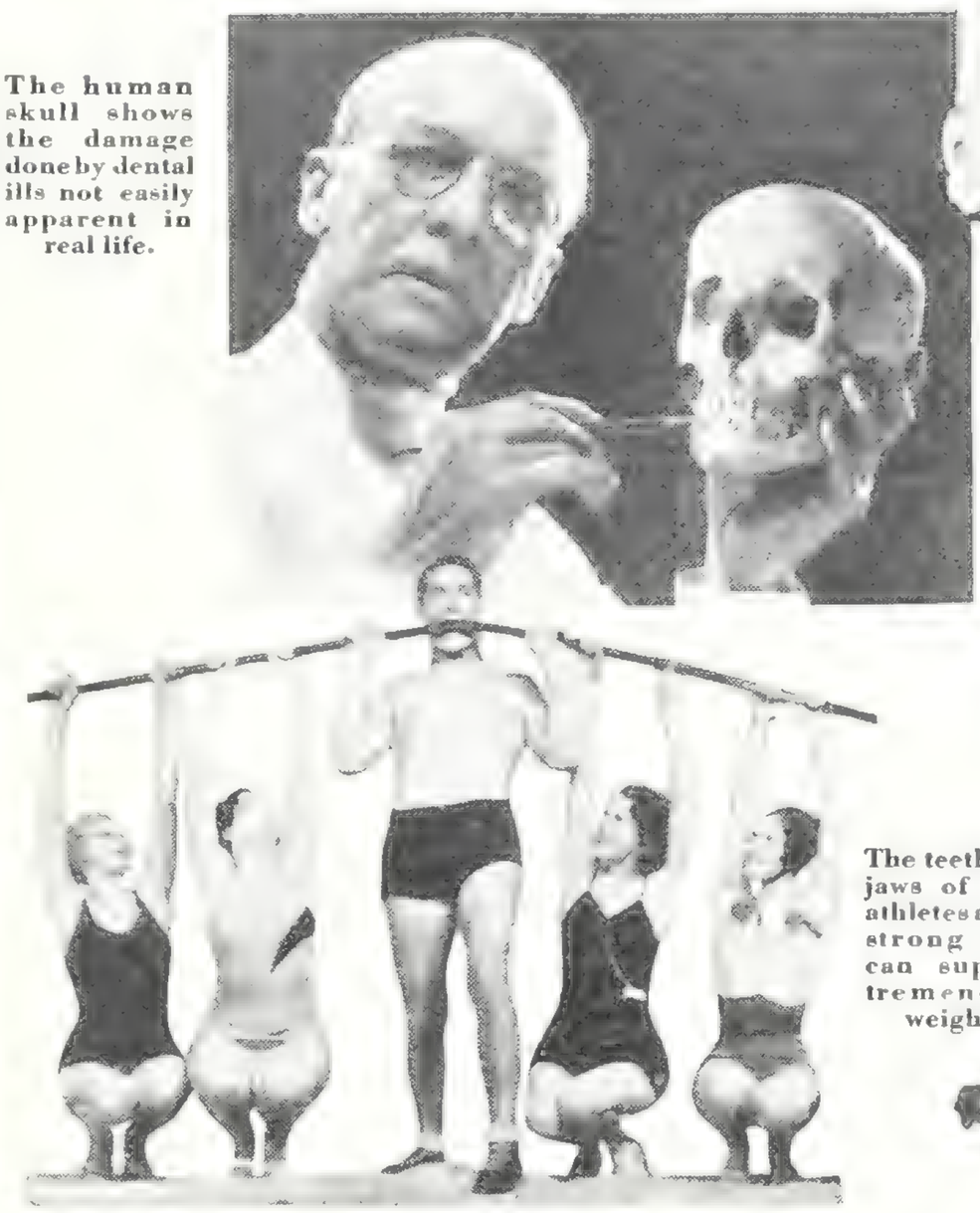
This woman must have felt that hurt in her heart which we suffer on seeing a wild thing trapped—a great spirit vanquished. Only it was no abstract hurt, to her. She could do something about it—and she did!

"Queen Christina" is her pet story. The story of a Swedish queen who lived in the seventeenth century, whom Garbo herself resembles so strikingly that she might well have been a linear descendant.

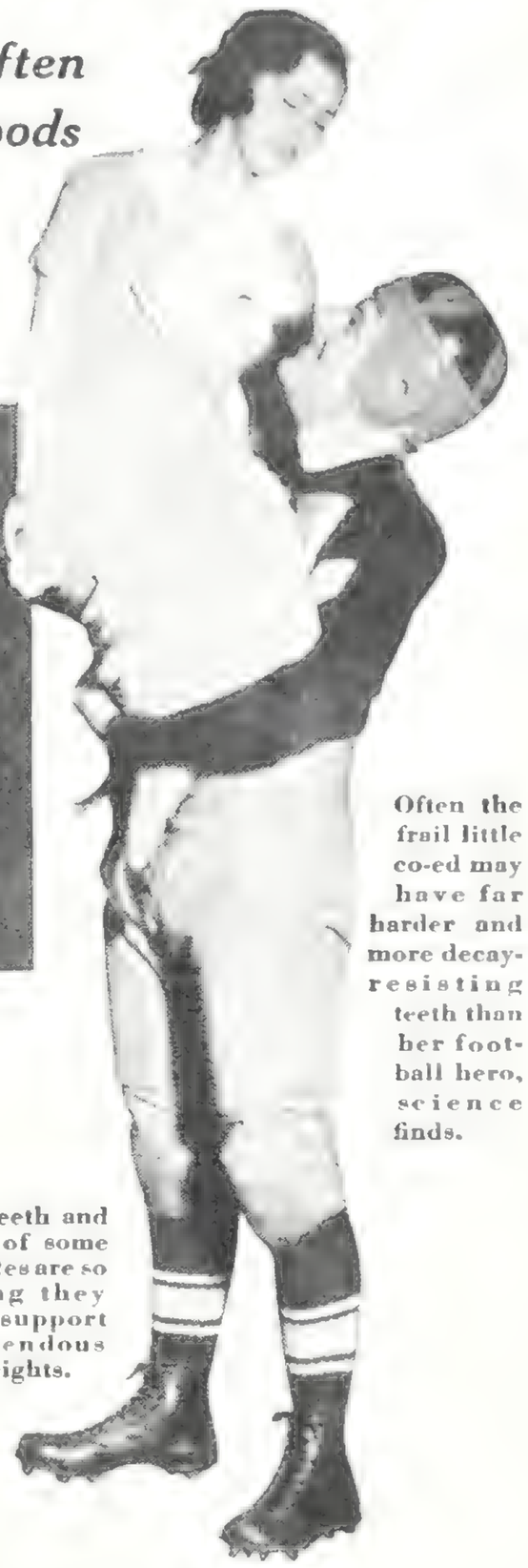
Not only has she overcome every objection to Jack as her leading man, on the part of the powers-that-be—but there is a well-founded suspicion that the part was *written for him* before the studio ever saw it. Garbo and her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, had worked on

Why The Strongest Men Often Have Poor Teeth

Science finds the strong man's wife often has better teeth than her husband. Foods that make muscle do not necessarily make strong teeth. What to eat and what to do to make strong teeth.



The human skull shows the damage done by dental ills not easily apparent in real life.



Often the frail little co-ed may have far harder and more decay-resisting teeth than her football hero, science finds.

The teeth and jaws of some athletes are so strong they can support tremendous weights.

WHETHER one is a football player or just a fragile co-ed doesn't indicate how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the slender little co-ed has far harder and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need most are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil.

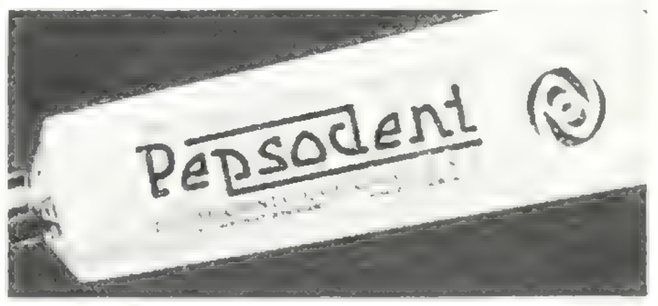
But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth have erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made harder in order to resist decay.

The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or *bacterial plaque*. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even feeds them.

Thus removing film from teeth has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains.

This new discovery is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth pastes. Therefore Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. For this reason Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO. 4279
Dept. 1111, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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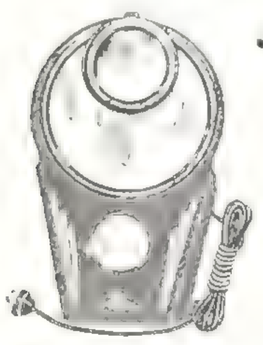
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Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skilful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new



HOLLYWOOD Make-up Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5½"x8". Compact and portable. Doeskin finish. Colors: Black (Silver Striped), Sea Green and Biege. Complete with bulb and cord. Only $2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

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503 Throop Street., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me.....Hollywood Make-up Mirrors.
Enclosed find $..... ..Black. ..Green. ..Biege.
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Insist upon Indera Slips and protect your health on biting days. Highest quality and lowest prices. Your choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and wool. Sizes for Women, Misses and Children. *Write for FREE descriptive style catalog No. 40*

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GRAY HAIR

"NALFA"—The latest, most scientific preparation in the world. Undetectable; produces natural shades; leaves hair soft and lustrous. Easy to apply oneself. Does not rub off

"NALFA" Single Set (2 Bots.) 85c postpaid
"NALFA" Double Set (4 Bots.) $1.50 postpaid

None better at any price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State shade desired

B. CLEMENT, Inc., 46 West 56th Street, New York
Hair Coloring Manufacturer for 32 Years

Garbo has put herself out as never before, to assure the success of this production. She has made costume tests—an unprecedented move. She and Gilbert have made sound tests of their voices together—the first time, by the way, their voices were ever heard together on the screen. This is her initial experience with posing for publicity pictures before starting a production. You could have knocked down the entire publicity department *en masse*, with a butterfly wing, when they heard *that*. Garbo was not only willing, but *anxious*, to make pictures for them, with Jack, before any actual work was done on the production.

In the picture, Gilbert plays an emissary from the King of Spain who is sent to Sweden to sue, in the name of the King, for the hand of Queen Christina in marriage.

In the absence of a male heir to the throne, the Queen has been brought up as a boy would have been. During affairs of state, she wears her regal, queenly robes. At other times, she mingles with her subjects in the guise of a young soldier.

In the midst of a heavy snow storm, Gilbert arrives at an inn some miles from Stockholm. The place is crowded with soldiers. He is forced to double up with a young soldier. And that soldier turns out to be a girl. He does not know she is the queen, whose hand he is to ask in marriage for his sovereign. They remain in that room at the inn for four days—and here, we are told, will be recorded the hottest love scenes ever photographed between Garbo and Gilbert.

If you recall some of the old ones, you will know just what to anticipate. In the end, the Queen abdicates her throne—for the Spaniard. And what will you bet Jack convinces you he was worth renouncing a mere throne for!

JACK is a new man. The fire has returned. For two days, following his first day's work on the set with Garbo, the awful word went 'round that Jack would be unable to play the part. His nerves were in such a state over the enormous and breathlessly sudden change in his fortunes, that he was horribly sick, and a nervous collapse was feared.

You can imagine just what such a bombshell of sudden good news would do to any highly sensitized person—and Jack is all of that. He was violently ill with a nervous indigestion. The studio was in a fever of apprehension—would they have to put someone else in the part, after all? Dramatic climaxes seemed to pyramid one upon the other.

After this brilliant opportunity, what if he

Heart Throb

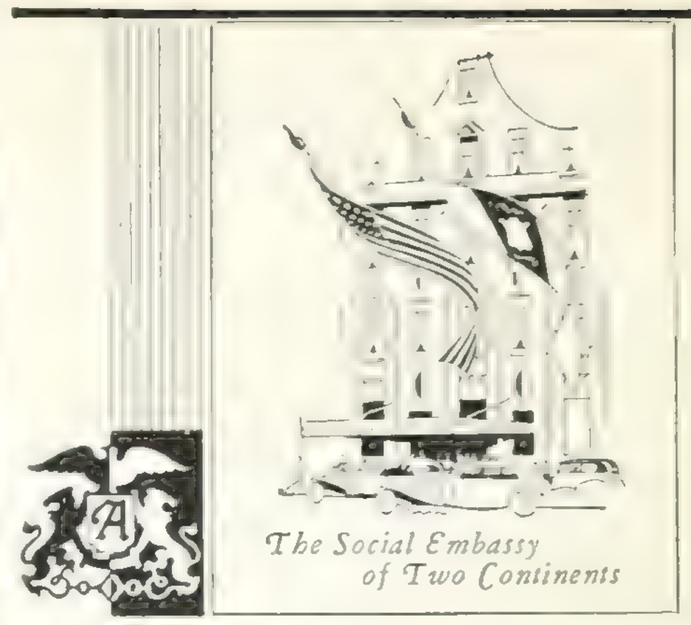
My father is serving a prison sentence. My mother's whereabouts are unknown. I am left with two young sisters to rear and educate.

My friends have forsaken me because I am a convict's daughter. All new acquaintances drop me when they learn about my parents.

Is it any wonder then that I have turned to the movies for my friendships and recreation?

During those two hours twice weekly I have such a wonderful time. I dine and dance with Joel McCrea, swim with Bette Davis, play tennis with Joan Crawford. My movie friends always treat me with respect and I enjoy life with and through them.

D. M., Birmingham, Ala.



IN NEW YORK

This world-famous hotel offers the finest accommodations, service and cuisine at prices commensurate with prevailing economic conditions.

Celebrities of the diplomatic, stage and screen world focus their social life on the colorful stage of The Ambassador, conveniently located on New York's most famous thoroughfare.

Single Rooms from **$5**
Double Rooms from **$7**

THEO KROELL, General Manager

HOTEL AMBASSADOR
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This Girl Knows..



Bright Eyes... No Bad Skin

She learned long ago how often dull eyes, pimply skin, nervousness and lack of pep come from bowel sluggishness and constipation. Now **NR** (Nature's Remedy) is her secret of sparkling loveliness and vital health. No more ineffective partial relief for her—all-vegetable **NR** Tablets give thorough cleansing, gently stimulating the entire bowel. Millions take **NR** for thorough, effective relief from constipation and biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists'. Pleasant—safe—and not habit-forming.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk SP-55 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

[illegible] Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita [illegible] Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, [illegible] Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. [illegible], write Sec'y ERWIN, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

would not be able to play the part? What if they would be forced to go on with another lead? The picture was in production, after many delays already, and they could not afford to wait very long.

It would have been the end of Jack Gilbert on the screen. There isn't a shadow of doubt of that. And the blow might have actually killed him.

But he is back. He is playing the part as he has never played any other.

He and Garbo have taken up their (professional) lives where they left off—and the most dramatic picture in Hollywood's experience is in the making!

Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

gentle traditions of her motherland. She thinks the world of her only son—her fine man-child and her first born in the country of future promise.

She is a grand, old-fashioned mother, the proud head of her family which includes Jack's father and their five daughters.

Their family name is not generally known. For the first time it may be revealed here. Meet then, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Biondolillo, parents of the Latin lover, Jack LaRue, of New York and Hollywood.

It was his mother's maiden name Jack took when he went on the stage. That name was "La Bue," but a booking agent, hurriedly scrawling it on a card spelled it "La Rue" and it has remained so, through error, ever since the memorable moment a few years back when Mae West looked him over and said, "You'll do," for "Diamond Lil"—a Broadway production.

That was the beginning of LaRue's real rise to the heights, although years before D. W. Griffith had spotted him as potential talent and had given him really his first chance on the New York stage.

A WIDE-EYED, fourteen-year-old youngster, some years back, accompanying his father on a trip to Astoria to tune pianos, gazed into the fascinating interior of Paramount's studio there. What he saw registered a lasting impression in the boy's mind. For he knew then what he wanted to do, and no family persuasion could make him the piano tuner they'd hoped he'd be.

LaRue went back to that studio every day. And those were times filled with the heartbreak and despair every motion picture extra has experienced. They told him to come back next morning, raved over his "type," and he thought he was made. But next morning no one remembered him, the director who had raved about his appeal scarcely recalled him. It was merely the swift tempo of the studio, the first taste of the bitter gall of a long series of disappointments and disillusionments to follow. It stiffened his spine and put that grit into his jaw line.

It did things to his character no Harvard diploma could ever have accomplished. And when, years later, Paul Muni looked at him the first day LaRue arrived in Hollywood and saw he was taller than himself, LaRue had already steeled himself for the inevitable turndown which was to follow.

This, at the end of a three thousand mile jaunt to the coast for the job. After the night after night acclaim of sophisticated Broadway when he played in such hits as "Shanghai Gesture" and "The Last Mile" and "Crime" and "Midnight."

That's why LaRue's future success in pictures is not so doubtful as some pessimists might have one believe. He's overcome every obstacle thus far. And he's not the sort to turn back, even though he's now playing in

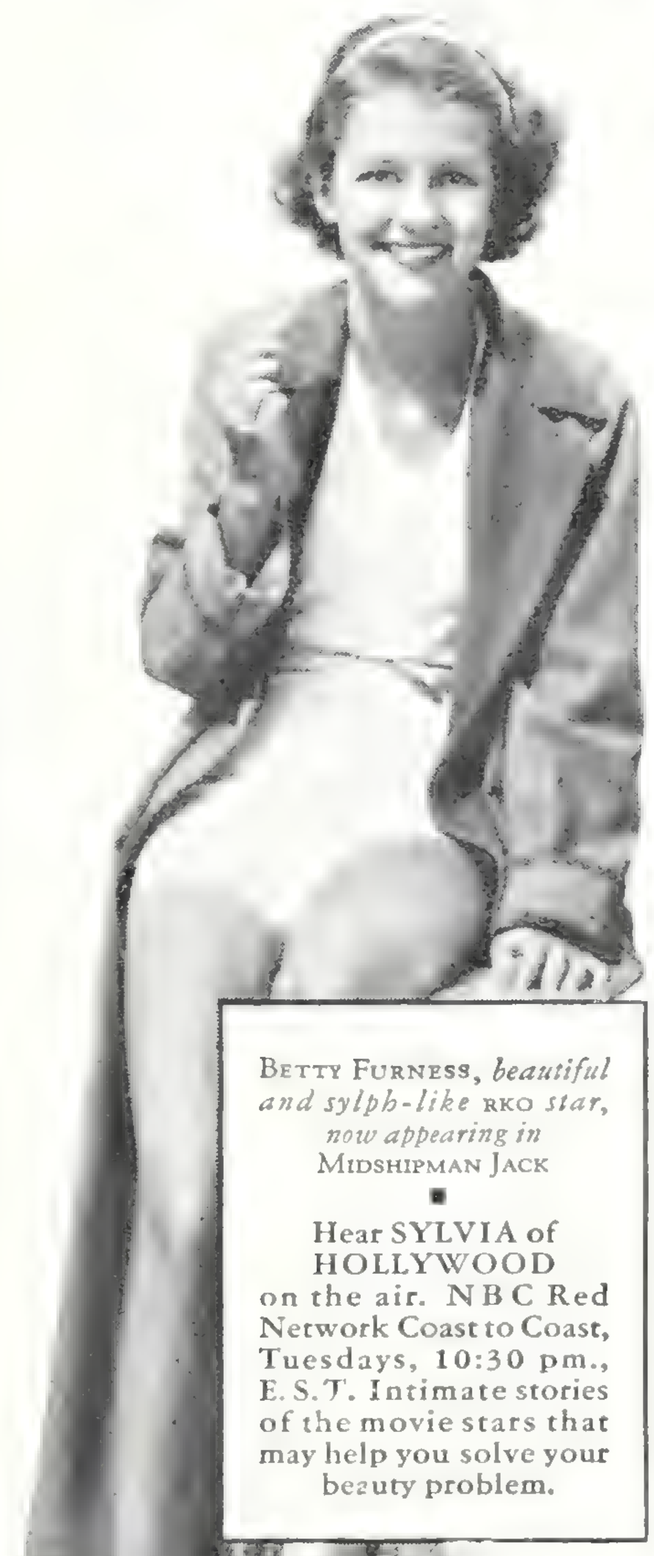
Sylvia of Hollywood

America's Foremost Beauty Authority



says—

"I told Betty Furness how to Eat and Stay Slim..."



BETTY FURNESS, *beautiful and sylph-like* RKO *star, now appearing in* MIDSHIPMAN JACK

Hear SYLVIA of HOLLYWOOD on the air. NBC Red Network Coast to Coast, Tuesdays, 10:30 pm., E.S.T. Intimate stories of the movie stars that may help you solve your beauty problem.

"MOVIE stars are just like other people," Sylvia says. "Until they come to me for treatment, they think dieting means starving—or eating foods that no one likes. But I soon put a stop to that. I've been helping celebrities improve their appearance for years—women and men, too, whose good looks suffer because they're under weight or overweight, nervous, overworked or just plain lazy. And I've told them all just what I'm telling you now. Dieting to improve or keep your figure need be no hardship—if you'll remember just one simple thing! *Eat Ry-Krisp regularly.*

"You'll be glad to eat Ry-Krisp with every meal—because it tastes so good. But more important—it's good for you—healthful, 'regulating' and perfectly safe—because these crisp, delicious wafers are filling but not fattening.

Improve YOUR Appearance —the Hollywood Way

"If YOU are seriously interested in having and keeping a lovely figure, get the advice I gave the movie stars. Send for my FREE Consultation Chart* and begin to eat Ry-Krisp today."

Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers are not a "special food"—they're simply tempting, crunchy wafers that the whole family will enjoy with every meal. Made of whole rye, salt and water, they've a wholesome flavor that makes them popular at breakfast, lunch or dinner—a versatility that lends equal interest to a glass of milk or a midnight beverage! Keep a package handy where you, and the children, too, can reach them between meals. Munch a wafer when you're hungry, and you'll have no wish for starchy, fattening foods!

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers in red and white checkerboard packages. Order today, don't forget to save the package top.*



NRA
WE DO OUR PART

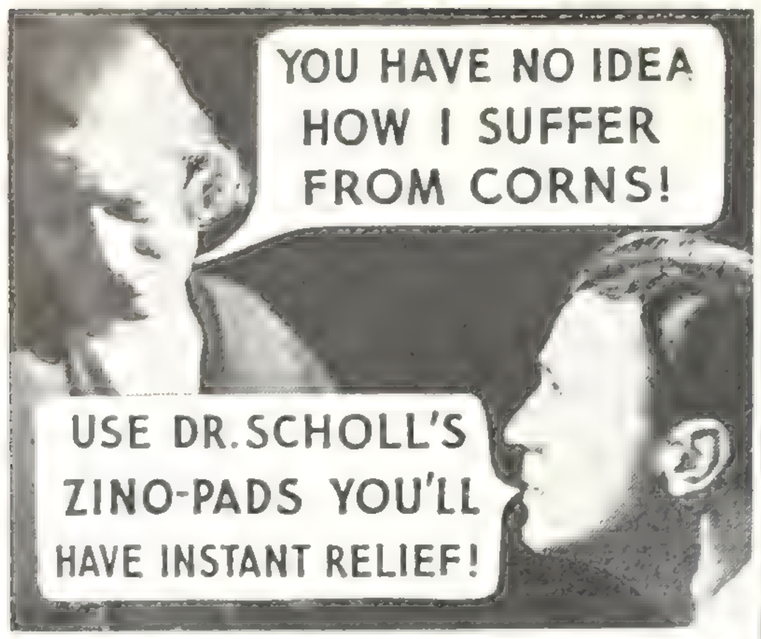
*SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—*FREE!* USE THIS COUPON

Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company,
621 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.

I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart, from which I can get the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (*Offer good only in U.S.A. and Can.*)

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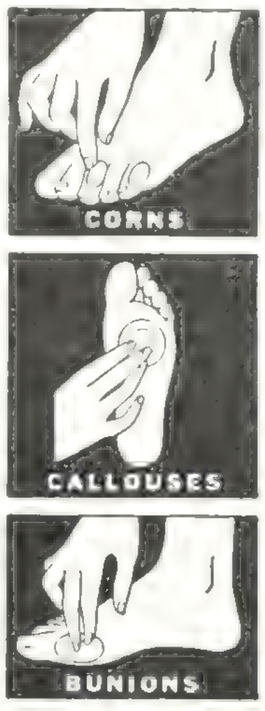
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a Western. Especially since he has leased a house and sent for his family to join him. Jack is the Mussolini of his family and they adore him for it. His word is law for he is their idol; the fulfillment of those vague dreams which filled the hearts of his foreign-born parents the day, thirty-five years ago, when they steamed into New York harbor and looked longingly at the Statue of Liberty holding high her torch of freedom. They dreamed then of fine things for the children who would be born here. Their first born—a boy—has been an ever amazing wonder to their simple hearts. And that is why Jack LaRue can't slide backwards. He's got to go right on proving himself. He's built up an idol for his folks. And it would be nothing short of desecration to smash it down on the fickle fancy of his movie audience who could temporarily hypnotize themselves into believing the man himself anything like the character he chanced in playing *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake"—his greatest gamble. Only the future will tell whether LaRue has won or lost.

Thirty "Husbands" Have Taught Her How to Love!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"He is," said Fay, "ruthless but at the same time sensitive. While his technique is perfect, his manner intense, one feels that his love-making is transitory, as though one woman, more or less, doesn't matter."

Fay admitted that her most dangerous love was—*King Kong!*

"His fingers were made of rubber," Fay explained. "And after being clinched for a certain length of time they would start to relax. Then, unless the crew was mighty careful, I was in danger of falling. Working with *Kong* was quite an experience — and it was something new in the way of screen lovers."

And Fay can describe lots of others: Emil Jannings, her stern, powerful lover of "The Street of Sin"; Clive Brook, with whom she played in "Four Feathers" and whom she describes as "the repressed lover"; Jack Holt, of "Dirigible," who Fay says is one of the most masculine lovers on the screen; Dick Barthelmess, of "The Finger Points," the dependable lover; Buddy Rogers, described by Miss Wray as charmingly adolescent; Phillips Holmes, the impractical dreamer, her lover in "Pointed Heels"; Neil Hamilton, with whom Miss Wray played recently in "One Sunday Afternoon" and who is, according to her, one of the most understanding lovers on the screen.

And there are more than a dozen others!

While Fay Wray is a very "bigamistic" lady on the screen, she is a one-man woman in real life. She is happily married to John Monk Saunders, the writer.

And while the Romantic Ronald or Speedy Spencer might give him a pointer or two—as a steady well-balanced matrimonial diet, Fay will stick to John.



For the most honest and sincere lover, Fay Wray chooses Gary Cooper. They made a most charming team in "The Legion of the Condemned"



Wm. Grimes

Too late, Bob! We got you first. Robert Montgomery was so busy examining his own camera and properly adjusting the lens that he didn't see the cameraman sneak up. That's a nice serious picture of Robert, anyhow

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (*Aug.*)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (*Sept.*)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (*July*)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (*Aug.*)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (*May*)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (*Sept.*)

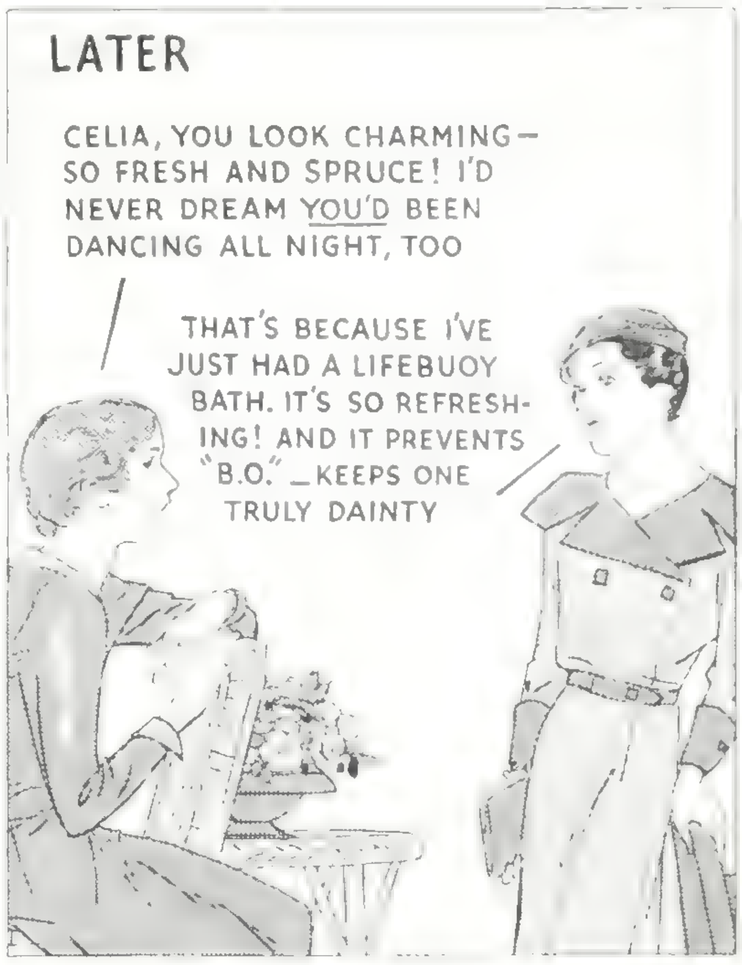
STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (*July*)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (*Oct.*)

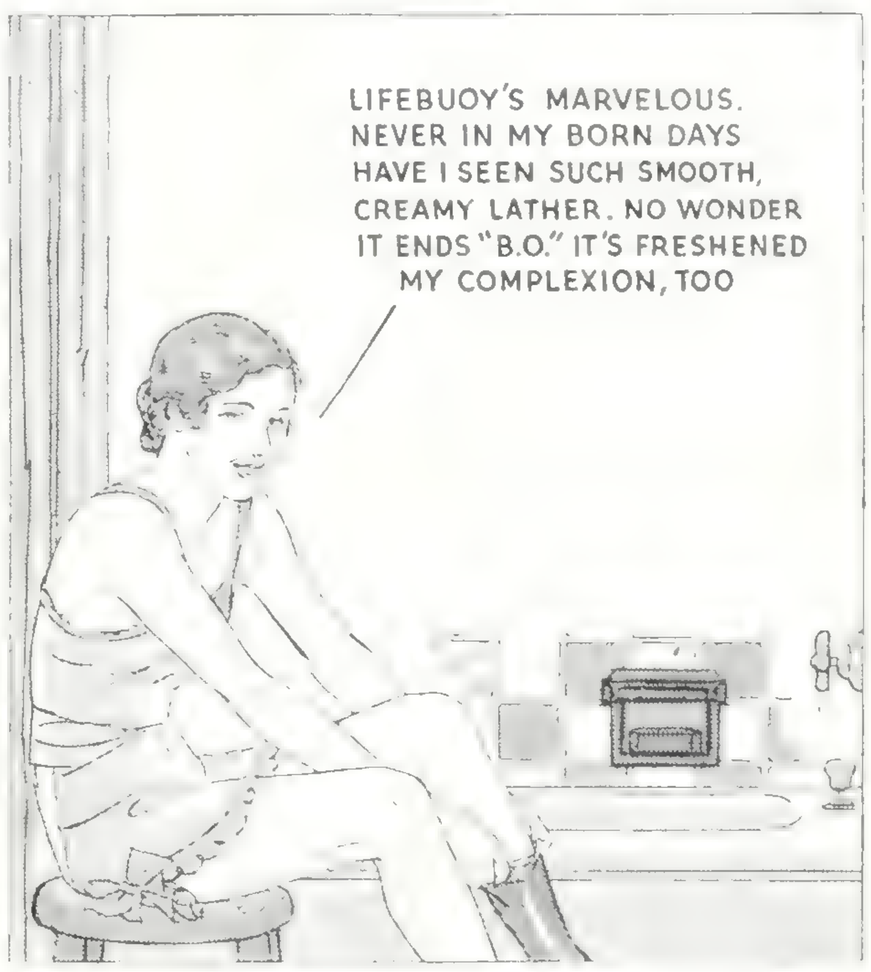
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STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you as us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (*June*)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (*Sept.*)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (*May*)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (*Aug.*)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (*July*)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that *is* one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (*Aug.*)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (*July*)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (*May*)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (*Aug.*)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (*June*)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (*May*)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (*Oct.*)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (*Oct.*)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (*Oct.*)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (*Aug.*)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (*June*)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (*July*)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (*Oct.*)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (*June*)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tubgoat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (*Oct.*)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (*May*)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as *Louis XV*. (*Sept.*)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (*July*)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (*May*)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (*Aug.*)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (*May*)

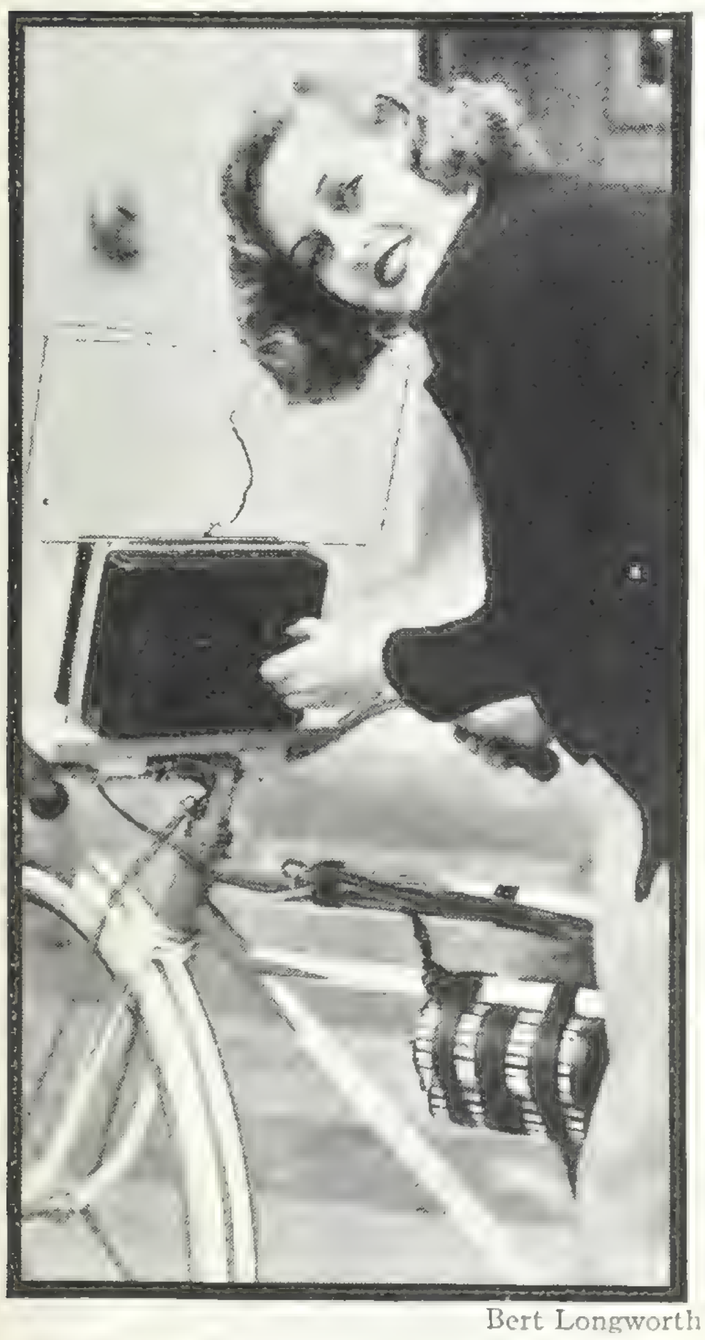
WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (*Sept.*)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (*June*)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (*July*)

WRECKER, THE — Columbia. — So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (*Oct.*)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (*June*)



Bert Longworth

Music in the air—wherever she goes. Patricia Ellis started a fad in fad-loving Hollywood for bicycle radios. Now the radio shops are busy attaching the tiny sets to handlebars. Just nothing like having your jazz on wheels



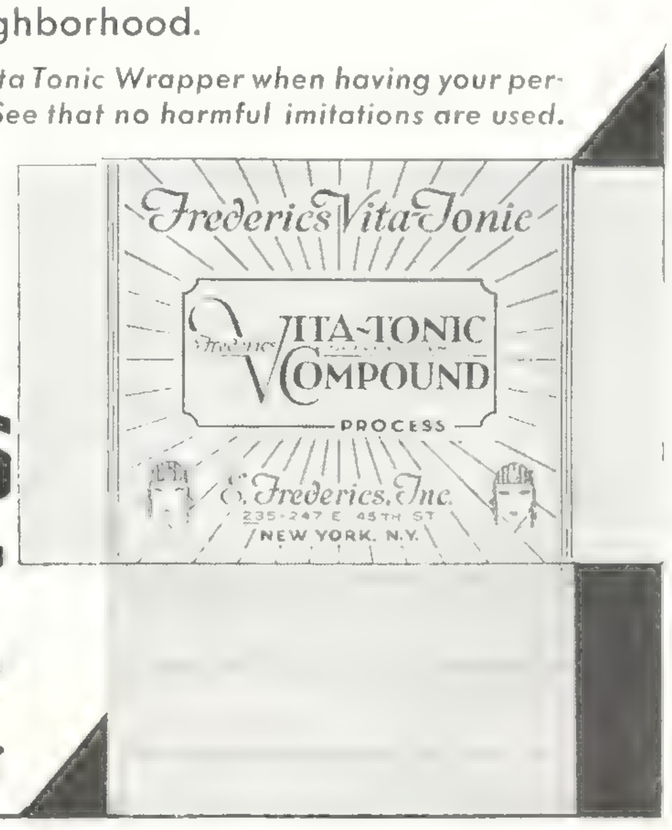
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"The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

quired: "Do you take your shoes off first when you undress for bed?"

During a very formal luncheon a lady reporter leaned across several people to ask Walter Huston in a confidential stage whisper:

"Tell me, Mr. Huston, do you count sheep at night when you're trying to go to sleep?" After dropping his fork in a glass of water, Walter answered that he couldn't quite recollect. Nothing daunted, his frail questioner wanted to know, in a stentorian voice, "How do you court sleep on sleepless nights, then?" Wonder whether this poetic miss imagined Huston to be suffering from insomnia—or what!

AND we also continue to wonder whether it was the same important metropolitan newspaper man who made a special trip to Hollywood to ask Robert Montgomery, "Do you wear night shirts or pajamas?" who asked Joan Blondell "Do you sleep in a double bed?" It's more intelligent, at any rate, than the one which gave Ricardo Cortez the staggers: "Do you sleep with your make-up on?"

Then there was that spinsterish, spare, and oh-so-dignified lady reporter who, with a yearning look in her eyes, asked Franchot Tone in all seriousness, "What caused the greatest emotional thrill of your life?" And he a spry young bachelor! Tut, tut!

Of course, the love-romance-marriage questions go on and on forever.

For instance, Jean Parker, one of the most promising newcomers, got this in one of her very first interviews:

"Would you rather marry a millionaire or work for your living?" That's no question at all. Answer's obvious.

NOW for the *denouement:* It was in a busy corridor in the executive building of the Paramount studios. Both of them were on the run.

Meaning that charming, and slightly bewildered German actress, Dorothea Wieck, who's trying so hard to learn what it's all about over here, and a fat little girl who had to fill her gossip column that day with spicy "dope."

Said the latter, with pencil poised, "Just a moment, Miss Wieck. Do you write to your husband?"

"Why, yes," responded the patient tragedienne.

"Every day?"

"I wrote him a forty-page letter last night," answered Dorothea, trying to be helpful.

"What did you say?" demanded the prize reporter, sternly . . . Curtain.

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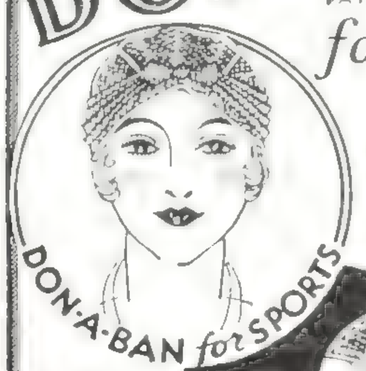
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEAUTY FOR SALE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Beauty" by Faith Baldwin. Screen play by Zelda Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Letty*, Madge Evans; *Mrs. Sherwood*, Alice Brady; *Sherwood*, Otto Kruger; *Carol*, Una Merkel; *Mrs. Merrick*, May Robson; *Burt Barton*, Phillips Holmes; *Bill*, Eddie Nugent; *Madame Sonia*, Hedda Hopper; *Jane*, Florine McKinney; *Hortense*, Isobel Jewell; *Mrs. Lawson*, Louise Carter; *Robert Abbott*, John Roche; *Gordon*, Charles Grapewin.

"BITTER SWEET"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the operetta by Noel Coward. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Sari Linden*, Anna Neagle; *Carl Linden*, Fernand Graavey; *Hugh Devon*, Esme Percy; *Herr Schlick*, Clifford Heatherley; *Manon La Crevette*, Ivy St. Helier; *Captain Auguste Lutte*, Miles Mander; *Dolly*, Pat Paterson; *Vincent*, Hugh Williams.

"BLARNEY KISS, THE"—BRITISH & DOMINIONS. From the story by A. R. Rawlinson. Directed by Tom Walls. The cast: *Tim Fitzgerald*, Tom Walls; *Lady Anne Cranton*, Anne Grey; *Lord Breethorpe*, Robert Douglas; *The Leader*, W. G. Fay; *Mick*, J. A. O'Rourke; *Down and Out*, George Barrett; *The Butler*, Robert Horton; *Eleanor, Countess of Breethorpe*, Haidee Wright; *Muriel Atkins*, Dorothy Tetley; *Mackintosh*, Louis Bradfield; *Diana*, Zoe Palmer; *Sir Arthur*, Charles Carson; *Prison Governor*, Peter Gawthorne.

"BRIEF MOMENT"—COLUMBIA.—From the stage play by S. N. Behrmann. Screen play by Brian Marlow. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Abby*, Carole Lombard; *Rodney*, Gene Raymond; *Sig*, Monroe Owsley; *Franklin Deane*, Donald Cook; *Steve*, Arthur Hohl; *Mr. Deane*, Reginald Mason; *Mrs. Deane*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Kay*, Florence Britton; *Prince Otto*, Jameson Thomas; *Butler*, Herbert Evans.

"BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Willard Mack and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Willard Mack. The cast: *Lulu Hackett*, Alice Brady; *Ted Hackett*, Frank Morgan; *Anne Ainslee*, Madge Evans; *Ted Hackett, Jr.*, Russell Hardie; *Ted Hackett, Jr. (child)*, Jackie Cooper; *Ted, the Third*, Eddie Quillan; *Ted, the Third (child)*, Mickey Rooney; *David*, Tad Alexander; *Joe Mannion*, Edward Brophy; *Wanda*, Ruth Channing; *Grace*, Jean Howard. Also: Jimmy Durante, Weber and Fields, Fay Templeton, May Robson, Claire Du Brey, Muriel Evans, Claudelle Kaye, Nelson Eddy, Una Merkel, Albertina Rasch Dancers.

"BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Missing Men" by Capt. John H. Ayres. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Norma*, Bette Davis; *Butch Saunders*, Pat O'Brien; *Captain Webb*, Lewis Stone; *Belle*, Glenda Farrell; *Therme Roberts*, Alan Dinehart; *Joe Musik*, Allen Jenkins; *Pete*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Paul*, Marjorie Gateson; *Mr. Paul*, Wallis Clark; *Slade*, Hugh Herbert; *Alice*, Noel Francis; *Tony Largo*, Charles Wilson; *Irish Conlin*, Adrian Morris; *Kingman*, Clay Clement; *Caesar Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Arno*, Henry Kolker; *Man*, Harry Beresford; *Homer*, George Chandler.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE"—Fox.—From the novel "The House Without a Key" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Lester Cole and Marion Orth. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Carlotta Eagan* Heather Angel; *The Beachcomber*, Roger Imhoff; *John Quincy Winterslip*, John Warburton; *Harry Jennison*, Walter Byron; *Brade*, Ivan Simpson; *Barbara Winterslip*, Virginia Cherrill; *Capt. Hallett*, Francis Ford; *Dan Winterslip*, Robert Warwick; *Amos Winterslip*, Frank McGlynn; *Minerva Winterslip*, Clara Blandick; *Capt. Arthur Cope*, Claude King; *James Eagan*, William Stack; *Arlene Compton*, Gloria Roy; *Steve Leatherbee*, Cornelius Keefe.

"DELUGE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by S. Fowler Wright. Screen play by John Goodrich and Warren B. Duff. Directed by Felix E. Feist. The cast: *Claire*, Peggy Shannon; *Helen*, Lois Wilson; *Martin*, Sidney Blackmer; *Tom*, Matt Moore; *Jephson*, Fred Kohler; *Norwood*, Ralf Harolde; *Prof. Carlysle*, Edward Van Sloan; *Chief Forecaster*, Samuel Hinds.

"DOCTOR BULL"—Fox.—From the story "The Last Adam" by James Gould Cozzens. Adapted by Paul Green. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Doctor Bull*, Will Rogers; *Janet Cardmaker*, Vera Allen; *May Tupping*, Marian Nixon; *Joe Tupping*, Howard Lally; *Herbert Banning*, Berton Churchill; *Mrs. Banning*, Louise Dresser; *Virginia Banning*, Rochelle Hudson; *Grandma*, Tempe Pigott; *Aunt Patricia*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Aunt Emily*, Nora Cecil; *Dr. Verney*, Ralph Morgan; *Larry Ward*, Andy Devine; *Susan*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Mary*, Veda Buckland; *Aunt Myra*, Effie Ellsler; *Helen Upjohn*, Helen Freeman.

"FAITHFUL HEART"—HELBER PICTURES.—From the stage play by Monckton Hoffe. Adapted by Victor Saville. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Waverley Ango*, Herbert Marshall; *Blackie*, Edna Best; *Miss Gatterscombe*, Mignon O'Doherty; *The Major*, Lawrence Hanray; *Diana*, Anne Grey; *Sir Gilbert Oughterson*, Athole Stewart.

"I HAVE LIVED"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Lou Heifetz and Winifred Dunn. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Langley*, Alan Dinehart; *Jean*, Anita Page; *Warren*, Allen Vincent; *Harriet*, Gertrude Astor; *Mousie*, Maude Truax; *Blackie*, Mathew Betz; *Cook*, Eddie Boland; *J. W.*, Dell Anderson; *First Actress*, Florence Dudley; *Second Actress*, Gladys Blake; *Small Towner*, Harry Bradley; *Leading Man*, Edward Keane.

"I LOVED A WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by David Karsner. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Samuel Hayden*, Edward G. Robinson; *Laura McDonald*, Kay Francis; *Martha Lane*, Genevieve Tobin; *Davenport*, Murray Kinnell; *Henry*, George Blackwood; *Charles Lane*, Robert Barrat; *Schuster*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Maid* Lorena Layson; *Larkin*, Robert McWade; *Sanborn*, Henry Kolker; *Oliver*, Walter Walker; *Warren*, Sam Godfrey; *Pres. Roosevelt*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Hotel Proprietor*, Paul Porcasi; *Bowen*, William V. Mong; *Pollock*, Morgan Wallace.

"LADIES MUST LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by William Hurlbut. Screen play by John Francis Larkin. Directed by E. A. du Pont. The cast: *Jeannie*, June Knight; *Bill*, Neil Hamilton; *Dot*, Sally O'Neil; *Peggy*, Dorothy Burgess; *Sally Lou*, Mary Carlisle; *Joey*, George E. Stone; *Madame Fifi*, Maude Eburne; *Nussbauer*, Oscar Apfel; *Van Dyne*, Edmund Breese; *Wilber Muller*, Richard Carle; *Gaskins*, Berton Churchill; *Society Girl*, Virginia Cherrill.

"MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sig Herzig and Arthur Jarrett. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Sally*, Mary Brian; *Nick*, Leo Carrillo; *George Dwight*, Roger Pryor; *Powell*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Elsie*, Lillian Miles; *Bertie*, Bobby Watson; *Mack*, William Frawley. Also: Jack Denny and his Orchestra, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Mary Lange, Max Stamm, James Carson, John Hundley, Richard Keene, Doris Carson, Frank and Milt Britton Band, The Four Eton Boys, Geraldine Dvorak.

"MYRT AND MARGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Beatrice Banyard. Directed by Al Boasberg. The cast: *Myrt Minter*, Myrtle Vail; *Marge Spear*, Donna Damerel; *Eddie Hanley*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Mullins*, Ted Healy; *Jackson*, Thomas Jackson; *Clarence*, Ray Hedge; *Grace*, Grace Hayes; *Mrs. Minter*, Trixie Friganza; *Grady*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mullins' Helpers*, Howard, Fine & Howard; *Bonnie*, Bonnie; The Colinette Ballet.

"NIGHT FLIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Riviere*, John Barrymore; *Madam Fabian*, Helen Hayes; *Fabian*, Clark Gable; *Robineau*, Lionel Barrymore; *Pellerin*, Robert Montgomery; *Brazilian Pilot's Wife*, Myrna Loy; *Brazilian Pilot*, William Gargan; *Daudet*, C. Henry Gordon; *Radio Operator*, Leslie Fenton; *Roblet*, Harry Beresford; *Radio Operator*, Frank Conroy; *Pilot No. 5*, Ralf Harolde.

"ONE MAN'S JOURNEY"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Failure" by Katharine Haviland Taylor. Screen play by Lester Cohen and Sam Ornitz. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Eli Watt*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sarah*, May Robson; *Letty McGinnis*, Dorothy Jordan; *Jimmy Watt*, Joel McCrea; *Joan Stockton*, Frances Dee; *McGinnis*, David Landau; *Bill Radford*, James Bush; *Jimmy Watt (age 6)*, Buster Phelps; *John Radford*, Oscar Apfel; *May Radford*, June Filmer; *Doctor Babcock*, Samuel Hinds; *Doctor Tillinghast*, Hale Hamilton.

"ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by James Hagan. Screen play by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Biff Grimes*, Gary Cooper; *Virginia Brush*, Fay Wray; *Hugo Barnstead*, Neil Hamilton; *Amy Lind*, Frances Fuller; *Snappy Downer*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Lind*, Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Brush*, Clara Blandick; *Dink Hoops*, James Burtis; *Schneider*, Harry Schultz; *Dr. Startzman*, Sam Hardy; *Foreman*, A. S. Byron; *Watchman*, Jack Clifford.

"PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING"—Fox.—From the play by W. Gayer McGay and Robert Ord, based on the novel by Gertrude Page. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Paddy*, Janet Gaynor; *Lawrence Blake*, Warner Baxter; *Major Adair* Walter Connolly; *Jack Breen*, Harvey Stephens; *Eileen*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mary McCormic*, Mary McCormic; *Collins*, Joseph M. Kerrigan; *Dr. Davy*, Fiske O'Hara; *Miss Breen*, Claire McDowell; *Maid*, Merle Tottenham; *Micky*, Roger Imhoff; *Sellaby*, Trevor Bland.

"PENTHOUSE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Jackson Durant*, Warner Baxter; *Gertie Waxted*, Myrna Loy; *Layton*, Charles Butterworth; *Mimi Montagne*, Mae Clarke; *Tom Siddall*, Phillips Holmes; *Jim Crelliman*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sue Leonard*, Martha Sleeper; *Tony Gazotti*, Nat Pendleton; *Murtoch*, George E. Stone; *Stevens*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Bodyguard*, Raymond Hatton; *Bodyguard*, Arthur Belasco.

"POLICE CALL"—SHOWMENS PICTURES.—From the story by Norman Keen. Directed by Philip H. Whitman. The cast: *Danny*, Nick Stuart; *Evelyn*, Merna Kennedy; *Nora*, Roberta Gale; *Mother*, Mary Carr; *Professor Gordon*, Walter McGrail; *Sammy*, Warner Richmond; *Crown*, Robert Ellis; *Hymie*, Eddie Phillips; *Steward*, Harry Myers; *Ellsworth*, Ralph Freud; *Bandit Leader*, Charles Stevens.

"SHANGHAI MADNESS"—Fox.—From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Adapted by Austin Parker and Gordon Wong Wellesley. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Pat Jackson*, Spencer Tracy; *Wildeth Christie*, Fay Wray; *Li Po Chang*, Ralph Morgan; *Lobo Lornegan*, Eugene Pallette; *First Officer Larsen*, Herbert Mundin; *William Christie*, Reginald Mason; *Van Emery*, Arthur Hoyt; *Rigaud*, Albert Conti; *Mrs. Glissen*, Maude Eburne; *Von Uhlenburg*, William von Brincken.

"SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE"—FAITH PICTURES.—Presented by David O'Malley. Narrated by Basil Ruysdael. Musical arrangement by Lew White.

"SOLITAIRE MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Screen play by James K. McGuinness. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Oliver*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Hopkins*, Mary Boland; *Wallace*, Lionel Atwill; *Mrs. Vail*, May Robson; *Helen*, Elizabeth Allan; *Bascom*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Peabody*, Lucille Gleason; *Mr. Peabody*, Robert McWade.

"SUE ME"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Oh, Promise Me!" by Bertram Robinson and Howard Lindsay. Screen play by Norman Krasna and Eddie Buzzell. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Mark Reed*, Slim Summerville; *Connie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Flo*, Lucille Gleason; *Elsie*, Verree Teasdale; *Luther*, Donald Meek; *J. B. Ogden*, George Barbier; *Marshall Durant*, Purnell Pratt; *Louise*, Adrienne Dore.

"SYAMA"—CARSON PROD.—Supervised by Clifford S. Elfelt. Dialogue by Ernest Frederick Chester and Grant Garatt. Photography by Jack Smith and Frank Good. Cast: Johnny Murray, Vivian Knight.

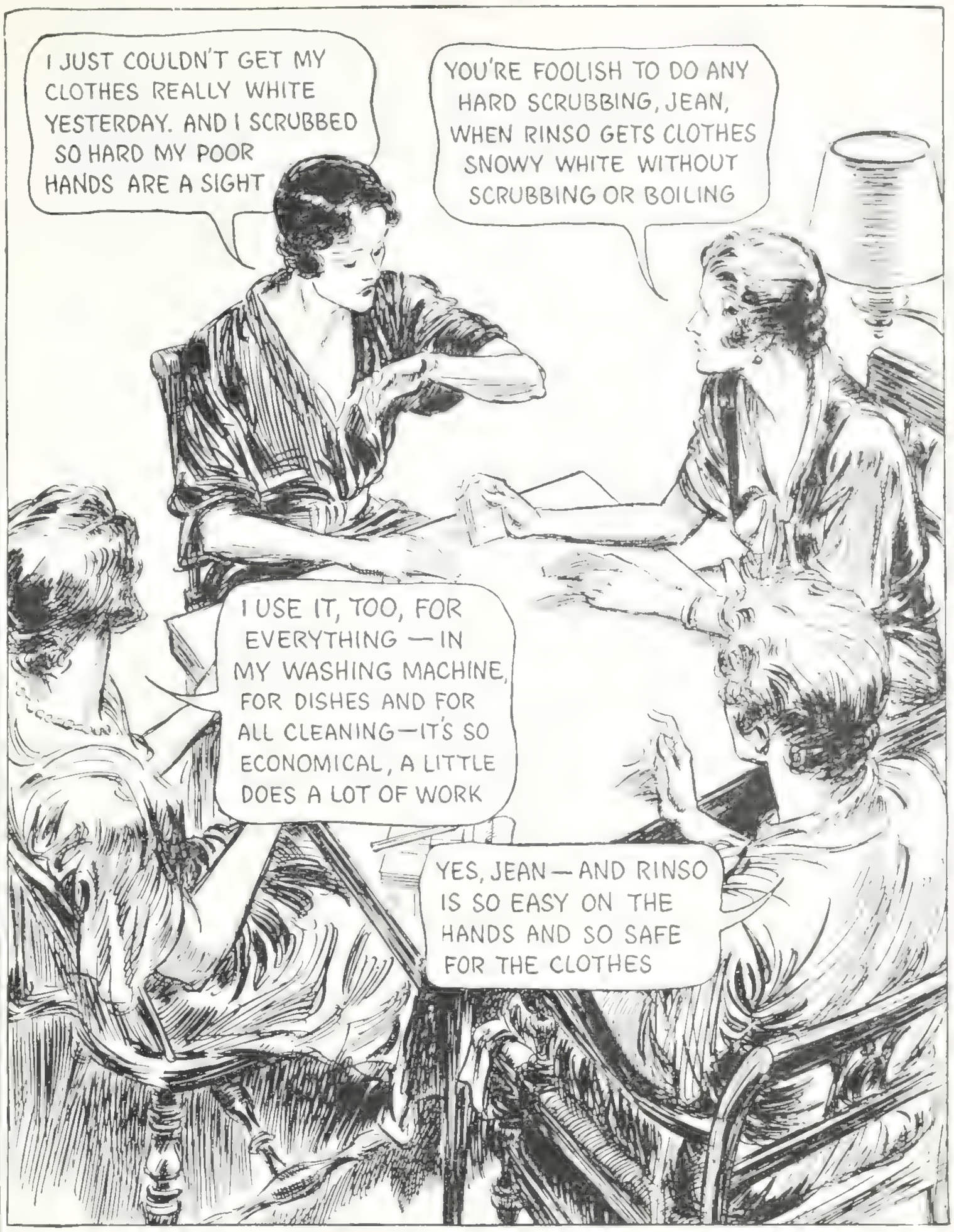
"TARZAN THE FEARLESS"—PRINCIPAL.—From a story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Screen play by Basil Dickey and George Plympton. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: *Tarzan*, Buster Crabbe; *Mary Brooks*, Jacqueline Wells; *Dr. Brooks*, E. Alyn Warren; *Bob Hall*, Edward Woods; *Jeff*, Philo McCullough; *Nick*, Mathew Betz; *Abdul*, Frank Lackteen; *High Priest*, Mischa Auer.

"TOO MUCH HARMONY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Dialogue by Harry Ruskin. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eddie Bronson*, Bing Crosby; *Benny Day*, Jack Oakie; *Johnny Dixon*, Skeets Gallagher; *Ruth Brown*, Judith Allen; *Max Merlin*, Harry Green; *Lucille Watson*, Lilyan Tashman; *Lem Spawn*, Ned Sparks; *Patsy Dugan*, Kitty Kelly; *Verne LaMont*, Grace Bradley; *Mrs. Day*, Mrs. Evelyn Oakie; *Mrs. Gallotti*, Anna Demetrio; *Gallotti*, Henry Armetta; *Lilyan*, Shirley Grey; *Theatre Manager*, Dell Henderson; *Stage Director*, Billy Bevan; *Assistant Director*, Cyril Ring; *Dance Director*, Sammy Cohen; *Chorus Girl*, Lona Andre; *Chorus Girl*, Verna Hillie.

"TORCH SINGER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Lynn Starling. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. The cast: *Sally Trent*, Claudette Colbert; *Mimi Benton*, Claudette Colbert; *Tony Cummings*, Ricardo Cortez; *Michael Gardner*, David Manners; *Dora*, Lyda Roberti; *Bobbie (Dora's Baby)*, Baby LeRoy; *Mother Angelica*, Florence Roberts; *Baby Sally*, Shirley Ann Christensen; *Little Sally*, Cora Sue Collins; *Martha Alden*, Ethel Griffies; *Miss Spaulding*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Carry (the Maid)*, Mildred Washington; *Mr. Judson*, Charlie Grapewin; *Mrs. Judson*, Virginia Hammond; *Carlotti*, Albert Conti; *Sobbing Girl*, Kathleen Burke; *The Blonde*, Bobbe Arnst; *Detective*, Davison Clark; *The Doctor*, Ed J. LeSaint; *Jarrett*, William B. Davidson.

"TURN BACK THE CLOCK"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Edgar Selwyn and Ben Hecht. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Joe*, Lee Tracy; *Mary*, Mae Clark; *Ted*, Otto Kruger; *Evans*, George Barbier; *Elvina*, Peggy Shannon; *Mr. Holmes*, C. Henry Gordon; *Joe's Mother*, Clara Blandick.

"WAFFLES"—HELEN MITCHELL PROD.—From the story by Helen Mitchell. Directed by Warren Millais. The cast: *Waffles*, Sari Maritza; *Johnny Norton*, Buster Collier; *Nils Norton*, Alan Mowbray; *Butler*, Ivan Simpson; *Mary*, Grace Valentine; *Mae*, Barbara Luddy; *Ermine*, Monaie Lindley; *Singing Cowpuncher*, Rex Armand; *Dean of Men*, Johnny Hines; *Dean of Women*, Leila McIntyre; *Campus Bad Boy*, Barry Thompson..



New "scrubless" washday saves work—saves clothes

gives you *whiter* washes, too!

CLEVER women don't let their hands betray them. For the wash, for the dishes, for *all* cleaning—they use the soap that saves hard work.

On washday Rinso saves hours of drudgery—gets clothes the whitest you ever saw by *soaking out the dirt*. No scrubbing or boiling. Clothes last longer! Hands don't get red and coarse-looking.

Makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso for *safety* and *whiter washes*. It gives lively, lasting suds—*even in hardest water!* Twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG box of Rinso today. Use it for the week's wash, for dishes, for all cleaning.

Try Rinso Free

If you don't use Rinso and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 7311, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized package will be sent you without cost. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Rinso

NRA WE DO OUR PART



Reliable, Skillful, Beautiful RESULTS

with MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

"Success!" the user of Marchand's exclaims to herself joyfully, when she sees the results. *Hair looks lovely—just the right shade—brought about in just the right way.* For hundreds of girls this success with Marchand's has led to other successes—in friendships, love and marriage.

If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully, and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. Results are careful, refined—pleasing to refined girls.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your face and complexion. Many chic shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!

—with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive. IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Your Name

Address City State

Druggist's name

Address

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

A HEPBURN MISTAKE?

Why in the world did Katharine Hepburn have to get "little girlish" and play a rôle like hers in "The Morning Glory"? And I suppose she'll have to go ingénue again for the part of *Jo March* in "Little Women"!

Hepburn should stick to grown-up rôles and sophisticated manners. She should be smartly gowned.

Otherwise, I predict a quick fadeout for Hepburn.

H. C. WEBER, Louisville, Ky.

HEPBURN'S HANDS

I am scarcely aware of Katharine Hepburn's facial characteristics. I'm always so busy watching her hands.

Most of the time they are quietly expressive. In an emotional scene their restrained stillness is dramatic. But a slight movement of them can be more eloquent than a paragraph of spoken words.

She does not use her hands much, because she knows that great artists practice economy. If she tossed them about extravagantly—however beautifully—the gestures would become meaningless and their dramatic power would be lost. No. Every movement of her hands is purposeful, and has a meaning. There are no wasted motions.

Few have used this powerful dramatic technique.

Bernhardt did, and long after her face was old, her body crippled and her voice thin, Bernhardt's beautiful hands retained their eloquence and kept her great. Garbo uses it, for she is a true artist. And Hepburn, fortunately, knows the secret too.

M. H. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

ABSENT MINDED AUTHOR

A friend of mine is a writer; his office is in his living room with the radio, the cat, and the baby.

Last evening he attended a movie. It was full of wisecracks and my friend wanted diversion of this kind. But he could hear only faintly—could not catch a single line.

He looked around. Others seemed interested in the picture.

He stormed the usher and demanded to see the manager.

The manager listened to his sarcastic comments and then opened the door leading into the hall. The voices of the actors boomed.

He looked closer at the crazed author, then he reached over and removed a pair of ear plugs.

FRANK RIGLER, Denton, Texas

HURRAH, FOR THE MOVIES!

The "Blessed Event" was at hand. I was nearly distracted. The doctors ordered me out of the hospital, for they didn't want a crazy man on their hands.

Across the street blazed the title "Elmer The Great." I knew I wouldn't see the picture, but at least in the theater I would be in the dark, out of the way of curious eyes.

How wrong I was! I enjoyed that picture. And when I came out, I was the father of a six pound boy. Maybe he will be a baseball star some day!

Don't let anyone knock the movies to me. They helped me through the worst three hours of my life!

A. N. BLACKMAN, Wilson, N. C.

KING TONE

Clark Gable can climb right down off the throne! We're crowning a new king of the

screen—and his name is Franchot Tone. Compared with Franchot, I think all others resemble a manufactured product!

MARY WILSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

THANKS FOR THE TIP

A little less about Garbo's privacy; Dietrich's pants, Hepburn's oddities, Connie's Marquis.

A little more about newcomers such as Nelson Eddy, Francis Lederer, Lilian Harvey. And a longer "Audience Talks Back."

This would improve your magazine. Don't you other readers agree?

R. KING, Cranford, N. J.

NO FOREIGN STARS

Why do they keep bringing over foreign stars? We can get along without them! Our own American girls are just as beautiful—and they can speak the language.

MRS. J. T. SMYTH, Des Moines, Iowa.

AND WE EAT SPANISH PEANUTS

Why should we wax philistinic about foreign stars in Talkies? That attitude doesn't mirror true Americanism.

We all sip Ceylon tea, nibble Italian olives, admire French fashions, treasure souvenirs made in Germany and Japan.

Our own American stars are loved and admired abroad for their beauty and talent.

Let's practice the golden rule, even as critics.

BARBARA CIRCLE, Chicago, Ill.

HOMELY HEROS?

To Mae West, I believe, goes the credit for the statement that homely men have more appeal than handsome ones.

She is right! That is why we want heroines of attractiveness and charm, rather than exotic and stupefying beauty, and heroes who have magnetic personalities rather than handsome faces.

CAROL NUNN, Pomona, Calif.

CLUB FAVORITES

Our club believes that Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are a team which can't be beat.

No other star can wear clothes as well as Joan Crawford.

Helen Hayes is the greatest emotional actress on the screen.

And *every girl* would like to have Gary Cooper as her boy friend.

Do you agree with us?

ANNA KRAWEC, Rochester, N. Y.

THE VETERANS' VOTE

Here in the veterans' hospital, we see movies twice a week, and in the course of a year we see over one hundred leading films. You may be interested in the straw vote we took of the best pictures witnessed during the year.

Our five favorite pictures were: "Abraham Lincoln," "The Kid From Spain," "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," "Topaze" and "Secrets."

Incidentally, Mickey Mouse finds favor here, and the favorite male actor is James Cagney, while Marie Dressler and Mae West tied for ladies' honors.

What do you think of our judgment?

FRANCIS MELANSON, Bedford, Mass.

MAIDENLY BLUSHES

If the producers were to invite the public to a meal they wouldn't serve over-seasoned, highly spiced food which would appeal to only a few of their guests. Yet, they insist on serving the public highly spiced pictures.

Why, a self-respecting girl with any modesty is afraid to go to the movies with a boy friend for fear of embarrassment!

JESSIE LENKEWICZ, Worcester, Mass.



MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Made with Genuine Olive Oil—It's

NON-DRYING

(Leaves the Beauty-Giving Natural Oil in Scalp)

NON-SNARLING

(Leaves Hair Soft, Lustrous, Easy to Comb)

You've got it Coming to You. A superior new Castile Shampoo bringing new beauty and health to your scalp and hair. There's too much alkali in ordinary soaps and inferior shampoos. They dry out the scalp—resulting in unhealthy dandruff and lifeless looking hair.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

1. Contains rich, life-giving olive oil, nourishing to the scalp.
2. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, easy to comb.
3. Conditions hair for waving and dressing.
4. Best for children's tender scalps and hair.
5. Will not lighten the hair or otherwise change its color.
6. Low enough price to make use of ordinary soap unnecessary.

YOUR DRUGGIST MAY NOT HAVE MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO ON HAND BECAUSE IT IS A NEW PRODUCT

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SEND US 35c FOR A REGULAR SIZED BOTTLE. Fill out coupon. Also give your dealer's name and address. Send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name

Address

City State

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Listen carefully, because this is a good one. Lionel Barrymore, crack story teller on the M-G-M lot, spiels a yarn or two for Marie Dressler and Director Sam Wood between scenes of "The Late Christopher Bean." Marie looks dubious, as if not quite sure that she will believe this one

PERHAPS you never realized it, but this Bing Crosby person has sort of sneaked right into stardom. Paramount executives consider Bing's rocketing rise in popularity the most sensational since that of Mae West.

MR. TIMONY is looking at houses in Beverly Hills for his client, Mae West. Mae has the own-your-own-home fever—doesn't take long to catch it in California.

FLORENCE DESMOND, who created a sensation with her perfect imitations of movie stars on a phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party", is in Hollywood to make movies.

It was Miss Desmond's imitation of Lupe that intrigued Gary Cooper. He listened entranced. After she'd completed all her imitations, Gary walked up and thanked her.

"Do Lupe over again for me, will you please?" he asked.

So what?

WE couldn't resist peeking at the script—and now we can't resist telling one of the gags in the next Marx epic.

Groucho goes to war, and somewhat bewildered by it all, asks what to shoot. The general answers "shoot at will."

And poor, dear Groucho goes through the whole war without firing a shot—because he can't find anyone named Will!

MARRIAGES: Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett. Stephen Sanford and Mary Duncan. Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield. (It was the third time to the altar for Dorothy—and she's still in her early twenties!) Elsie Ferguson, Jr. (the famous Elsie's niece) and a young Mr. Tuthill—a secret wedding.

DON'T be surprised if at any time now you read of Natalie Talmadge Keaton's marriage to Larry Kent.

Their friendship goes back years and years. Larry and Buster Keaton were together a great deal of the time, for both of them love boats, but this companionship was broken up when Buster and Natalie separated.

For the past year Natalie and Larry have been together much of the time.

RACHEL SMITH, teacher at Paramount, has two pupils. One is baby LeRoy, who checks in for a physical examination and a few simple lessons in deportment, daily. The other is Toby Wing, prettiest chorus girl what is—seventeen years old—who does a little plain and fancy algebra. Baby LeRoy arrives in a perambulator, and Toby skids up in her new Cord roadster.

LEE TRACY tells one on Max Baer, the heavyweight ring threat turned movie actor for "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Max was puzzled about this socking business for the camera. He didn't want to hurt anyone, but still he didn't know just how to go about it. So he asked Lee.

"Why," said Lee, "just pull your punches, that's all. Make 'em easy."

"I know," countered Box-fighter Baer, "but how do you get that sound into it? I mean, that sound you always hear when somebody gets socked. How do you hit 'em for sound?"

"Imagine," adds Lee, "getting socked for sound by Max Baer!"

AND a recent visitor from Washington, D. C., tells us that the favorite star of all the Capital's debutantes—is none other than Eddie Lowe! He can pack a Washington playhouse before any other male star in pictures . . . the lady who told us added, very innocently, that perhaps it was because "he looked so unlike a Congressman!"

BORIS KARLOFF'S picture, "The Ghoul," which he recently made in England, is wowing 'em over there. His new contract with Universal permits him to make pictures for other companies, and he will shortly begin production on "Lost Patrol," for RKO-Radio. In this he plays a religious fanatic who goes mad. And there will be no women in the picture. This experiment has been tried only once before—in "Men Without Women."



Alex Kahle

How did that nervy cameraman get into Irene Dunne's dressing-room! Well, he did, anyhow, and just in time to catch her tying her shoe. Irene, smartly gowned in black and white, had just finished dressing for her starring rôle in "Ann Vickers"

What color nails at the Races?



Clothes by Fortnum & Mason



Natural is best with bright frocks—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.

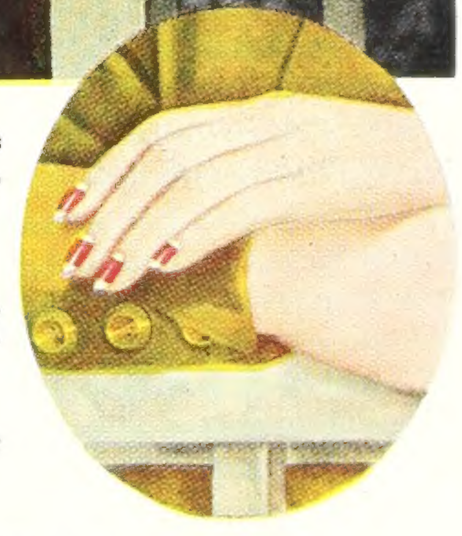
Coral goes with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.



Cardinal contrasts with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

Garnet is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red you can wear it with any costume.



Above, left to right: Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb; Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow; Miss Mimi Richardson

ALL SHADES!

AMONG the racing folk who are following their favorites out to Belmont and Huntington and down to Maryland and Kentucky, there may be some romantic young things who are true forever and ever to one stable's colors.

But when it comes to color in finger nails, they're all devotees of *variety*.

All shades in finger nails are "up"!

With Rose finger nails, Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb looks feminine even in black riding clothes. Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow makes a wonderful showing in Coral nails and emerald green. And Miss Mimi Richardson gives a dashing performance in Ruby nails and a golden-colored English tailored wool suit and cap.

To get the right color for each frock you can follow your hunches, if you like, but if you stick to the system above, you can't lose.

And now—everybody—here's a red-hot tip—for variety in finger nails, don't give yourself the handicap of an inferior polish. Choose Cutex! Cutex never cracks, peels or blotches. Goes on with amazing smoothness and evenness—and *stays* on until you're ready to whisk off one shade and make your entry with the next.

Cutex comes in 7 smart, lovely shades, perfected by the World's Manicure Authority. Every shade's a thoroughbred. Run fleetly to your favorite store and lead home *all* the winning Cutex colors!

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*— **only 35¢**

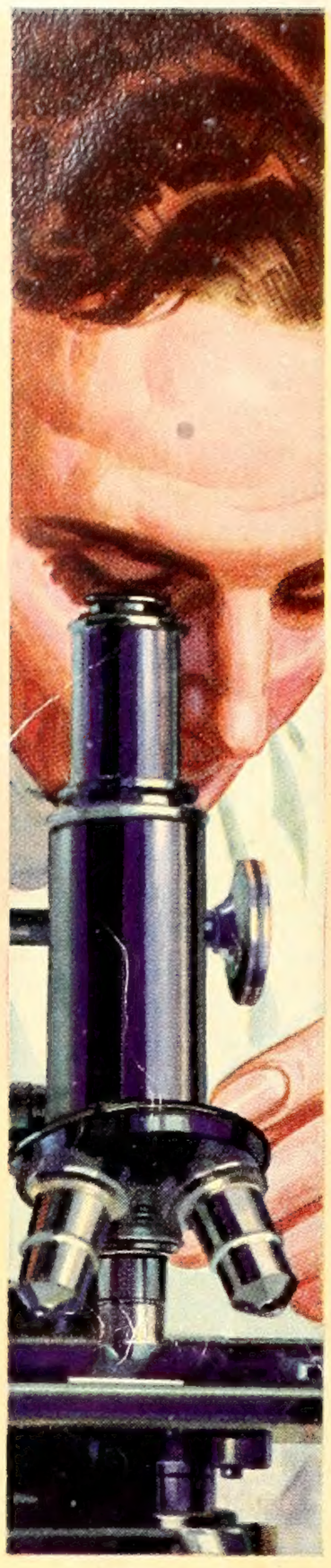


New Cutex Color Wheel

giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10¢.

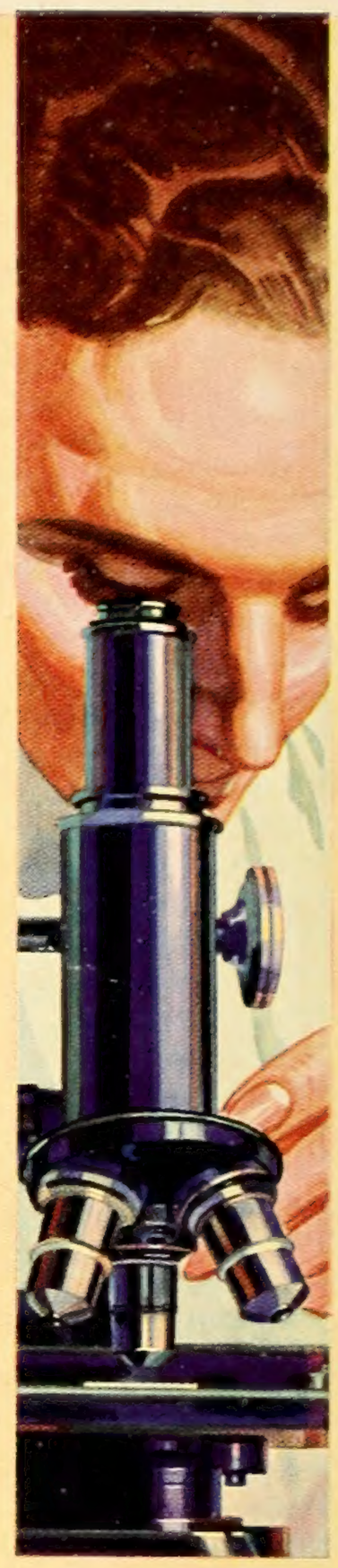
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 3Q11
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: ☐ Natural ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby



The microscope reveals the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's exceptional safety and economy.

The microscope also reveals why ordinary gritty cleansers are scratchy and wasteful.



It's easy to see why



Old Dutch costs less to use

and

Doesn't Scratch

The microscope makes it clear that Old Dutch particles are flaky and flat-shaped . . . that you get many of them in place of one chunky, gritty particle. Obviously, the flat particles—spread out—will cover much more surface. And because you get so many more cleaning units in a package of Old Dutch it does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is safe to use on any surface on which water may be used because its particles are flat-shaped. Unlike grit, they have no hard, sharp points to scratch the surface, but simply remove *all* the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep, bringing perfect Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch cleans more things and cleans quicker. It's ideal for everything from kitchen utensils and floors to porcelain bathroom fixtures and metal work. It doesn't clog drains, doesn't harm the hands, is odorless and removes odors. The only cleanser you need in your home.

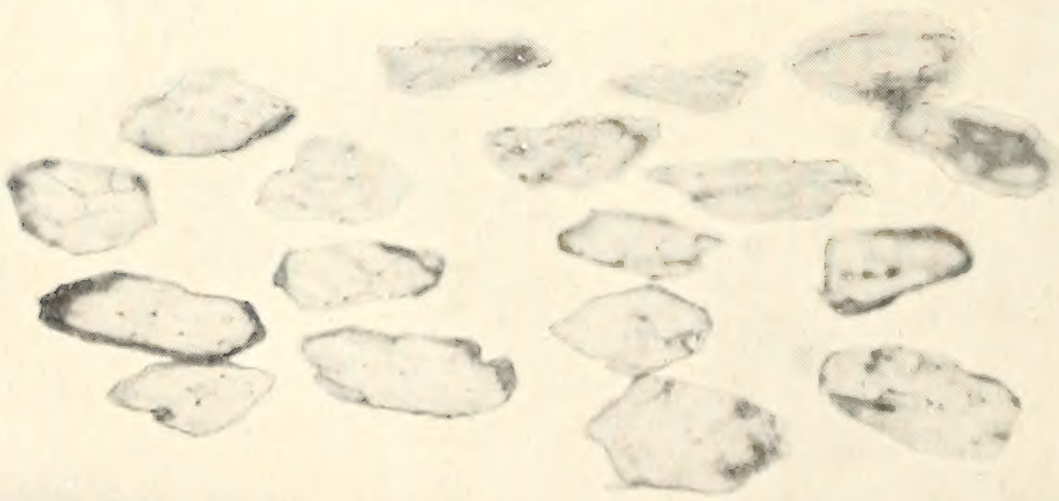


This photomicrograph shows 18 Old Dutch particles piled up. The one below shows the same particles spread out. Because they are flaky and flat-shaped, they cover more surface and clean without scratching.



This photomicrograph shows the chunky, irregular shape of a gritty particle. It contacts the surface with sharp, hard points which scratch and leave hiding places for dirt. Avoid destructive, gritty cleansers—use only Old Dutch.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge



Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,
Dept. D942, 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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